Oct. 2, 1978

# THE NEW YORKER

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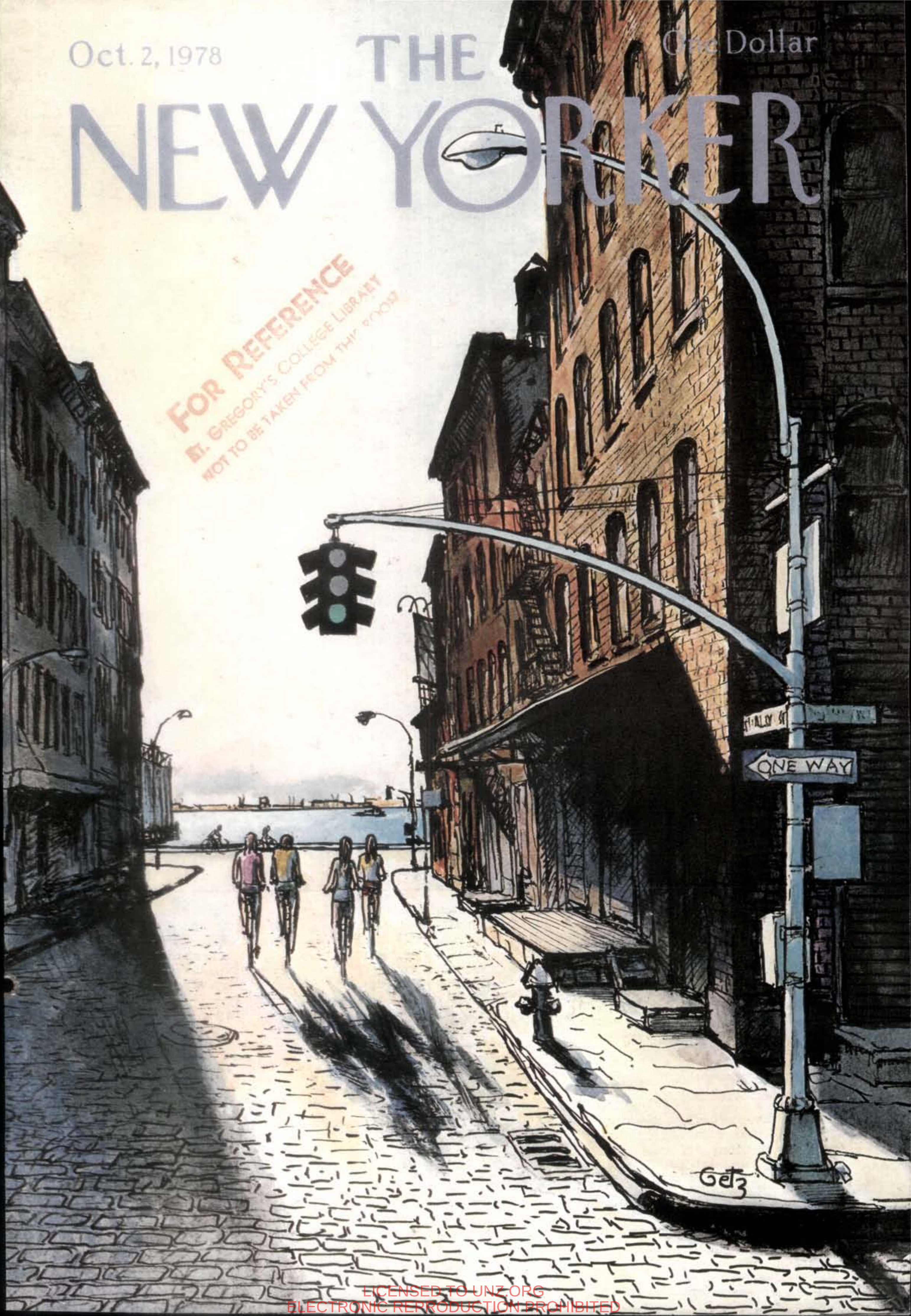
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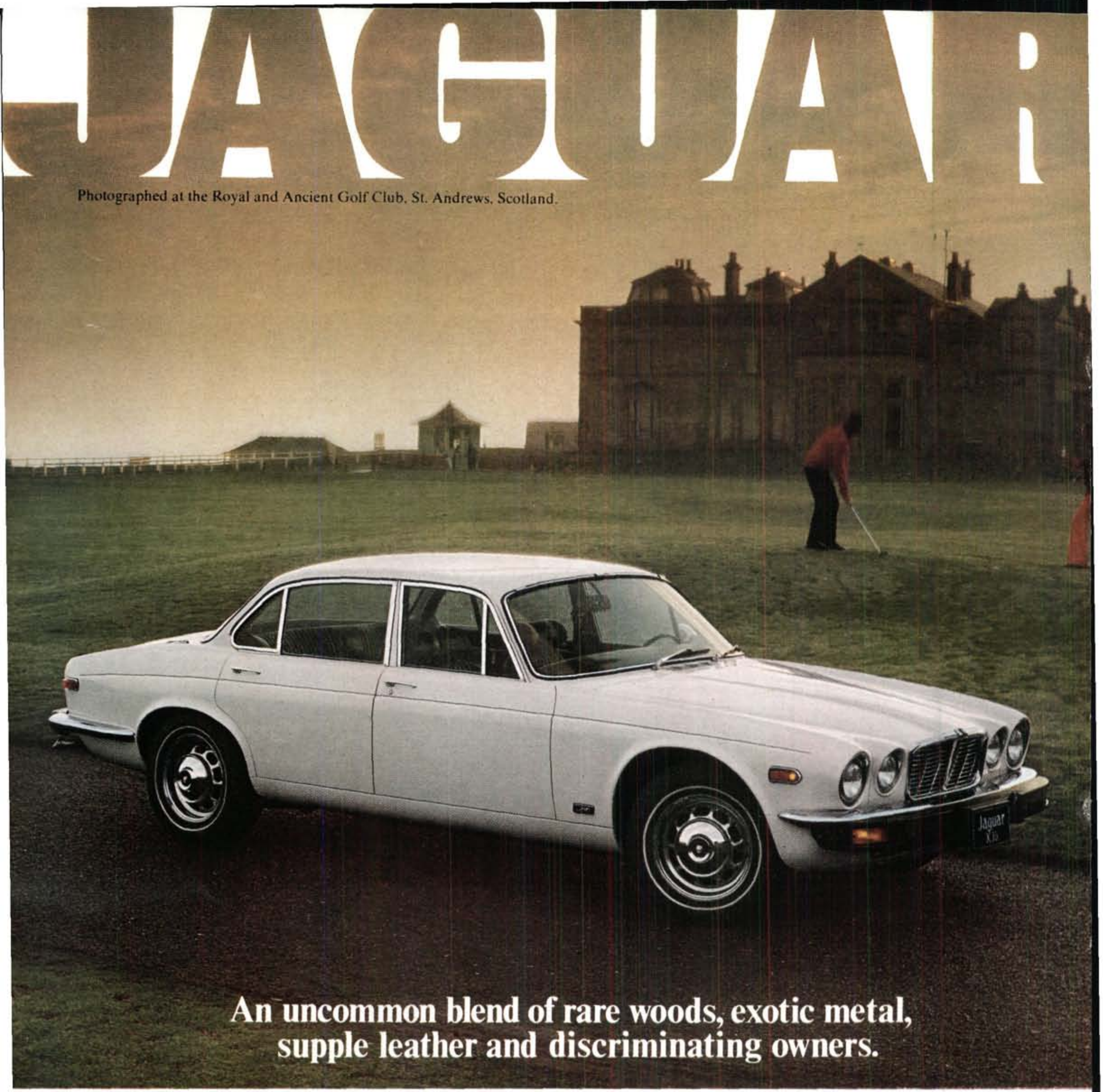
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
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## THE THEATRE

(In the absence of our usual newspapers, you can get ticket and other last-minute information by calling 869-3010.)

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**Ain't Misbehavin'**—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**American Dance Machine**—The title of the show is the name of a refreshing young company, whose purpose is to reproduce, as accurately as possible, the best dances from the best musicals in Broadway history. Under the direction of Lee Theodore, the accomplishment matches the enterprise. (7/3/78) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas**—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (5/1/78) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**The Crucifer of Blood**—A play by Paul Giovanni (who also directed), based on characters created by Arthur Conan Doyle, with Paxton Whitehead as a young Sherlock Holmes. Previews Wednesday, Sept. 27. Opens officially on Thursday, Sept. 28. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Da**—In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Dancin'**—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Deathtrap**—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Equity Library Theatre**—A revival of Rodgers and Hammerstein's musical **OKLAHOMA!** is the first in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 8. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

**Eubie!**—A delightful old-fashioned revue, with lots of new-fashioned dancing and singing. The music is culled from the lifework of Eubie Blake, still merrily among us at ninety-five. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Family Business**—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act. I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**The 5th of July**—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 for various purposes. Lanford Wilson is an experienced dramatist, but this is one of his non-vintage plays. The performance is very good, though. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 1.)

**First Monday in October**—Henry Fonda and Jane Alexander in a limited engagement of a play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Directed by Edwin Sherin. Previews through Monday, Oct. 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 3, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 11. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**I'm Getting My Act Together and Taking It On the Road**—A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics)—the remarkable team who wrote "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac" in 1970—is disappointing for a number of reasons, but it has its compensations all the same, among them the tuneful songs and the mockery and self-mockery of some of the words. Word Baker was the capable director. (6/26/78) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**The Inspector General**—A first-rate production of Gogol's extremely funny comedy, directed by Liviu Ciulei. The cast, which is headed by Max Wright, includes Theodore Bikel, Bob Balaban, and Helen Burns. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**On Golden Pond**—Ernest Thompson's witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles, and by a num-

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COVER: *Arthur Getz*

DRAWINGS: *Edward Koren, J. B. Handelsman, Lee Lorenz, Anthony Taber, Barney Tobey, Mort Gerberg, Warren Miller, Tom Cheney, Stan Hunt, James Stevenson, Ed Fisher, Burt Silverman, Charles Saxon, Frank Modell, Bill Woodman, Roz Chast, Charles Barsotti, Robert Weber*

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 840-3800
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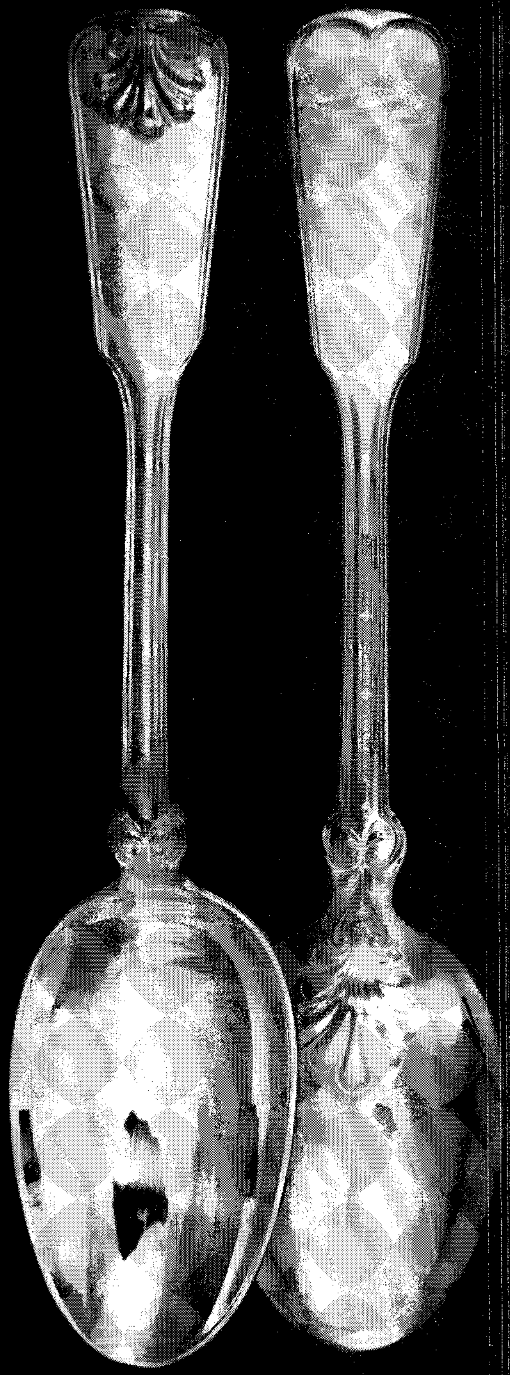
THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 33, October 2, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1978 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $24.00; two years, $40.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $28.00. Other foreign, $32.00.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ber of other good actors in supporting ones. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. (9/25/78) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**On the Twentieth Century**—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Pins and Needles**—A revival of Harold Rome's 1937 musical revue. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**P. S. Your Cat Is Dead!**—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**Ridiculous Theatrical Company**—Three Charles Ludlam productions. **CORN:** Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 8. . . . **BLUEBEARD:** Thursdays and Fridays at 8. . . . **CAMILLE:** Saturdays and Sundays at 8. (One Sheridan Square. 260-7137.)

**Runaways**—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Secrets**—A play by Drew Denbaum, based on two short stories by Brendan Gill. Opens Wednesday, Sept. 27, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 15. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 228-0900. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8.)

**Tribute**—A resourceful performance by Jack Lemmon as a lovable scamp makes this implausible comedy by Bernard Slade something well worth seeing. (6/26/78) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Long Runs**—**ANNIE:** A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. With Alice Ghostley as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **CHAPTER TWO:** A comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. David Groh plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DRACULA:** Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 3, Raúl Juliá will replace Mr. Langella. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,656 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. With Dick Boccelli as the father, and Barbara Coggin and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE GIN GAME:** Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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### MISCELLANY

**Beatlemania**—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

## DANCE

**Feld Ballet**—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "A Footstep of Air," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Excursions," "La Vida," "Danzon Cubano," and "Half Time.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Harbinger," "The Gods Amused," "Parisien," and "A Footstep of Air.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 1: "Excursions," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "Half Time.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 1: "Half Time," "Danzon Cubano," "La Vida," and "A Footstep of Air." (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2:30.)

**Merce Cunningham Dance Company**—A two-week engagement—Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Torse I," "Exchange" (première), and "Squaregame.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "Torse II," "Inlets," and "Travelogue.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Summerspace," "Solo," "Inlets," and "Sounddance.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "RainForest," "Rebus," and "Changing Steps et cetera.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Summerspace," "Signals," and "Exchange.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 1: "Torse III," "Signals," and "Exchange.". . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 3: "RainForest," "Fractions" (New York première), and "Travelogue.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Rune," "Inlets," and "Travelogue." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Fractions," "Tango" (première), "Sounddance," and "Squaregame.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Fractions," "Sounddance," and "Travelogue.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 7: "Rune," "Tango," "Signals," and "Changing Steps et cetera.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "RainForest," "Exchange," and "Changing Steps et cetera.". . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 8: "Fractions," "Tango," "Inlets," and "Travelogue." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

**Dance Theatre of Harlem**—Final performances of a brief engagement. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. 280-2417. Wednesday through Friday, Sept. 27-29, at 8; Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Oct. 1, at 3 and 7:30.)

**Balasaraswati**—Indian dancer, with her company of dancers and musicians. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

**Bugaku**—A program of dance and music of the Imperial Court of Japan performed by the Osaka Garyo-kai Troupe. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

**Ali's Alley**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Sort of a ma-and-pa jazz loft, owned and managed by drummer **RASHIED ALI**, who plays here himself occasionally and, in fact, will be leading his quintet Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 3-7. Right now (through Saturday, Sept. 30) **JEANNE LEE**, who has been chanting, reading poetry, and singing free jazz since long before the far-out-jazz movement got started in the Cast Iron District, is performing with her quartet. Mondays are claimed by pianist **JAKI BYARD**

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and his seventeen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

**BALLROOM,** 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret-loft on SoHo's main drag, but it's so gussied up with carpeting and white furniture that at first glance it doesn't look like a loft space. Joe Papp, prime mover of the Public Theatre, is doing a program of musical boyhood reminiscences—songs his father taught him, songs his sister taught him, songs the radio taught him—through Sunday, Oct. 1. No kidding. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, the Yale Whiffenpoofs will find their way to SoHo. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Dining.

**BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S,** 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar with a conscientious music policy. **TED CURSON,** who plays trumpet, flugelhorn, pocket trumpet, and—to signal his soloist sidemen—whistle, performs free jazz and straight-ahead hard bop with verve and wit. He is a wonderful entertainer as well—his between-song remarks are very funny—and it remains a mystery why he is not famous. He works with a quintet that features **NICK BRIGNOLA** on tenor sax. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 4-7, pianist **ROLAND HANNA** will move in from around the corner at Bradley's (see below). Music from nine-thirty until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**BOTTOM LINE,** 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The ticket lines outside this club are not as long as the ones for "Treasures of Tutankhamun," but go anyway. Rock guitarist Larry Carlton is present with an L. A. band on Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, Scottish folkie Robin Williamson and his group will trade sets with **MARY MCCASLIN** and **JIM RINGER,** a fine folk duo who perform good, understated, well-arranged tunes, and who sound best when their backup folk-rock band is along, and, fortunately, it will be along for this engagement. Wednesday, Oct. 4, will belong to artsy-rocksy singer and pianist Peter Gabriel, and his shows have already been sold out. And Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, conga wiz **RAY BARRETTO** will bring in his sextet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

**BRADLEY'S,** 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ,** two of the best, work here through Saturday, Sept. 30; on Monday, Oct. 2, solo pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will take over for six nights. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

**CACHAÇA,** 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—An authentic-sounding Brazilian band—piano, bass, drums, vocalist, but, oddly enough, no guitar—plays Tuesdays through Sundays from eleven, and after a set of Bonfas, Jobims, Gils, and Gilbertos, one actually feels capable of dancing the samba. Before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnival music. The club is open Tuesdays through Sundays from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

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**CAFÉ PIERRE,** in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who can play some of the hottest chord solos around on his full-bodied seven-string guitar, is leading a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

**CARLYLE HOTEL,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT,** who did not appear in "The Last Waltz," is back with Porter, Gershwin, and Coward tunes and his two sidemen. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL,** a strong bop-inspired pianist, works Mondays through Saturdays, from nine until one.

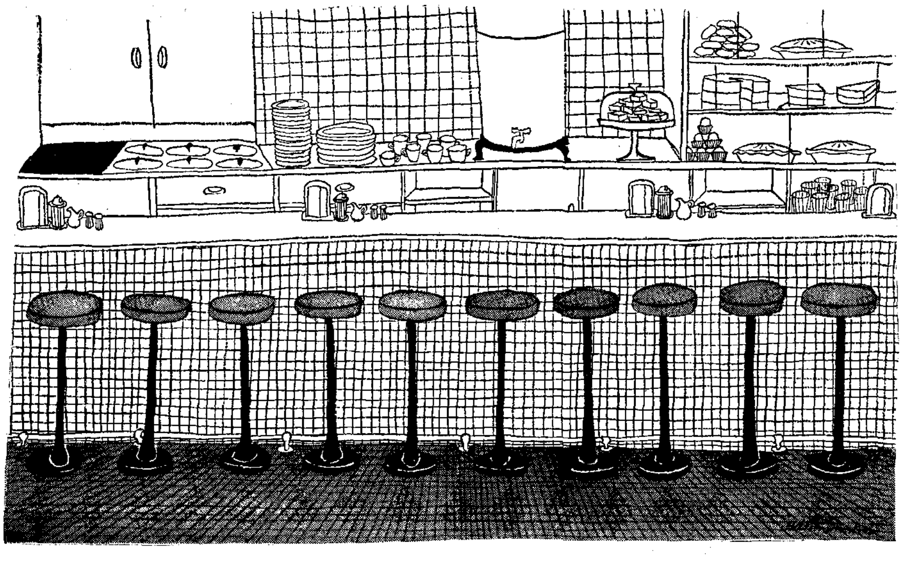
**CARNEGIE TAVERN,** 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dining.

**CBGB & OMFUG,** 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

**COOKERY,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a rocking, funny, full-voiced octogenarian blues singer and songwriter, has returned with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis. For the week beginning Monday, Oct. 2, Miss Hunter will be absent, and her replacement will be **WILLIE MAE (BIG MAMA) THORNTON,** who can sing the blues rather well herself. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

**CRAWDADDY,** Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Cornettist **DICK SUDHALTER** works with pianist **MICHAEL RENZI** and drummer **DON REID** Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

**DAVID K'S,** 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer, is back on Third Avenue. He's here Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.



**EDDIE CONDON'S,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Traditionalists Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban get together weeknights at nine-thirty. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, trombonist George Masso will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, Oct. 1, tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** will lead a quintet from eight-thirty. Dining.

**GREGORY'S,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays, from ten to three, **WALTER DAVIS, JR., MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Sundays, from ten to three, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

**HOPPER'S,** 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Former big-band vibraharpist **TERRY GIBBS** works with a quartet that includes bassist **LISLE ATKINSON,** pianist **HAROLD MABERN,** and drummer **AL HAREWOOD** through Saturday, Sept. 30. On Monday, Oct. 2, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE,** a subtle, relaxed partnership, will come in. Whenever the two collaborate, they work from a mixed-bag set list—jazz, classical, rock. Bertoncini's classical playing stands out because it is moving, and he makes it look effortless; Moore's solos and backup work remain as astounding as ever. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

**JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**LONE STAR CAFÉ,** 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, Kinky Friedman for admirers of Jewish-Texas-cowboy humorists (Friedman is here Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, and Sunday, Oct. 1), and often (but not always) good, solid country and rock music. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

**LES MAREYEURS,** 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (628-3333)—**RONNY WHYTE,** a debonair, straight-arrow baritone and a capable accompanist—dig his left hand—is back at the piano in this front-room bar. In a town chock-full of singer-pianists, Whyte is wonderfully good. He does Rodgers and Hart's "Manhattan," Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind," and nearly everything in between. He's here with strong support from bassist **JACK SIX** Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to one.

**MICHAEL'S PUB,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Earl Coleman, an Eckstine-influenced baritone, receives first-rate support from a backing quartet headed by pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dining. Closed Sundays.

**MIKELL'S,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of jazz, rhythm and blues, and smoke on hanging plants. Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE YOUNG** and his quintet, **US'N,** play stunningly intricate and exuberant arrangements Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30. Pianist and arranger **DAVE MATTHEWS** will bring in his twelve-piece aggregation for a three-night visit on Thursday, Oct. 5. Music from ten until two. Dining.

**OTHER END,** 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Bruce Cockburn sings his folk-pop compositions Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30; Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 4-7, the **WOODSTOCK MOUNTAIN REVIEW,** a group of singers and pickers from the Catskills—**HAPPY** and **ARTIE TRAUM, JOHN HERALD,** and others—will be on hand. Music most nights at nine and

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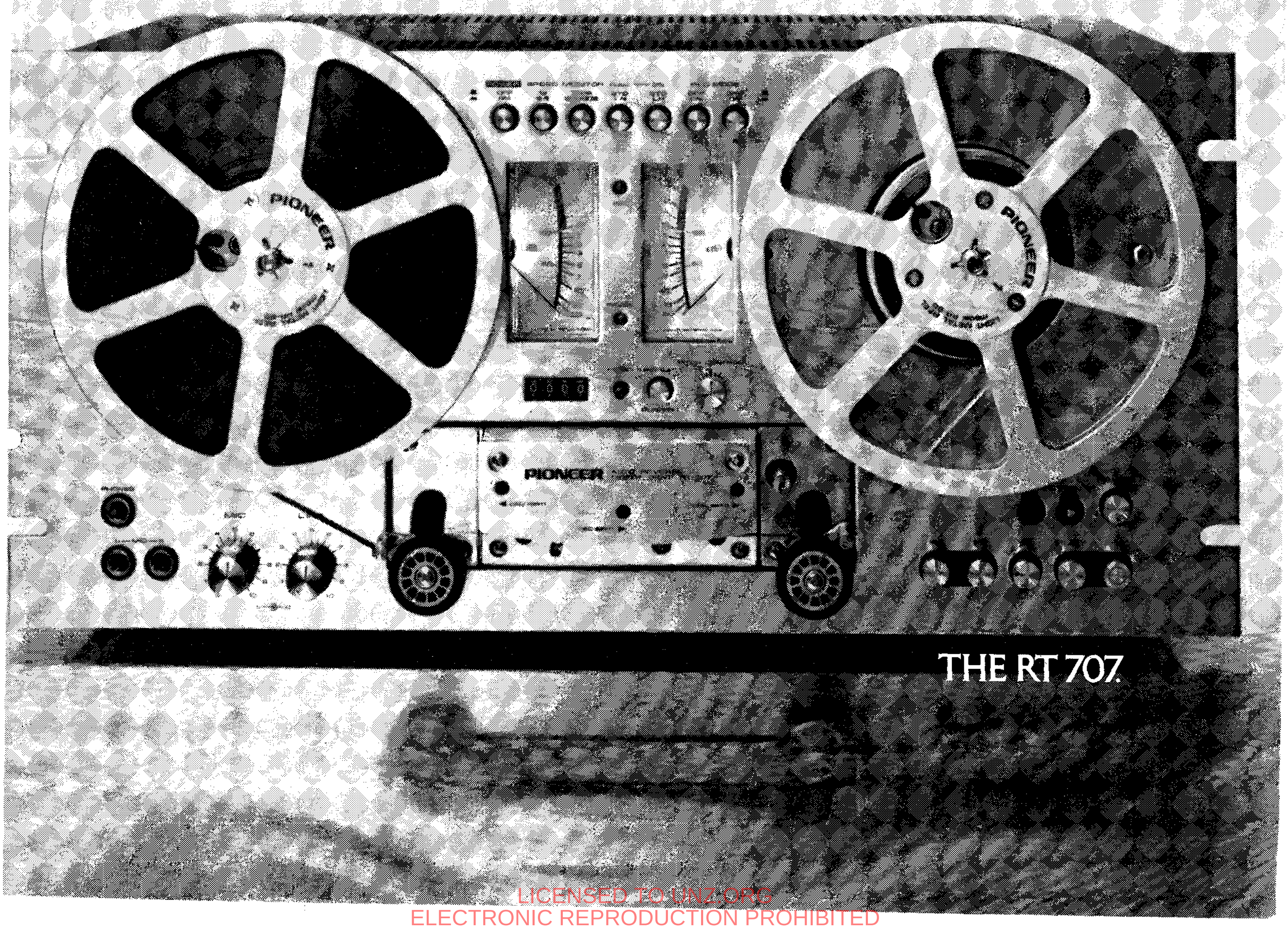

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. SY OLIVER is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Tony Azito, a singer in a lanky dancer's body—he punctuates his songs with wild, magical, choreographed gestures—comes across as a modern-day vaudevillian. His between-song remarks, his voice—which sometimes sounds like Jolson and sometimes like Johnny Mathis—and his precise, affectedly British articulation stem straight from the music hall. He goes on at nine through Sunday, Oct. 1. The eleven-thirty show, through Sunday, Oct. 1, belongs to Charles Ward, who is in the cast of "Dancin'." Mondays are usually showcase nights. Dining.

**Seventh Avenue South,** 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A light, comfortable, airy second-floor jazz club, which is still so new that most of the walls are, refreshingly, unadorned—none of the usual posters, photographs, or tapestries yet. Keyboardist Mike Nock's quintet performs through Sunday, Oct. 1; on Wednesday, Oct. 4, drummer CHICO HAMILTON will arrive with his quintet. Music from ten to two nightly. Dining. Closed Mondays.

**Sweet Basil,** 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist BOB MOVER heads up a quintet through Saturday, Sept. 30; on Tuesday, Oct. 3, DAVID AMRAM, the multinational, multi-instrumentalist, will arrive. Music from about nine-thirty. Dining.

**Trax,** 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A plain brown door and an unlit entranceway lead one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's a sort of public audition. (Established performers have been known to perform here, too, on occasion.) Music every night but Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

**Village Vanguard,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Drummer DANNIE RICHMOND is leading the quintet that Charles Mingus led until his recent illness. The group plays all-Mingus sets, and the very fine EDDIE GOMEZ plays the bass lines. Through Sunday, Oct. 1. On Tuesday, Oct. 3, SONNY FORTUNE, a hard-edged alto saxophonist who makes one grateful for long, drawn-out solos, will come in with a quintet. Monday nights are now in the hands of trumpeter TOM HARRELL, bassist SAM JONES, and their big band. Music from ten.

**West Boondock,** 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

**West End Café,** 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Columbia's off-campus survey of swing music. The COUNTSMEN—trombonist DICKY WELLS, saxophonist and occasional vocalist EARLE WARREN, and their quintet—perform through Saturday, Sept. 30; Sunday, Oct. 1, and Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 3-4, stride pianist and singer BROOKS KERR, drummer SONNY GREER, and their combo will take over; and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 5-7, tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans will be present. On Monday, Oct. 2, Brooks Kerr will discuss the music of Duke Ellington. Things get under way about nine. Student food at student prices.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

**Salute to Great American Songwriters**—A series of free concerts. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, at 6: Portia Nelson and Steve Ross performing the songs of Cole Porter. . . . ¶ Monday through Thursday, Oct. 2-5, at 6: Bob Carroll, with Joe Puma on piano, performing the songs of Johnny Mercer. (Atrium, Citicorp Center, Lexington Ave. at 53rd St.)

**Neil Young** and **Crazy Horse**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, at 8.

**John Klemmer Band** and **Larry Coryell and Caldera**—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.

**Highlights in Jazz**—Helen Humes, Dick Hyman, Eddie Daniels, George Duvivier, and Ron Traxler. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8.)

**R.E.O. Speedwagon, U.F.O.,** and **Molly Hatchett**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

**Bob Dylan**—Madison Square Garden. Friday and Saturday, Sept. 29-30, at 8.

**Bill Gaither Trio**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Friday, Sept. 29, at 8.

**Blue Oyster Cult** and **Thin Lizzy**—Palladium. Friday through Sunday, Sept. 29-Oct. 1, at 8.

**Paul Bley** and **Perry Robinson, Badal Roy, and Nana Vasconcelos**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday, Sept. 29, at 9:30 and midnight.

**New Lost City Ramblers**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8.

**David Liebman and Richard Beirach** and **Double Image**—Public Theatre. Saturday, Sept. 30, at 9:30 and midnight.

**Commodores, O'Jays,** and **LTD**—Madison Square Garden. Sunday and Monday, Oct. 1-2, at 8.

**Diana Ross**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 5-6, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 7:30 and 11; and Sunday through Wednesday, Oct. 8-11, at 8.

**Cleo Laine with the John Dankworth Quartet**—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.

**U.K.**—Palladium. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.

**Archie Shepp** and **Jaki Byard**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 6-7, at 9:30 and midnight.

**Dave Mason**—Palladium. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8 and 11:30.

**Earl Klugh, the Brecker Brothers,** and **the Steve Khan-Mike Mainieri Band**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8.

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**Ron Isaacs**—This artist, using a jigsaw, makes plywood representations of clothing—in this show, mostly old-fashioned chemises and bodices and aprons—that entirely *trompent* the *œil*. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

**Irving Kriesberg**—Recent portrait heads by a painter whose colorful, slashing attack on the canvas (and his subjects) sometimes skids over from the Expressionistic into caricature. Through Wednesday, Oct. 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

**Gaston Lachaise** (1882-1935) **and Elie Nadelman** (1882-1946)—Drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Louis le Brocquy**—Forty-five rudimentary portraits in a series called "Studies Toward an Image of James Joyce." The artist, an Irishman, works in charcoal, oil on canvas, and watercolor to present Joyce in various moods. Through Oct. 14. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Philip Mullen**—What appear to be rectangles of a multicolored heavy-ribbed fabric are really the result of successive silk screenings laid out in a grid pattern on canvas. Through Oct. 14. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**Henry Ransom**—Still-lifes in a series called "Sheetscapes" because the subjects—bowls, cups, pieces of fruit, rocks, and assorted bric-a-brac—are shown against rumpled bed linen. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

**Attilio Salemme** (1911-55)—Abstract oils and watercolors. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Manfred Schwartz** (1909-70)—Flecks of pastel literally hammered into the paper to depict the pebbly shores of Étretat, and (an outgrowth of the same idea) huge canvases on which the night sky is represented by myriad pointillist dots. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

**John Sloan** (1871-1951)—Genre prints of the lower East Side, the Bowery, Washington Square. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

**Edward Youkilis**—Abstract acrylics on paper and canvas; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

**Mexican Costumes**—A loan show of fifty-five costumes, including some whose designs and weaving techniques predate the Spanish Conquest. Through Oct. 22. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Group Shows**—At the ACA, in a new location at 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit loan show of late-nineteenth and early-twentieth-century paintings by Glackens, Cassatt, Hopper, and others. Through Oct. 14. . . . GOETHE HOUSE, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts by sixteen German Expressionists, including Beckmann, Kirchner, and Nolde. Through Oct. 21. (Tuesdays through Thursdays, 11 to 7; Fridays and Saturdays, 11 to 5.) . . . GUREWITSCH, 55 E. 74th St.: Three artists—William Scharf has twelve abstract paintings on paper, Stella Waitzkin constructs books from glass and resin substances, and Francine Halvorsen has large graphite-and-ink drawings. Through Oct. 28. (Opens at 1.) . . . HIRSCHL & ADLER, 21 E. 70th St.: American paintings from the Colonial and Federal periods, including twelve Copley portraits. Through Friday, Sept. 29. . . . LEFEBRE, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Bissier, Hartung, Reinhoud, and others associated with this gallery. Through Oct. 14. . . . PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Maillol, Braque, Soutine, and others. Through Nov. 4.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**Nicola Benois**—More than a hundred set designs for operas by a former scenic designer for La Scala. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Battaglia, 11 E. 57th St.)

**Louise Bourgeois**—A two-gallery exhibit of recent works by a leading sculptor. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St., and Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.) Both shows through Oct. 21.

**Beverly Buchanan / Marc Boone**—Heavy, rough-sided cast-stone blocks, made of Georgia clay and cement, set up in arrangements that evoke crumbling masonry and Ozymandias. / An attempt in black-and-white drawings, sometimes touched up with color, to catch the look of various sounds. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

**Shlomo Cassos / Paul Linfante**—Collages involving wire mesh, fabrics, and paper steeped in low-keyed watercolors. / Portraits of apples—Romes, McIntoshes, Deliciouses—singly and in groups, some of them much larger than life. Through Oct. 12. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

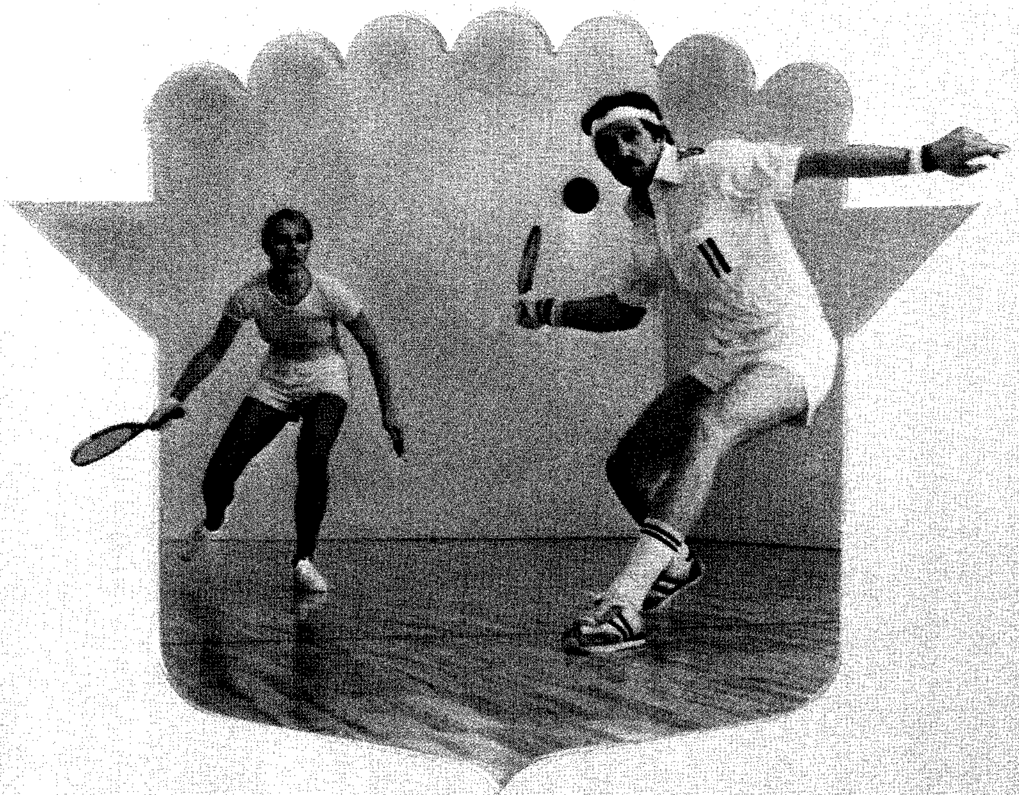
**Federico Castellon** (1914-71)—Drawings. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Graphics. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Open Mondays.) Both shows through Oct. 21.

**Jean Dufy** (1888-1964)—Circus scenes, musicians, race horses, and riverboats, all painted in the tradition established by the artist's older brother Raoul. Through Saturday, Oct. 7 (Wally Findlay, 17 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**Stephen Edlich**—Constructivist collages. Through Oct. 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**Philip Evergood** (1901-73)—A cross-section of his works in various mediums. Through Friday, Sept. 29. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Charles Fahlen**—In addition to his customary large wall constructions of wood, felt, and resin, the artist is showing smaller, freestand-



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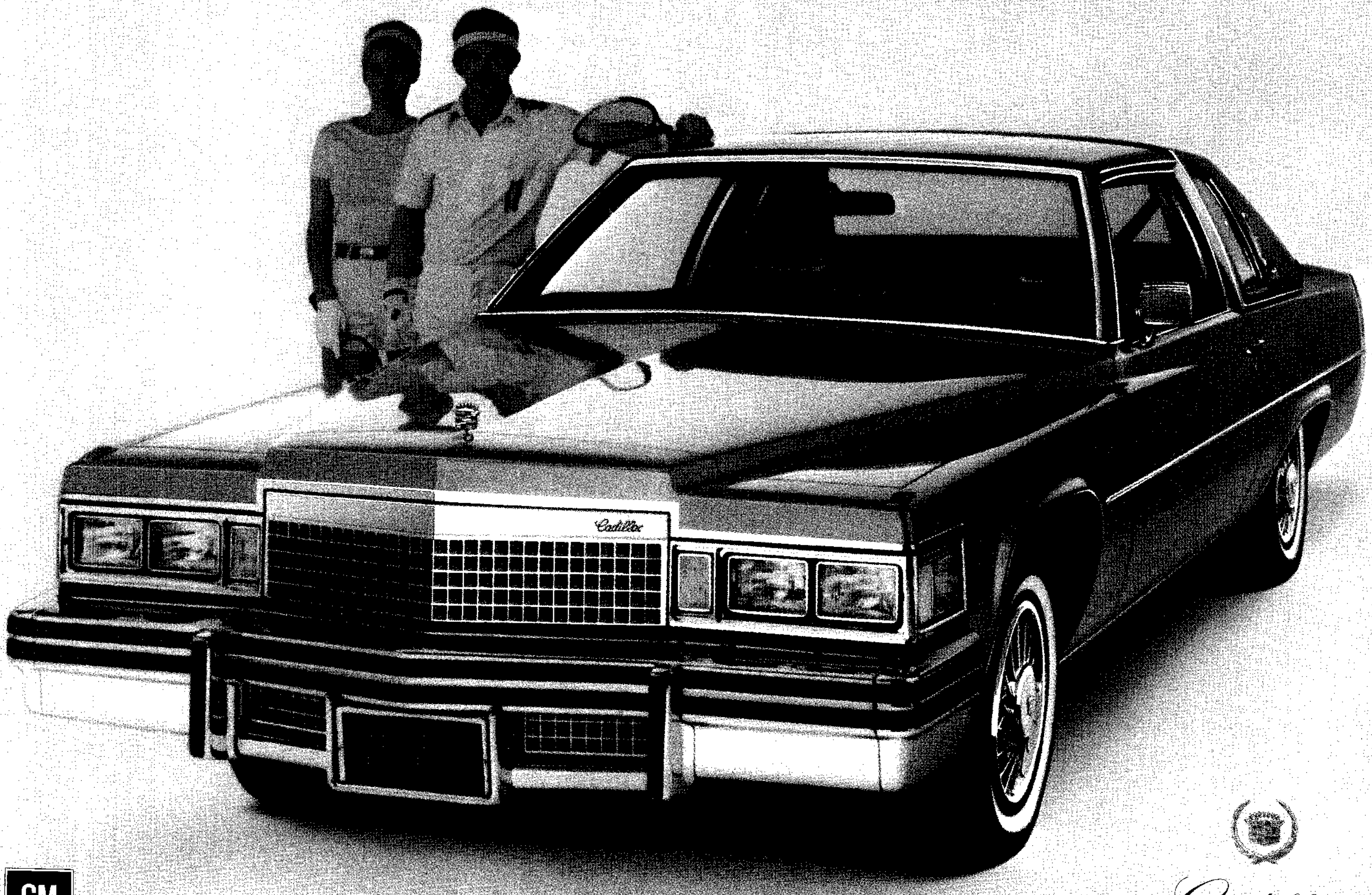

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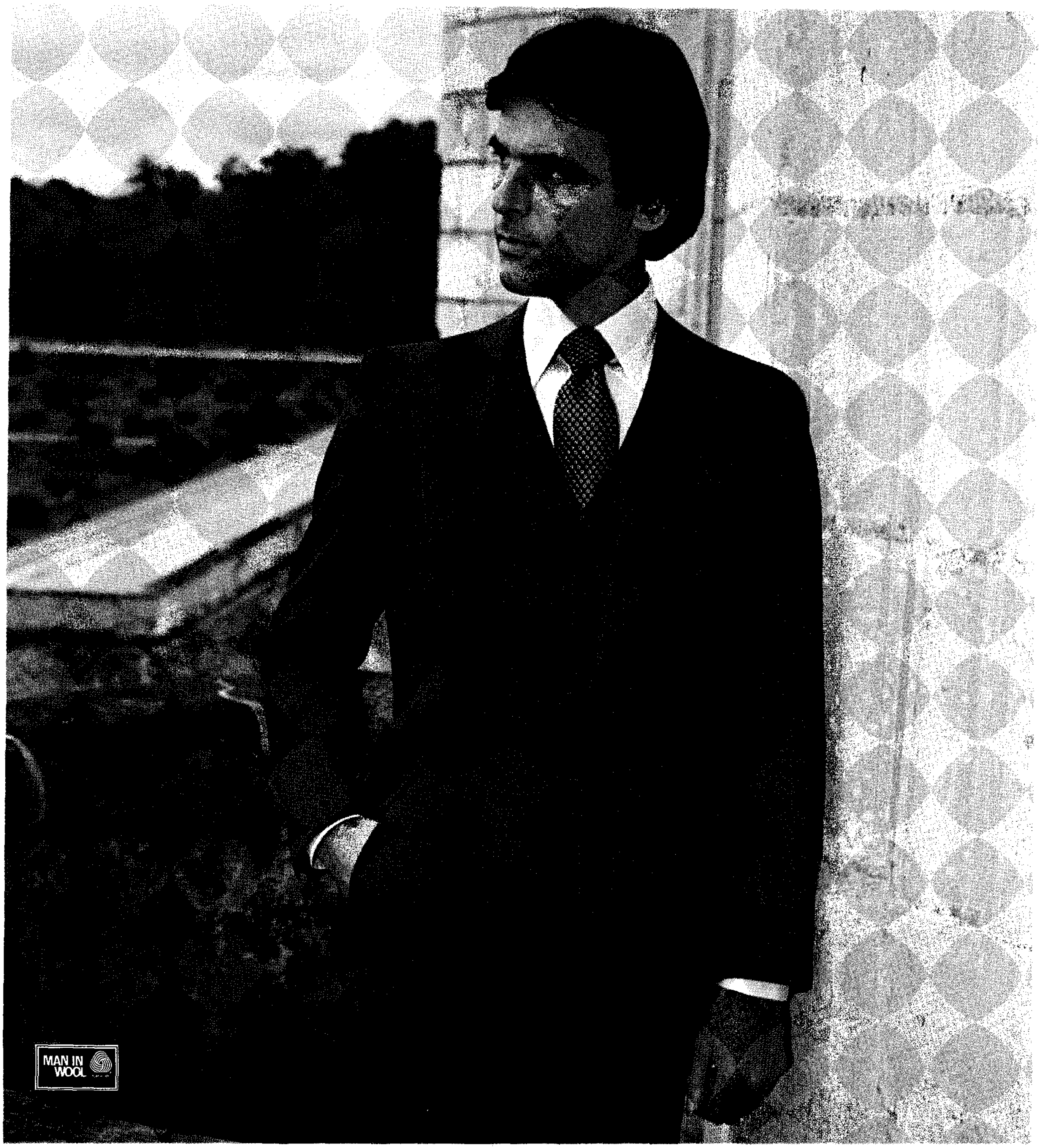

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ing works made from toy animals. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**Jan Groth / Sibyl Weil**—Drawings that consist of a single line scrawled across a dazzling white sheet of paper with an oily black crayon. / In this show, entitled "Migrations and Entrenched Meanders," ordinary straight pins are stuck into the wall in antlike processions that crawl from floor to ceiling and sometimes out on the ceiling. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Josef Levi**—New paintings and drawings by an artist who puts contemporary figures into his copies of Old Master works—Bella Abzug as Rembrandt might have done her, for example. He also juxtaposes Cézanne's apples with Caravaggio's in convincing copies. Through Thursday, Oct. 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Fulvia Levibianchi**—Six outsize paintings, each devoted to a single female breast. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

**David Ligare**—Photo-Realist depictions of surf and drapery. Also drawings. Through Oct. 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Brice Marden**—Monochromatic paintings on panels, and drawings. Through Oct. 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Phyllis Mark**—Kinetic sculptures. Some of the pieces are revolving abstract shapes with Dacron sails that catch the wind, and some of them are similar forms powered by hidden motors. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

**Dorothy McGahee**—Oil paintings of figures in groups, and collages. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

**Mariann Loveland Miller**—Allegorical paintings in which female nudes seem to merge with the waters of swift-flowing streams or turn into trees, as Daphne did. Through Thursday, Oct. 5. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Joan Miró and Henri Matisse** (1869-1954)—Colorful aquatints by the former, and lithograph drawings of nudes by the latter. Through Oct. 14. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Joseph Solman**—Subway riders are the subjects of a series of gouaches painted on sheets of the *Morning Telegraph* (the train was headed for the race track). Through Oct. 21. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

**Christopher Wilmarth / Philippe Hosiasson** (1898-1978)—Sculptures in which painted and etched glass is applied to stainless-steel plates. Through Wednesday, Oct. 4. / Abstract paintings. Through Oct. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **pam adler**, 50 W. 57th St.: An inaugural exhibit that includes a couple of wall boxes with enigmatic tableaux inside by Brenda Goodman, and several paintings that seem to be floor plans for landscapes by David Sharpe. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.: A new-talent show includes paintings by Peter Perez, sculptures by Sue Ann Lasker, and constructions by Barbara Siegel and Vivien Abrams. Through Saturday, Sept. 30.

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**Jeffrey Brosk / Phoebe Helman**—A full-scale wooden model of a projected steel-and-concrete piece, twelve feet high and sixty-six feet long, entitled "Ebbets Field" because it echoes the sculptor's feeling for the sunlight and space he enjoyed as a boy upon entering the long-gone Dodger stadium. Through Nov. 4. / Large wooden sculptures with a Gothic quality. Through Oct. 21. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Drawings by Ms. Helman are on exhibition next door, at the Hutchinson, 138 Greene St., through Thursday, Oct. 5.

**Daniel Buren**—An installation by a French artist who made a similar work in 1973. Black-and-white bands of linen fill the gallery space and continue out the windows across West Broadway. Through Oct. 14. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

**Robert Cottingham / Alan Herman**—Photo-Realist paintings, one of them centered on the word "Rat" in a huge, bunting-draped sign for Rattner's Bakery. / Life-size environments—Tom Wong's Chinese laundry, for instance, complete with neatly stacked bundles. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

**Luis Cruz Azaceta / Juan Bujan**—Nightmares of the most horrendous sort rendered in comic-book style on paper by this Cuban-born artist. / "Political Folklore" is the title of this exhibit by an Argentine-born artist who paints, in a primitive style, such scenes as President Carter dancing sedately with his wife in a vast ballroom, with Amy watching from one side of the room and invited personages from another. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Cayman, 381 West Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

**Arturo Rivera Delgado**—Paintings of female nudes, some of them on the erotic side, by a Mexican-born artist whose finished works have a kind of gritty varnish overlay. Through Oct. 15. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

**Claire Falkenstein**—Large kitelike constructions made of bamboo, copper rods, and linen, all skillfully trussed up together. Some hang on the wall, some are suspended from the ceiling, and some are freestanding. (Neill, 136 Greene St.) . . . ¶ Graphics. (Lubin House, 11 E. 61st St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) Both shows through Oct. 19.

**Mary Grigoriadis**—Abstract paintings in which tightly worked areas of Byzantine design done in thick, bold-colored oils are contrasted with areas of raw linen. Also drawings. Through Wednesday, Oct. 4. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

**Christopher Knowles**—Imaginative paintings of the earth, the moon, the sun, the universe, and time itself, done in bright colors by a nineteen-year-old autistic boy who has been tutored by the dramatist Robert Wilson. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

**Don Nice**—Two realist triptychs, one representing the animals of the peaceable kingdom and the other their wilder fellow-creatures. Through Oct. 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

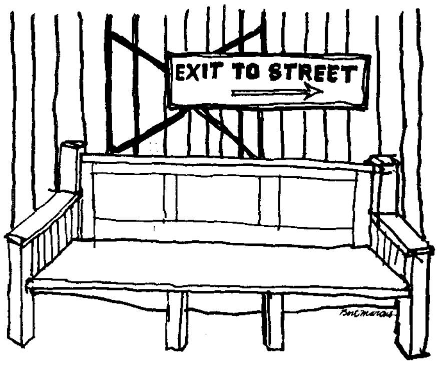
**Carol Paquay**—Cheerful-looking full-length portraits of friends, neighbors, and her own children by this Canton, Ohio, artist. Through Thursday, Oct. 5. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

**Ed Paschke**—Realist paintings of costumed and masked figures by a Chicago-based artist. Through Oct. 14. (Kind, 139 Spring St.)

**Ed Puls**—Four large paintings, done in an allegorical style and depicting dramatic domestic scenes. Through Friday, Oct. 6. (Bowery, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

**Julius Tobias / Takuji Azechi**—An environment of concrete slabs. / Works that combine photographs and wood carvings. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

**Group Shows**—At the **cooper**, 155 Wooster St.: A tenth-anniversary exhibit of works by gallery artists, among them Jennifer Bartlett, Lynda Benglis, and Kes Zapkus. Through Wednesday, Oct. 4. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works by nine young artists selected from the hundreds of unknowns whose efforts have been screened by this downtown facility. Among the exhibitors are Ann Turnley, who implants cutout designs in the pulp from which she makes paper; Milo Reice, who illustrates classics ("Chaucer's First Date" is the title of one piece); and Paul Caranicas, who makes fine perspective drawings of abandoned Coast Artillery emplacements. Through Nov. 4. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **westbroadway**, 431 West Broadway: Paintings by Beatrice Riese, Robert Feldgus, and Howard Goldstein, and kinetic sculptures by Dickson Carroll. Through Oct. 14.



## OTHER GALLERIES

**Philip Johnson**—Preliminary studies, working drawings, and models for two of the architect's designs: his home in New Canaan, and the planned A.T. & T. corporate headquarters on Madison Avenue. Through Oct. 31. (Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies, 8 W. 40th St. Open Mondays; opens Saturdays at noon.)

**Giovanni Battista Piranesi** (1720-78)—Etchings. Through Oct. 21. (Spaced, 165 W. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

**Raquel Rabinovich**—A large sculpture of smoke-gray tempered glass. Through Oct. 17. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

**Decorative Designs of Frank Lloyd Wright**—Furniture, wallpaper, dinnerware, stained glass, architectural ornaments and drawings, book and graphic designs covering a seventy-year period by the prodigious architect. Also, thirty-five objects designed by his peers. Through Nov. 4. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

**Eve Arnold**—Documentary photographs from the fifties which were made on assignment for *Look*, *Life*, and other publications. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

**Richard Avedon**—The Metropolitan Museum is showing his high-fashion photographs from the last three decades. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**John Baldessari**—Each photograph by this Conceptualist is a frame from a film as seen on a television set. Through Oct. 14. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Marie Cosindas / Ray Metzker**—Still-lifes and portraits by a photographer (one-time painter) whose manipulations of Polaroid-film emulsions achieve the soft look of oils. / Black-and-white abstractions. Through Nov. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

**Gianfranco Gorgoni**—A hundred (X-rated) color photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Christopher James**—Photographic prints that have been hand-dyed and coated with soft-colored enamels. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Janine Kelman**—Avant-garde portraiture; first solo show in New York. Through Oct. 14. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

**Russell Lee**—More than a hundred and fifty prints by a photographer best known for his works done for the Farm Security Administration. Through Oct. 14. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

**Nicholas Nixon / André Kertész**—Social gatherings of all sorts figure in forty 8 x 10 contact prints. / Photographs, most of them of Washington Square Park. Through Saturday, Sept. 30. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

**C. E. Watkins** (1829-1916)—Twenty-five large plate photographs of the Yosemite Valley and Oregon. Through Oct. 28. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

**American Photography Since 1960**—The shift in photography from the documentary to the expressionistic, from the public event to the private is the basis for an exhibition of about two hundred works mounted by the Museum

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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of Modern Art. Close to a hundred photographers are represented. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

**Group Show**—Contemporary still-lifes. The participants include Gowin, Krims, Groover. Through Saturday, Oct. 7. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

### MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The reconstructed Temple of Dendur, in a setting recalling its original home on the Nile, is receiving its devotees in the Sackler Wing, at the north end of the museum. For the moment, extra exhibition hours—Thursday evenings, from 5 to 8:45—have been tacked onto the museum's regular schedule. . . . ¶ "Images of Women: Master Drawings of Five Centuries" has ninety works (from the Lehman Collection) by artists who include Dürer, Ingres, Menzel, Valadon, and Matisse. Through Sunday, Oct. 1. . . . ¶ A show of engravings by Abraham Bosse which record the social customs of seventeenth-century Paris. Through Oct. 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Richard Avedon's fashion prints. Through Nov. 5. (Museum open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.) . . . **NOTE:** Those endless queues of Egyptologists with which the museum and Ticketron offices around the city were garlanded last week have eaten up every single one of the 901,000 tickets to the King Tutankhamun exhibit, due to open in December.

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A small show of paintings and sculptures recently acquired by the museum. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ Ninety portrait drawings, impromptu for the most part, of twentieth-century artists and writers. Through Tuesday, Oct. 3. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Group show of contemporary American photographers. Through Monday, Oct. 2. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the paintings of the French artist and writer Henri Michaux. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum of American Art**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Claes Oldenburg has built two nearly floor-to-ceiling structures, named the Mouse Museum and Ray Gun Wing, whose interior and exterior shapes are suggested by their titles. Visitors walk inside the darkened structures to view lighted cases filled with the artist's drawings and objects. Starts Thursday, Sept. 28. . . . ¶ A small display of additions to the museum's collections includes a ceramic sculpture by Robert Arneson and a drawing by Dorothea Rockburne. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ An exhibit of more than a hundred twentieth-century drawings acquired by the museum during the past five years, by artists such as Chuck Close, Georgia O'Keeffe, and Ad Reinhardt. Through Sunday, Oct. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of sculptures from the last ten years that reflect a link with architecture. Some of the sculptors are Alice Aycock, Rafael Ferrer, Michael Hurson, and George Grant. Through Oct. 25. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—A comprehensive show of the arts of ancient Nubia and the Sudan dates from the fourth millennium to the twelfth century A.D. The wide range of objects includes gold jewelry, stone sculptures, ceramics, and a fresco. Starts Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Fifty-four Haitian artists (most of them self-taught) are represented in an exhibition of paintings and sculptures whose themes are taken from indigenous culture and history. Through Nov. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit of anthropological artifacts from Papua New Guinea features a hut with a conical thatched roof and a double-hulled canoe with a banana-leaf sail. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5. Additional evening hours: Friday, Sept. 29, until 9.)

**Cooper-Hewitt Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—French and Italian neoclassical drawings and prints, selected for their depictions of interior decoration and architecture. In addition, related objects and textiles from the period. Through Nov. 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

**Frick Collection**, 1 E. 70th St.—An exhibit of bronze statuettes attributed to the Renaissance sculptor Severo da Ravenna. All but five of the seventeen pieces are on loan. Through Oct. 8. (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**Morgan Library**, 29 E. 36th St.—More than ninety drawings (in pen, chalk, pencil, and wash) by Giovanni Battista Piranesi. Through Nov. 26. . . . ¶ French medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. Through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ About forty autograph letters, generally romantic in content, composed by Voltaire, Haydn, Elizabeth I, and others. Through Dec. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art**, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show of traditional folk-art objects whose dominant motif is the heart. Through Oct. 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**National Academy of Design**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Jimmy Ernst, Ainslie Burke, and Helen Hoie are among the twenty-two painters in the annual Henry Ward Ranger exhibition. Through Oct. 8. (Open daily, 11 to 5.)

**New York Public Library at Lincoln Center**—Paintings and drawings by Zero Mostel, together with memorabilia from the late actor's career. Through Dec. 30. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 8; Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem**, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit of Richard Mayhew's semi-abstract landscape paintings and drawings. Through Oct. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911.)

### OPERA

**Metropolitan Opera**—Wednesday evening, Sept. 27: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; conducted by Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Sept. 28: "La Traviata," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Luis Lima, and Mario Sereni; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Sept. 29: "Otello," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Sept. 30: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Sept. 30: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Richard Cassilly, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 2: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Arleen Augér, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Bernd Weikl; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 3: "Otello," with Renata Scotto, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, Andrea Velis, and James Morris; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 4: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, James Morris, David Ward, and Peter Glossop; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 5: "Tannhäuser," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Tatiana Troyanos, Jess Thomas, Bernd Weikl, and Kurt Moll; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 6: "Fidelio," with Hildegard Behrens, Arleen Augér, James King, Kurt Moll, Siegmund Nimsgern, and Bernd Weikl; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 7: "Otello," with Katia Ricciarelli, Jean Kraft, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Raymond Gibbs, Andrea Velis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 7: "Werther," with Elena Obraztsova, Placido Domingo, Betsy Norden, and Dominic Cossa; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, Sept. 30, at 1, and Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2.)

**New York City Opera**—Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 2: "The Merry Widow," with Johanna Meier, Diana Soviero, Bruce Reed, and Howard Hensel; conducted by Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 8: "La Bohème," with Catherine Malfitano, Sherry Zannoth, Enrico Di Giuseppe, David Holloway, Richard T. Gill, and Vernon Hartman; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 8: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Richard Taylor, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and William Justus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 1: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Esther Hinds, Catherine Malfitano, Jane Shaulis, David Holloway, Michael Devlin, and Richard McKee; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 1, at 7, and Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Henry Price, Alan Titus, Donald Gramm, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Johanna Meier, Jacque Trussel, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 6, at 8: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Esther Hinds, Catherine Malfitano, Delia Wallis, Samuel Ramey, and Vernon Hartman; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Jacque Trussel, and William Justus; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 7, at 8: "Die Tote Stadt," with Nancy Shade, Richard Taylor, and Thomas Jamerson; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 12.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic**—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 7:30 (all with Rodney Friend, violin, and Lorne Munroe, cello); Thursday, Oct. 5, and Saturday, Oct. 7, as well as a non-subscription concert on Monday, Oct. 9, at 8:30 (all with Montserrat Caballé, soprano); and Friday, Oct. 6 at 2 (no soloists).

**Philadelphia Orchestra**—Eugene Ormandy conducting the opening performance of the season here, with Barbara Hendricks, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

### RECITALS

**Friedman-Vardi-Silberstein Trio**—Erick Friedman, violin; Emanuel Vardi, viola; and Jascha Silberstein, cello, in an all-Mozart program. With Renée Siebert, flute, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 8.)

**Aeolian Chamber Players**—Music for strings, winds, and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday through Saturday, Sept. 28-30, at 8:30.)

**Early Music at the Cathedral**—The first in a series of seven concerts, this one entitled "La Musica Española Antigua" and played by seven early-music groups. (Synod Hall, Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 110th St. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 2. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

**Music Project**—An eleven-member repertory-chamber ensemble of winds, strings, and piano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 3. For tickets, call 222-9311.)

**Music from Japan**—A program of six American premières, performed by the Manhattan String Quartet and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Oct. 2, at 8.)

**John Wion and Gilbert Kalish**—Flute and piano.

Gil Aimbez
John Anthony
Geoffrey Beene
Becky Bisoulis
Bill Blass
Liz Claiborne
The Designer Consort
Perry Ellis
Galanos
Halston
Betty Hanson
Holly's Harp
Mark Heister
Helga
Carol Horn
St. John
Julio
Kasper

Anne Klein
Calvin Klein
Ralph Lauren
Mary McFadden
Tracy Mills
Hanae Mori
Nicole
Albert Nipon
Oscar de la Renta
Gloria Sachs
Paula Saker
Sansappelle
Adele Simpson
Charles Suppon

Pauline Trigère
Walter Albini
Christian Aujard
Basile
Burberrys'
Callaghan
Clutch Cargo
Jean-Charles de Castelbajac
Birger Christensen
Chloé
Gordon L. Clarke
Complice
Christian Dior
Marina Ferrari
Bill Gibb
Muriel Grateau
Genny
Jaeger
Kenzo
Krizia
Lambers
Lancetti
Andre Laug
San Lorenzo
Treacy Lowe
Claude Montana
Georges Rech
Zandra Rhodes
Sonia Rykiel
Scherrer
Lux Sport
La Squadra
J. Tiktiner
Gianni Versace
La Viola
Janice Wainwright

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8.)

**REBECCA PENNEYS**—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

**NEW MUSIC FOR YOUNG ENSEMBLES**—Eleanor Steber, soprano; Samuel Baron and Karl Kraber, flute; Alvin Brehm, bass; and the Audubon Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

**CONCERT-PARTY**—The first in a series of seven concerts, this one a program of Renaissance and medieval music performed by the Jongleurs. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

**COMPOSERS STRING QUARTET**—Chamber music. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

## SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

**AUTOMOBILE RACING**—United States Grand Prix. (Watkins Glen. Sunday, Oct. 1, at 3.)

**BASEBALL**—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 27-28, at 8. . . . ¶ Cleveland, Friday, Sept. 29, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 30-Oct. 1, at 2. . . . AMERICAN LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: The first two games will be played in the home park of the Western Division winner, Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 8:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 3:30, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games will be played in the home park of the Eastern Division winner, Friday, Oct. 6, at 3:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 7-8, at 8:30. . . . NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP PLAYOFFS: The first two games will be played in the home park of the Eastern Division winner, Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 8:30, and Thursday, Oct. 5, at 2:30, and the third and, if necessary, the fourth and fifth games will be played in Los Angeles, Friday, Oct. 6, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 7, at 4:30; and Sunday, Oct. 8, at 3:55. All times listed are Eastern Daylight, for benefit of radio and TV participants.

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Washington vs. Boston and Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, Oct. 5, at 6. . . . ¶ Washington vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Oct. 7, at 6. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. Boston, Friday, Sept. 29, at 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Oct. 6, at 8. (For information about tickets, call 201 935-8888.)

**AMATEUR BOXING**—The United States National Team vs. the Cuban National Team. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 6, at 8.)

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**—SATURDAY, SEPT. 30: Army vs. Washington State, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Navy, at Chestnut Hill, at 6. . . . ¶ Colgate vs. Cornell, at Hamilton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Dartmouth, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Maritime Academy, at Mt. St. Michael Field, at 1. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Princeton, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Connecticut, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 7: Boston College vs. Pittsburgh, at Chestnut Hill, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Brown, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Trinity, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Rutgers, at New Haven, at 1:30.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—Sunday, Oct. 1: Jets vs. Pittsburgh Steelers, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Atlanta Falcons, at Atlanta.

**HOCKEY**—Exhibition games—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Wednesday, Oct. 4, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Tuesday, Oct. 3. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Rangers, Thursday, Oct. 5, (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100. Games begin at 8:05.)

**RACING**—At BELMONT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 23. The Cowdin, Wednesday, Sept. 27; the Woodward, Saturday, Sept. 30; the Frizette, Monday, Oct. 2; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 7. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.). . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 30. The Mermaid, Saturday, Sept. 30. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 30. The Rutgers Handicap, Thursday, Oct. 5. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, Oct. 20. The Governor's Cup Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 7.

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**TROTTING**—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 7.

**YACHTING**—The twelfth annual Mayor's Cup Schooner Race, sailed over a course from a point near the Statue of Liberty to a mark south of the George Washington Bridge and back. The starting gun goes off at 10, Saturday, Oct. 7 (rain date Sunday, Oct. 8). A spectator boat will embark from the Battery (Gangway 2), at 9:30 (no boat on the rain date); for information about tickets, call 766-9072.

## ET ALIA

**LECTURE**—Octavio Paz speaking about contemporary Mexico. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 5. No tickets necessary.)

**BRYANT PARK FLOWER SHOW**—Included are exhibits by the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, the City Garden Club of New York, and the Bonsai Society of Greater New York. (Sixth Ave. at 42nd St. Final day Wednesday, Sept. 27, from 10 to 2.)

**AUCTIONS**—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, Sept. 27, at 2: Chinese works of art, including ceramics, jade, snuff bottles, textiles, and paintings; collected by Mrs. Clifford D. Martin and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Sept. 28, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Sept. 29, at 2: Japanese porcelains, pottery, and prints, together with other Asian works of art; the property of Dr. John Pope and others. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 30, at 2: French and Continental furniture and decorations, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 3, at 2: American autographs, manuscripts, and first editions; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, Sept. 28. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Sept. 28, at 10:30 and 2: Prints by such Americans as Whistler, Cassatt, and Avery; from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Sept. 29, at 10:30 and 2, and Saturday, Sept. 30, at 10:30: Chinese snuff bottles and chess sets, from the Heathcote Collection and from other sources.

## COMING EVENTS

(A listing for forehanded readers.)

**BASEBALL**—The World Series starts Oct. 10 in the home park of the National League Champion.

**PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL**—The Knicks open their regular season at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, on Oct. 13 vs. Houston. . . . ¶ The Nets open their regular season at RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J., on Oct. 14 vs. Los Angeles.

**PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL**—SUNDAY, OCT. 8: Jets vs. Buffalo Bills, at Shea Stadium, and Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at Dallas. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 15: Giants vs. Tampa Bay Buccaneers, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, and Jets vs. Baltimore Colts, at Baltimore. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 22: Giants vs. Washington Redskins, at Giants Stadium, and Jets vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at Shea Stadium. . . . SUNDAY, OCT. 29: Giants vs. New Orleans Saints, at New Orleans, and Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Foxboro. . . . SUNDAY, NOV. 5: Giants vs. St. Louis Cardinals, at St. Louis, and Jets vs. Denver Broncos, at Denver.

**HOCKEY**—The Rangers open their regular season at MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, on Oct. 12 vs. Philadelphia. . . . ¶ The Islanders open their regular season at NASSAU COLISEUM, on Oct. 17 vs. Montreal.

**HORSE SHOW**—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Oct. 31-Nov. 5.)

**RACING**—At Aqueduct: Oct. 25-Dec. 31.

**TRACK**—The New York City Marathon, starting at the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge Plaza, and ending at the Tavern-on-the-Green. (Oct. 22.)

**TROTTING**—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Oct. 9-Dec. 11.

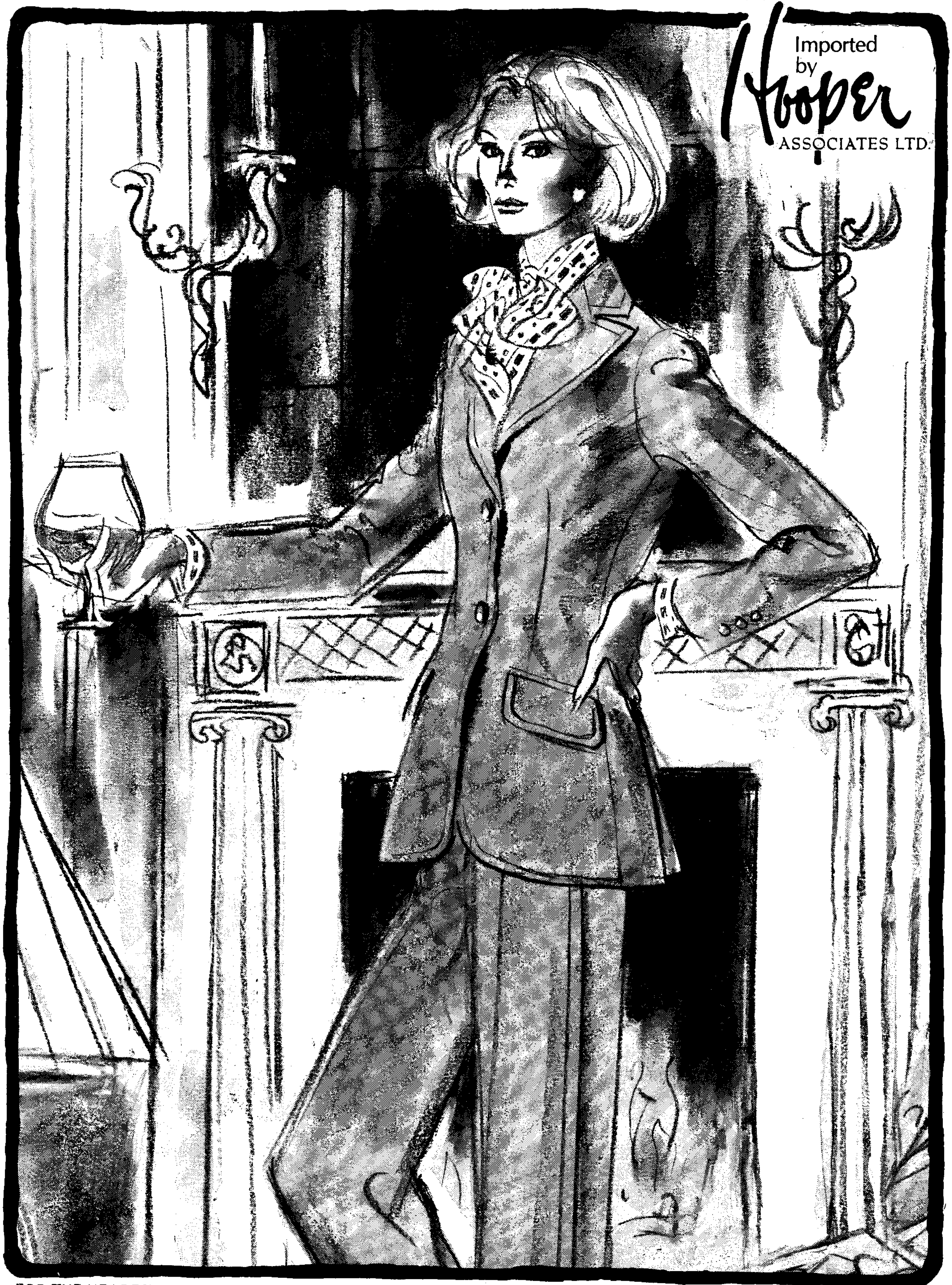
**MUSIC**—METROPOLITAN OPERA (580-9830): The season continues through April 14. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 5. . . . ¶ Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 8. . . . ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, Oct. 15 and Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Julian Bream and John Williams, classical guitarists, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Ravi Shankar, sitar, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Carlos Montoya, flamenco guitarist, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Little Orchestra Concert, Nov. 1. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7459): Opening performances here of the Boston Symphony, Seiji Ozawa conducting, Oct. 18-19. . . . ¶ Itzhak Perlman, violin, Oct. 22 and 24. . . . ¶ Toulouse Symphony, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Cleveland Orchestra, Oct. 25 and 28. . . . ¶ Leipzig Gewandhaus, Oct. 26-27. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Emil Gilels, piano, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ I Musici, Nov. 1 and 8. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Katia Ricciarelli, soprano, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ National Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 10. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Maria Luisa Faini, piano, Oct. 10. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Richard Morris, piano, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Nathaniel Rosen, cello, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Oct. 29 and 31 and Nov. 3 and 5. . . . ¶ Robin McCabe, piano, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Clarion Concert, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Bach Aria Group, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Concentus Musicus of Vienna, Nov. 9 and 11. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Oct. 21-22. . . . ¶ Earl Wild, piano, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Alexandre Lagoya, classical guitarist, Oct. 28. . . . ¶ Anton Kuerti, piano, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Ida Kavafian, violin, Nov. 7. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Jorge Bolet, piano, Oct. 14. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Aston Magna, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ Elly Ameling, soprano, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ The Romeros Quartet, classical guitarists, Oct. 26. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Shura Cherkassky, piano, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna Orchestra, Nov. 4-5. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, Nov. 10.

**DANCE**—Joffrey Ballet, at the City Center, Oct. 18-Nov. 26. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, Nov. 14-Feb. 18.

**THEATRE**—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: Donald Scardino, Millicent Martin, and Pamela Blair in "King of Hearts," a musical taken from the 1967 French film of the same name. Book by Joseph Stein, music by Peter Link, and lyrics by Jacob Brackman. . . . ¶ "Gorey Stories," a musical entertainment adapted by Stephen Currens from eighteen stories by Edward Gorey. With music by David Aldrich and a cast that includes Julie Kurnitz and Gemze De Lappe. . . . ¶ A musical entitled "Platinum," starring Alexis Smith. Will Holt and Bruce Vilanch wrote the book, Mr. Holt the lyrics, and Gary William Friedman the music.

**OTHER DATES**—Columbus Day will be celebrated on Monday, Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Registration days for the Nov. 7 elections, Oct. 12 and 14. . . . ¶ National Arts and Antiques Festival, at the 7th Regiment Armory, Oct. 14-22. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Veterans' Day is Saturday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ National Postage Stamp Show, at the Coliseum, Nov. 15-19.

**bleyle** private stock: a short pour of blazer and arrow-straight pull-on trousers, going down as smoothly as "grand fine" in pure wool flannel knit. Perfect mixer: color-cued geometric-print blouse with removable tie-scarf, in silky polyester crepe.



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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## EAST SIDE

**Little Theatre,** Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 1: "Providence."
Oct. 2: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 3: "The Harder They Come."

**Art,** 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Girl Friends."

**St. Marks Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Sept. 28: "Hooper" and "The Late Show."
From Sept. 29: "Jaws 2" and "Obsession."

**Gramercy,** Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Sept. 28: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Sept. 29: "Grease."

**Bay Cinema,** 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Up in Smoke."

**Murray Hill,** 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

**34th St. East,** 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Sept. 28: "Heaven Can Wait."
From Sept. 29: "Death on the Nile."

**Eastside Cinema,** 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Girl Friends."

**Sutton,** 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"A Wedding."

**Trans-Lux East,** 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Sept. 28: "Néa."
From Sept. 29: "Somebody Killed Her Husband."

**Plaza,** 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Slave of Love."

**Baronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Interiors."

**Coronet,** 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Up in Smoke."

**D. W. Griffith,** 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Sept. 28: "Saturday Night Fever."
From Sept. 29: "Foul Play."

**Cinema I,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Days of Heaven."

**Cinema II,** 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bloodbrothers."

**Gemini 1,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**Gemini 2,** 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"2001: A Space Odyssey."

**Beekman,** 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"National Lampoon's Animal House."

**68th St. Playhouse,** 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"No Time for Breakfast."

**Loews Tower East,** 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Sept. 28: "Heaven Can Wait."
From Sept. 29: "Death on the Nile."

**72nd Street East,** 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Sept. 28: "An Unmarried Woman."
From Sept. 29: To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.,** Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**U. A. East,** 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Sept. 28: "Our Winning Season" and "High-Ballin'."
From Sept. 29: "Seniors."

**Loews Orpheum,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Up in Smoke."

**Loews Ciné,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Foul Play."

**86th St. East,** 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Bloodbrothers."

**R.K.O. 86th St.,** Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 28: "Go Tell the Spartans." From Sept. 29: "The Black Pearl."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 28: "Almost Summer" and "American Graffiti." From Sept. 29: "Somebody Killed Her Husband."

## WEST SIDE

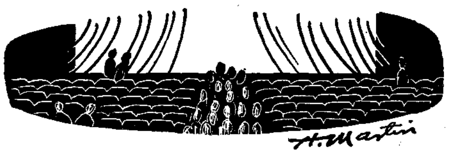
**Waverly,** 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cat and Mouse."

**Greenwich,** Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther."

**Quad Cinema,** 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Pretty Baby" and "Joseph Andrews."
Theatre 2: "The Buddy Holly Story."
Theatre 3: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 28: "Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands." From Sept. 29: "Néa."

**Guild,** 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Lin Tse-hsu" ("The Opium War").

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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**ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 18. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.**

**Ziegfeld,** 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 4: "Grease."
From Oct. 5: "The Boys from Brazil."

**Festival,** 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Who'll Stop the Rain."

**Playboy,** 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Sept. 28: "Hooper."
From Sept. 29: "Young Frankenstein."

**Little Carnegie,** 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Bread and Chocolate."

**Paris,** 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Viva Italia!"

**Cinema 3,** 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"A Wedding."

**Paramount,** B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Girl Friends."

**Cinema Studio,** B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Women."

**Embassy 72nd St.,** B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Sept. 28: "Pretty Baby."
From Sept. 29: "An Unmarried Woman."

**Loews 83rd Quad,** B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through Sept. 28: "The Buddy Holly Story." From Sept. 29: "Grease."
Theatre 2: Through Sept. 28: "Eyes of Laura Mars." From Sept. 29: "Foul Play."
Theatre 3: "Who'll Stop the Rain."
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 28: "Revenge of the Pink Panther." From Sept. 29: "The Black Pearl."

**New Yorker,** B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Sept. 28: "Cat and Mouse."
From Sept. 29: "Néa."

**Olympia,** B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Sept. 28: "Hooper" and "The Gumball Rally."
From Sept. 29: "Madame Rosa" and "The Front."

## TIMES SQUARE

**R.K.O. Cinerama 1,** B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Up in Smoke." (†)

**R.K.O. Cinerama 2,** B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through Sept. 28: "Almost Summer" (†) and "American Graffiti." (†)
From Sept. 29: "The Black Pearl." (†)

**Criterion,** B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
"Bloodbrothers." (†)

**Embassy 1,** B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Sept. 28: "Convention Girls" and "Naked Rider."
From Sept. 29: "Seniors." (†)

**Embassy,** B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Saturday Night Fever." (†)
Theatre 3: "Young Frankenstein." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Sept. 28: "Hooper." (†) From Sept. 29: "Grease." (†)

**Forum,** B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"Foul Play." (†)

**Loews Astor Plaza,** B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"National Lampoon's Animal House." (†)

**Loews State 1,** B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Through Sept. 28: Theatre closed.
From Sept. 29: "Death on the Nile." (†)

**Loews State 2,** B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Heaven Can Wait." (†)

**National,** B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
"Revenge of the Pink Panther." (†)

**Rivoli,** B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Sept. 28: "2001: A Space Odyssey." (†)
From Sept. 29: "Somebody Killed Her Husband." (†)

**Victoria,** B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
"Who'll Stop the Rain." (†)

## REVIVAL HOUSES

**Bleecker St. Cinema,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Sept. 27: "La Chinoise" (1967), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard; and "China Is Near" (1968), in Italian, directed by Marco Bellocchio.
Sept. 28: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Marnie" (1964), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern.
Sept. 29-30: "East of Eden" (†) and "A Streetcar Named Desire." (†)
Oct. 1: "Les Contrebandières" (1978), in French, directed by Luc Moullet; and "Jeanne Dielman" (1978), in French, directed by Chantal Akerman.
Oct. 2: "The Truck" (†); and "L'Hypothèse du Tableau Volé" (1978), in French, directed by Raoul Ruiz.
Oct. 3: "The Flat Jungle" (1978), in French, directed by Johan Van der Keuken; and "La Cecilia" (1978), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Comolli.
Oct. 4: "Two-Lane Blacktop" (1971), directed by Monte Hellman, with Warren Oates and James Taylor; and "Anatomy of a Relationship" (1978), in French, directed by Luc Moullet.
Oct. 5: "Bringing Up Baby" (1938), directed by Howard Hawks, with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and "Stage Door." (†)

**Carnegie Hall Cinema,** 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Sept. 27: "Kiss Me Deadly" (1955), directed by Robert Aldrich, with Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, and Paul Stewart; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
Sept. 28: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
Sept. 29: "The Mystery of Kaspar Hauser" (1975; "Every Man for Himself and God Against All"), in German, directed by Werner Herzog, with Bruno S.; and "The Wild Child." (†)
Sept. 30: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.
Oct. 1: "Richard III" (1956), directed by Laurence Olivier, with Olivier, Claire Bloom, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, and Cedric Hardwicke.
Oct. 2: "The Nun" (†) and "La Chienne." (†)
Oct. 3: "A Woman's Decision" (†); and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda.
Oct. 4: "The Phantom of the Opera" (†) and "Vampyr." (†)
Oct. 5: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Marnie" (1964), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery, Diane Baker, Martin Gabel, Louise Latham, and Bruce Dern.

**Cinema Village,** 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Sept. 28: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "Deliverance" (1972), directed by John Boorman, with Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, and Ronny Cox.
Sept. 29-30: "Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen; and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
Oct. 1-2: "House Calls" (1978), directed by Howard Zieff, with Walter Matthau, Glen-

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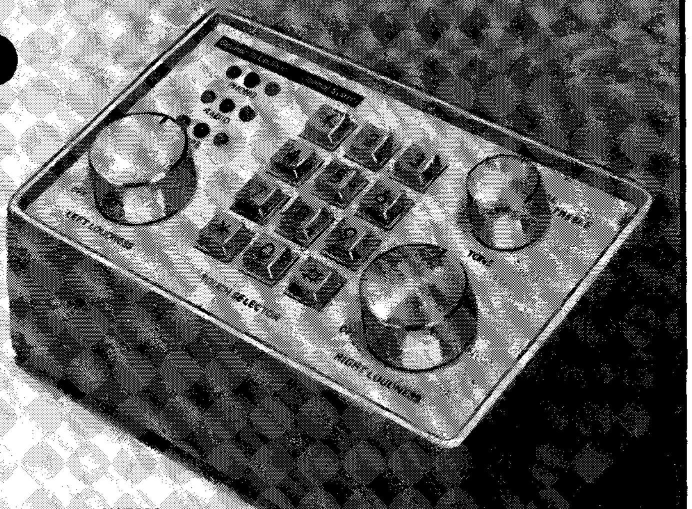

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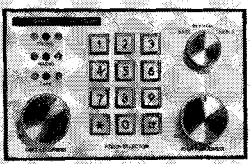

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da Jackson, and Art Carney; and "A Touch of Class" (1973), directed by Melvin Frank, with George Segal and Glenda Jackson.

Oct. 3: "Exodus." (†)

Oct. 4-5: "The Story of O" (1975) and "Emmanuelle" (1974), both films in French (both X-rated).

**8th St. Playhouse,** 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Sept. 27: "Tokyo Story" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu; and "Pickpocket" (1958), in French, directed by Robert Bresson.

Sept. 28-30: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972), in German, directed by Werner Herzog; and "The American Friend" (1977), directed by Wim Wenders, with Dennis Hopper and Bruno Ganz.

Oct. 1-2: "The Spider's Stratagem" (†) and "Four Nights of a Dreamer." (†)

Oct. 3-4: "Jazz on a Summer's Day" (†) and "Arthur Rubinstein." (†)

From Oct. 5: "Fox and His Friends" (1976), in German, directed by, and with Rainer Werner Fassbinder; and "An Actor's Revenge" (1963), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.

**Regency,** B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Sept. 30: "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

Oct. 1-3: "Till the Clouds Roll By" (†) and "Three Little Words." (†)

From Oct. 4: "Marie Antoinette" (†) and "Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise." (†)

**Thalia,** B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through Sept. 28: "The Woman in Green" (1945) and "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce series.

Sept. 29-30: "Gun Crazy" (†) and "The Woman in the Window." (†)

Oct. 1-2: "Breathless" (†) and "A Woman Is a Woman." (†)

Oct. 3: "All I Desire" (1953), directed by Douglas Sirk, with Barbara Stanwyck, Richard Carlson, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "The Naked Kiss." (†)

Oct. 4-5: "Flying Down to Rio" (1933), directed by Thornton Freeland, with Dolores Del Rio, Gene Raymond, Raul Roulien, Ginger Rogers, and Fred Astaire; and "A Damsel in Distress." (†)

**Theatre 80 St. Marks,** 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Sept. 27: "The Sun Comes Up" (1949), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Jeanette MacDonald, Claude Jarman, Jr., Lassie, Lloyd Nolan, and Percy Kilbride; and "Three Daring Daughters" (1948), directed by Fred M. Wilcox, with Jeanette MacDonald, José Iturbi, Jane Powell, and Edward Arnold.

Sept. 28: "Girl Crazy" (1932), directed by William Seiter, with Bert Wheeler, Bob Woolsey, and Dixie Lee; and "Delicious" (1931), directed by David Butler, with Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell.

Sept. 29-30: "Heaven Can Wait" (1943), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Gene Tierney, Don Ameche, Allyn Joslyn, Charles Coburn, and Marjorie Main; and "Rings on Her Fingers" (1942), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Gene Tierney, Henry Fonda, Laird Cregar, and Spring Byington.

Oct. 1: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1931), directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner, with Fredric March, Ina Claire, and Henrietta Crosman; and "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper.

Oct. 2: "With a Song in My Heart" (1952), directed by Walter Lang, with Susan Hayward, Rory Calhoun, David Wayne, and Thelma Ritter; and "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" (1951), directed by Michael Gordon, with Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey, Sam Jaffe, and George Sanders.

Oct. 3: "The Baroness and the Butler" (1938), directed by Walter Lang, with Annabella, William Powell, and Helen Westley; and "Reckless." (†)

Oct. 4: "Strange Cargo" (†) and "Our Blushing Brides." (†)

Oct. 5: "Bathing Beauty" (†) and "Best Foot Forward." (†)

## FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

**Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Sept. 28 at 2:30: "Suburban Music Hall" (1934), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Luise Ullrich and Mathias Wieman; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 6: "Shadows of the Past" (1936), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Luise Ullrich and Gustav Diessl; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 8:30: "The Tsarina's Favorite" (1936), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Olga Tschechowa and Anton Pointner; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 2:30: "Light Cavalry" (1935), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Marika Rokk and Fritz Kampers; no English titles. . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 6: "Romance of the Underworld" (1928), directed by Irving Cummings, with Mary Astor, John Boles, and Oscar Apfel. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at noon: "Topper" (1937), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Roland Young, Billie Burke, and Eugene Pallette. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 2:30: "Tugboat M17" (1933), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Heinrich George and Bertha Drews; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 5: "Shadows of the Past.". . . ¶ Oct. 1 at noon: "Topper.". . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 2:30: "Talk About Jacqueline" (1937), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Wera Engels, Albrecht Schoenhals, and Sabine Peters; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 5: "Secrets of Women" (1952), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Anita Björg and Eva Dahlbeck; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at noon: "Land of Enchantment" (1948), directed by Henwar Rodakiewicz; and "Mary Cassatt: Impressionist from Philadelphia" (1977), directed by Perry Miller Adato. . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30: "The Tsarina's Favorite.". . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6: "Talk About Jacqueline.". . . ¶ Oct. 3 at noon: "Land of Enchantment" and "Mary Cassatt: Impressionist from Philadelphia.". . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Ballad of a Soldier" (1960), in Russian, directed by Grigori Chukhrai; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6 and Oct. 5 at 2:30: "Three NCO's" (1939), in German, directed by Werner Hochbaum, with Albert Hahn, Fritz Genschow, Wilheim H. Konig, Ruth Hellberg, Claire Winter, and Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as "Carmen;" no English subtitles. . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6: "Tugboat M17.". . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 8:30: Excerpt from "Sole" (1929), an Italian silent film, directed by Alessandro Blasetti, no English inter-titles; and "Rotaie" (1929), in Italian, directed by Mario Camerini, no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

**Whitney Museum,** 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Oct. 1: A videotape program by Brettschneider, Kriegman, Lamelas, Walker, Atchley, and Gladstone. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 3: "Four Shadows" (1978), directed by Larry Gottheim. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

**New York Film Festival**—A series of international films at Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (362-1911)—Sept. 27 at 6:15: "Styles of Radical Will," a three-part program consisting of "With Babies and Banners: Story of the Women's Emergency Brigade," Lorraine Gray; "CIA: Case Officer," Saul Landau; and "They Are Their Own Gifts," Lucille Rhodes and Margaret Murphy (United States). . . . ¶ Sept. 27 at 9:30 and Sept. 28 at 6:15: "Newsfront" (Phillip Noyce; Australia). . . . ¶ Sept. 28 at 9:30 and Sept. 29 at 6:15: "The Apple Game" (Vera Chytilova; Czechoslovakia). . . . ¶ Sept. 29 at 9:30 and Sept. 30 at 12:30: "Get Out Your Handkerchiefs" (Bertrand Blier; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 3: "The Left-Handed Woman" (Peter Handke; West Germany). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 6: "Dossier 51" (Michel Deville; France). . . . ¶ Sept. 30 at 9 and Oct. 1 at 3: "Despair" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; West German, in English). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 6: "Like a Turtle on Its Back" (Luc Béraud; France). . . . ¶ Oct. 1 at 9: "Dossier 51.". . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 2:30: "Pastoral Hide-and-Seek" (Shuji Terayama; Japan, 1975). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 6:15: "Gates of Heaven" (Errol Morris; United States) and "Manimals" (Robin Lehman; United States). . . . ¶ Oct. 2 at 9:30: "The Left-Handed Woman.". . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 2:30: "Third Base" (Yoichi Higashi; Japan, 1978). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 6:15: "Elective Affinities" (Gianni Amico; Italy). . . . ¶ Oct. 3 at 9:30: "Like a Turtle on Its Back.". . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 2:30: "Sanrizuka: The Skies of May" (Shinsuke Ogawa; Japan, 1977). . . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 6:15: "Gates of Heaven" and "Manimals.". . . ¶ Oct. 4 at 9:30: "Elective Affinities.". . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 2:30: "Preparation for the Festival" (Kazuo Kuroki; Japan, 1975). . . . ¶ Oct. 5 at 6:15 and 9:30: "The Shout" (Jerzy Skolimowski; Great Britain).

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

**Almost Summer**—With Bruno Kirby, Lee Purcell, Didi Conn, and Tim Matheson; directed by Martin Davidson. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Sept. 28.)

**American Graffiti** (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (R.K.O. 86th St., and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through Sept. 28.)

**Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life** (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 3-4.)

**Bathing Beauty** (1944)—Esther Williams, who was more simperingly girlish than even Doris Day, had one contribution to make to movies—her magnificent, athletic body—and for over ten years M-G-M made the most of it, keeping her in clinging, wet bathing suits and hoping the audience would shiver. This first starring extravaganza is simple compared to her later big splashes; it features Red Skelton and a nitwit plot about a man enrolling in a girls' college. The Johnny Green songs are sadly undistinguished. George Sidney directed; with Basil Rathbone, Helen Forrest, Ethel Smith, and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

**Best Foot Forward** (1943)—No one who saw it is likely to have forgotten "Buckle Down Winsocki"—the best of all the school songs in all the cheery-silly, hip-hip-hoorah musicals. The women excel in this one, an M-G-M picture with a cast that includes Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, William Gaxton, and Harry James and his orchestra. Eddie Buzzell directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 5.)

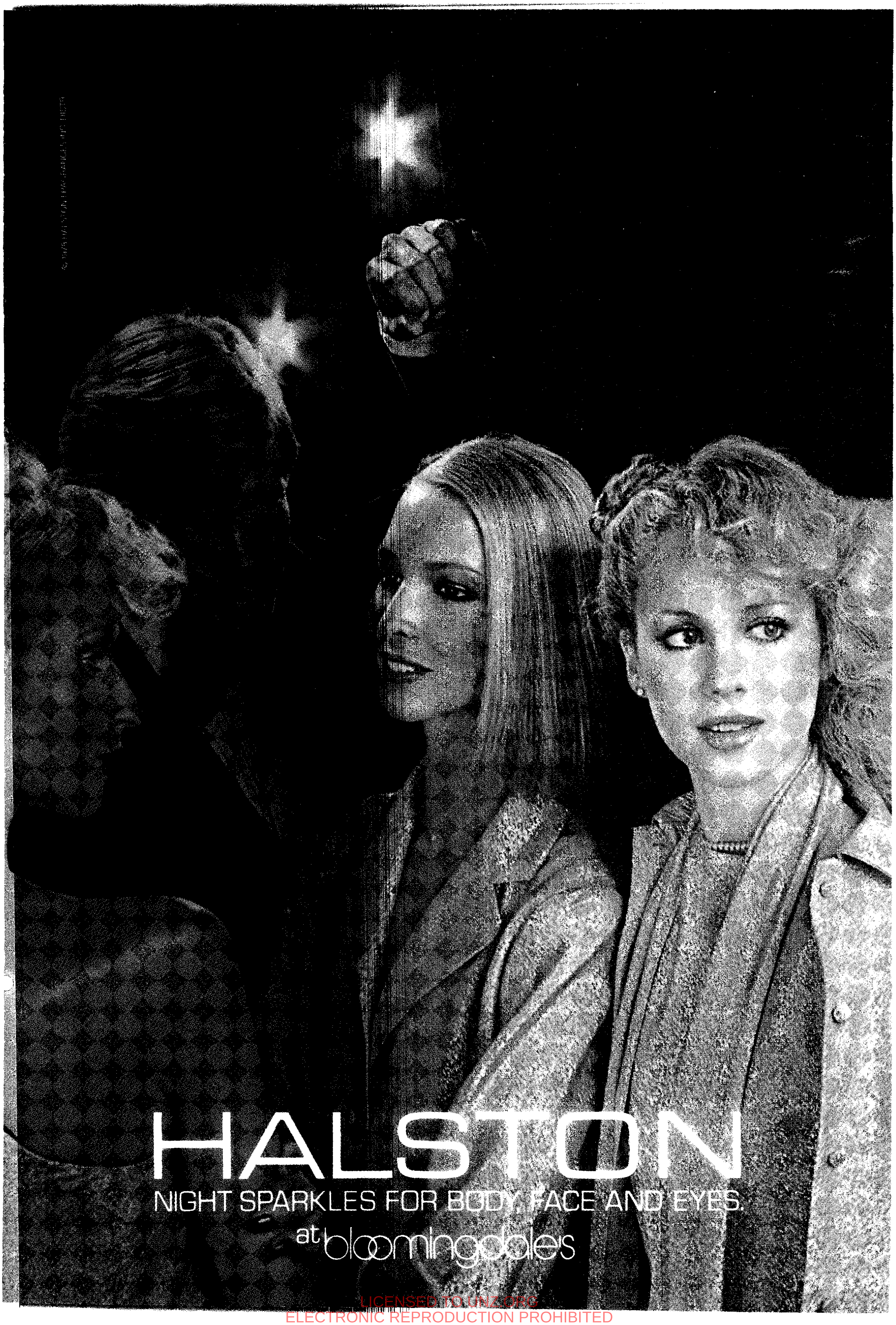
**The Black Pearl**—With Gilbert Roland and Carl Anderson, directed by Saul Swimmer. (R.K.O. 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting Sept. 29.)

**Bloodbrothers**—With Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere; directed by Robert Mulligan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II, 86th St. East, and Criterion.)

**The Boys from Brazil**—With Gregory Peck, Laurence Olivier, James Mason, and Lilli Palmer; directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Ziegfeld; starting Oct. 5.)

**Bread and Chocolate**—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

**Breathless** (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with the twenty-six-year-old Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood, and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and just as casually turns him in to the police when he becomes an inconvenience. Godard, who dedicated this film (made for ninety thousand dollars) to Monogram Pictures, saw something in the cheap American gangster movies of his youth that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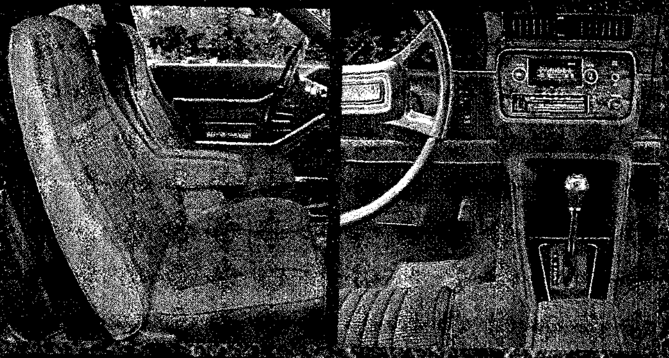

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

French movies lacked; he transformed this essence by poeticizing it and making it so modern (via fast jump cutting) and French that he, in turn, became the key influence on American movies of the sixties. The film is light and playful and off-the-cuff, even a little silly, yet the giddy, gauche characters who don't give a damn—the hood who steals a car, kills a highway patrolman, and chases after some money that is owed him for past thefts so he and his impervious, passively butch girl can get to Italy—are not only familiar in an exciting, revealing way. They are terribly *attractive*. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 1-2.)

**The Buddy Holly Story**—With Gary Busey in the title role, directed by Steve Rash. (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 28.)

**Cat and Mouse**—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.) (Waverly. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Sept. 28.)

**La Chienne** (1931)—Jean Renoir's story of He, She, and the Other Guy. He is a married cashier and a Sunday painter called Legrand (Michel Simon), who is wed to a shrew of a wife. She is a flour-faced tart called Lulu (Janie Marèze), and the Other Guy is Dédé (Georges Flamant), a dapper pimp. We move, as we so often do in a Renoir film, from discord to incomparable harmony. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

**A Damsel in Distress** (1937)—Joan Fontaine is a rich girl loved by Fred Astaire. Set in London. George Gershwin at pretty near his best debonair songs ("A Foggy Day," "Things Are Looking Up," "I Can't Be Bothered Now"). Dashing stuff, directed by George Stevens. (Thalia; Oct. 4-5.)

**Days of Heaven**—An eloquent and important film about Americanness and the pangs of exile. Terrence Malick wrote and directed the picture, set in Texas in 1916. There is little or no sense of our being in a country about to enter a world war; we are in an entirely cut-off land of wheat fields that are more brightly lit than the characters' lives. The film reports, accurately and wonderfully, on a new society trying to cohere yet wishing to dissent. (9/18/78) (Cinema I.)

**Death on the Nile**—The Agatha Christie story, with Peter Ustinov, directed by John Guillermin. (34th St. East, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1; starting Sept. 29.)

**Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands**—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Quad Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

**East of Eden** (1955)—The famous, fevered Kazan movie of Steinbeck's Cain and Abel story, laid in California, with the haunting presences of James Dean and Julie Harris. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 29-30.)

**Exodus** (1960)—Otto Preminger's painstaking reverence for the Leon Uris best-seller about the struggles among the Arabs, Jews, and British that accompanied the birth of Israel, in 1948, results in a film that runs three hours and forty-five minutes. He permits nearly everyone in the large cast to state his political convictions before and after each new turn of events, and the result is an awesome talk-fest. The camera picks up a group of actors descending a stairway, trails them across a courtyard or around a corner, and follows them as they mount other stairs, penetrate a corridor, and arrive at a door. (There are more doors in "Exodus" than in the Waldorf-Astoria.) The door opens, a hand beckons, and the visitors file in silently. Oh boy, something is about to happen! But no; the talkers have gathered only to indulge again in their favorite pastime. With Paul Newman, Ralph Richardson, Eva Marie Saint, Sal Mineo, Lee J. Cobb, Hugh Griffith, Gregory Ratoff, Felix Aylmer, and David Opatoshu. Dalton Trumbo's script makes the various factions seem so reasonable that a viewer may begin to wonder why all the problems of the Middle East weren't settled over a glass of tea. (Cinema Village; Oct. 3.)

**Eyes of Laura Mars**—A thriller about a killer, set in New York, eyeballs being the theme. One gets the point—and guesses the murderer—very early on. Faye Dunaway, who has a genuine sweetness and a genuine acting talent, plays a fashion photographer. But the film, directed by Irvin Kershner, is nothing if not trite. (8/14/78) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 28.)

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**Foul Play**—With Goldie Hawn and Chevy Chase, directed by Colin Higgins. (Loews Ciné, and Forum. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Sept. 29.)

**Four Nights of a Dreamer** (1971)—Robert Bresson used to postpone emotion deliberately; here he postpones it indefinitely. Expressionlessly, the non-actors talk of love, in this adaptation of the same early Dostoevski story, "White Nights," that Visconti filmed in 1957. Bresson sets it in modern Paris, in color, and with pop music on the track, but the Paris his characters live in might be a crypt. The mixture of the director's famed austerity with his new facetiousness is a mistake: the picture borders on deadpan absurdity. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 1-2.)

**The Front** (1976)—The writer, Walter Bernstein, had a nifty comedy idea—to make a movie about the blacklisting in the entertainment industry during the McCarthy era, centering on a political innocent who fronts for blacklisted writers—but he didn't develop its comic potential. Woody Allen gives the film its only spark. He plays Howie, a restaurant cashier and small-time bookie who becomes a front; the funniest, most original scenes show the stirrings of literary vanity within this non-writer. Most of the film, though, is set up like a wartime anti-Nazi melodrama; it's the good guys versus the bad guys, and Howie becomes the Everyman who has to learn to choose sides. The pacing of the director, Martin Ritt, is off, the sequences don't flow, and the film seems sterile, unpopulated, and flat. (10/4/76) (Olympia; starting Sept. 29.)

**Girl Friends**—Directed by Claudia Weill, from a screenplay by Vicki Polon. About a friendship between a Jewish photographer (Melanie Mayron) and a blond Gentile (Anita Skinner) who gets married, precipitating jealousy. The subject is interesting, but the way the picture is made is rather importunate. (8/21/78) (Art, Eastside Cinema, and Paramount.)

**Go Tell the Spartans**—With Burt Lancaster and Craig Wasson, directed by Ted Post. (R.K.O. 86th St.; through Sept. 28.)

**Grease**—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it will not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Ziegfeld; through Oct. 4. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; starting Sept. 29.)

**The Gumball Rally** (1976)—A cross-country car race, with Michael Sarrazin, directed by Chuck Bail. (Olympia; through Sept. 28.)

**Gun Crazy** (1949; originally called "Deadly Is the Female")—Peggy Cummins and John Dall in a tawdry version of the Bonnie and Clyde story. Cummins is a really mean broad, whose partner is her desperately eager victim. In its B-picture way, it has a fascinating crumminess. With Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, and Don Beddoe. Joseph H. Lewis directed, from a screenplay credited to MacKinlay Kantor and Millard Kaufman and based on Kantor's *SatEvePost* stories. Dalton Trumbo later revealed that he wrote the script and persuaded Kaufman to let him use his name. (Thalia; Sept. 29-30.)

**The Harder They Come** (1973)—Jimmy Cliff, the reggae singer, has the verve of an instinctive actor. In this crude but sensual Jamaican film, he plays a country boy who wants to become a pop star and who achieves his ambition only by becoming a famous killer; he reaches the top of the hit-record charts when he's on the Most Wanted posters. The film, directed by Perry Henzell, is feverish and haphazard, but the music redeems much of it, and the rhythmic swing of the Jamaican speech is hypnotic. (Little Theatre; starting Oct. 3.)

**Heaven Can Wait**—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; and of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel. (7/10/78) (Loews State 2. . . . ¶ 34th St. East, and Loews Tower East; through Sept. 28.)

**High-Ballin'**—With Peter Fonda and Jerry Reed, directed by Peter Carter. (U. A. East; through Sept. 28.)

**Hooper**—Burt Reynolds, whose "Smokey and the Bandit" was the second-biggest money-maker of 1977, in another film directed by Hal Needham, about Reynolds as Hollywood's top stunt man. (9/4/78) (St. Marks Cinema, Playboy, Olympia, and Embassy; through Sept. 28.)

**Interiors**—A giant stride made by Woody Allen, who has written and directed a magnificent study of a family in the midst of change. With Geraldine Page, E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Diane Keaton, Marybeth Hurt. (8/7/78) (Baronet.)

**Jaws 2**—The plastic old thing snaps again. With Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gary, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Jeannot Szwarc. (6/26/78) (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

**Jazz on a Summer's Day** (1960)—The 1958 Newport Jazz Festival, with Anita O'Day, Big Maybelle, Dinah Washington, Gerry Mulligan, Thelonious Monk, Chico Hamilton, Louis Armstrong and Jack Teagarden, and other joys. Bert Stern's camera style infectiously conveys the festival's happy, lazy-day atmosphere. In the evening, when Mahalia Jackson, with her majestic chest tones, sings the word "soul," she defines it for all time. Aram Avakian edited. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 3-4.)

**Joseph Andrews**—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (Quad Cinema.)

**The Late Show** (1977)—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. None of this prevents the heroine (Lily Tomlin), who hires him, from perceiving that he's different from the other men she knows. Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective who dies muttering about the money he's going to make; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through Sept. 28.)

**Lin Tse-hsu** ("The Opium War")—An alert and beautiful film from China, about the Opium War of 1839-42 between the British and the Chinese. The picture was suppressed for fifteen years or so by Mme. Mao—one of the Gang of Four—because it is about the past; the Gang of Four insisted on films that were about the present and had abundant revolutionary themes. "The Opium War," directed by Chen Chun-li, dwells on China's long history. Pictorially, with its long perspectives down vistas of heads bowing to the Emperor in Peking, it reminds one of the aesthetic innovations of the Italian Renaissance; intellectually, it is of great gaiety, poise, and interest, with piercing attention paid to the old. In Mandarin. (9/11/78) (Guild.)

**Madame Rosa**—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Olympia; starting Sept. 29.)

**Marie Antoinette** (1938)—A resplendent bore. M-G-M built a grand ballroom that was several feet longer than the original at Versailles, and Adrian designed twelve hundred

# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and fifty gowns, as well as costumes for two poodles. The effort to create a sympathetic interpretation of Marie that would be suitable for Norma Shearer—M-G-M's "first lady" and, as Irving Thalberg's widow, a large stockholder—resulted in a lugubriously noble central character. Since King Louis XVI (Robert Morley) wasn't much of a love interest, Shearer was given Tyrone Power (as a Swedish count) for a bit of romance; meant for leavening, this doomed affair only adds to the soggy weight. W. S. Van Dyke directed; with John Barrymore, Gladys George, Anita Louise, and Joseph Schildkraut. (Regency; starting Oct. 4.)

**The Naked Kiss** (1965)—A New England town that is pleasant on the outside and filthy rotten on the inside. Samuel Fuller's movie is like soap opera run hysterically amok. With Constance Towers, Patsy Kelly, Virginia Grey, Betty Bronson, and a bunch of forgettable men. (Thalia; Oct. 3.)

**National Lampoon's Animal House**—A beery piece that has its amiably funny flashes about the American college system, but more often consists of what is called undergraduate humor. Directed by John Landis. (8/14/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

**Néa**—With Samy Frey and Ann Zacharias, directed by Nelly Kaplan. In French. (Trans-Lux East; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; starting Sept. 29.)

**No Time for Breakfast**—With Annie Girardot, Jean-Pierre Cassel, François Périer, and Isabelle Huppert; directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

**The Nun** ("La Religieuse;" 1965)—Anna Karina plays Diderot's mid-eighteenth-century nun, boxed into a convent to save her parents the cost of her marriage dowry and the embarrassment of her illegitimacy. Directed by Jacques Rivette. Slow, stately, suffocating stuff, full of images to inspire high-bred dread in atheists and claustrophobics, and entirely missing the point that Diderot's novel is funny. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 2.)

**Obsession** (1976)—An *hommage* to Hitchcock, made by Brian De Palma. The inspiring original is Hitchcock's "Vertigo," in which James Stewart is an ex-dick confused over whether Kim Novak is a suicide (as he thought) or is beguilingly alive in a new identity. "Obsession," which believes in mystery rather than in Hitchcock's surprises, is about a rich New Orleans businessman (Cliff Robertson), who suffers the kidnapping of his wife (Geneviève Bujold) and his nine-year-old daughter (Wanda Blackman). Years later, gray-haired, he falls in love, in Italy, with a girl restoring a painting in the church where he first fell in love with his wife. The girl is played, of course, by Geneviève Bujold. Who is she? A hallucination? The question leaves us cold, because it lacks Hitchcock's scrupulous matter-of-factness. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Sept. 29.)

**Our Blushing Brides** (1930)—The title is deceptive: it's a lavish, lively popular film of the period, about whether working girls ought to Take the Easiest Way or Wait for Mr. Right. Joan Crawford, Anita Page, and Dorothy Sebastian are the roommates who work in the same department store (the vivacious Crawford as a model, the other two as clerks). Their dreams of luxury get them in trouble with, respectively, Robert Montgomery, Raymond Hackett, and John Miljan. It's high-mindedly moral but not seriously so, with an arrest for theft, a suicide, a fashion show on a Long Island estate, and an Albertina Rasch ballet all tossed in together entertainingly. Harry Beaumont directed; the writers were Bess Meredyth and a pre-Marxist John Howard Lawson. With Hedda Hopper, Martha Sleeper, Albert Conti, Edward Brophy, and, among the mannequins, Claire Dodd. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 4.)

**Our Winning Season**—With Scott Jacoby, directed by Joseph Ruben. (U.A. East; through Sept. 28.)

**The Phantom of the Opera** (1925)—If you're at the opera and see someone looking up furtively at the chandelier with a faint shudder, you can be fairly sure he has seen this tacky yet unforgettable piece of Guignol claptrap—or, at least, one of the remakes of it. The story is from a French penny dreadful; the first half is a botch and dreary, but then the mixture of the morbid, the gaudy, the ornate, and the rotted becomes scary and, in a way that may be peculiar to movies, thrilling. Lon Chaney is the diabolical genius, Erik, who lives in the dripping cellars of the Paris opera house; hypnotically, he lures the young singer (Mary Philbin) he loves into his bedroom in the sewers and shows her his coffin bed. Norman Kerry is the blundering, deadhead hero, Arthur Edmund Carewe is the Persian, and Snitz Edwards, John Miljan, and Gibson Gowland are in the cast. The director was Rupert Julian, but things were not going well, and Edward Sedgwick was brought in to finish the film; Chaney himself directed some of his own sequences. (He must have cut quite a figure on the set, giving orders to the crew while in his grisly, cadaverous make-up.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

**Pretty Baby**—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; through Sept. 28.)

**Providence** (1977)—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if it were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Little Theatre; through Oct. 1.)

**Reckless** (1935)—Jean Harlow in a misguided picture that is best forgotten. Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 3.)

**Revenge of the Pink Panther**—Peter Sellers once again as the expert in *gaffes*, Inspector Clouseau, whose armored ineptitude periodically drives Herbert Lom, as his boss, into mental institutions. Story by Blake Edwards, and directed by him. (7/31/78) (Gemini 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and National. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Sept. 28.)

**Saturday Night Fever**—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler). With Karen Lynn Gorney; directed by John Badham. (12/26/77) (Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through Sept. 28.)

**Seniors**—With Jeffrey Byron and Gary Imhoff, directed by Rod Amateau. (U.A. East, and Embassy 1; starting Sept. 29.)

**A Slave of Love**—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (Plaza.)

**Somebody Killed Her Husband**—With Farrah Fawcett-Majors, Jeff Bridges, John Wood, and Tammy Grimes; directed by Lamont Johnson. (Trans-Lux East, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting Sept. 29.)

**The Spider's Stratagem** (1970)—Before he made "The Conformist," Bernardo Bertolucci made this adaptation of Jorge Luis Borges' enigmatic "Theme of the Traitor and Hero" for Italian television. Shot in Sabbioneta, a miniature city between Mantua and Parma, with colonnades that suggest de Chirico, the film is mysteriously beautiful; it has heightened colors and evocative imagery. But Giulio Brogi, playing both the son and the hero-father whose death the son is investigating, is given no character as either, and he lacks energy. The film itself is enervated, and the themes are frustratingly elusive; it's all atmosphere and no strength. With Alida Valli, still splendidly handsome, and with that same secret look she had in "The Third Man." It Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; Oct. 1-2.)

**Stage Door** (1937)—One of the flashiest, most entertaining comedies of the thirties, even with its tremolos and touches of heartbreak. As roommates in a New York boarding house for girls aspiring to a stage career, Katharine Hepburn and Ginger Rogers are terrific wisecracking partners. (Rogers, at her liveliest, holds her own with apparent ease.) The other girls waiting for their lucky breaks include Eve Arden (who wears a cat around her neck like a tippet), Lucille Ball, Ann Miller, Andrea Leeds, and Gail Patrick. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou as a producer with a roving eye, Franklin Pangborn as his valet, and Constance Collier as an aged actress who does coaching. Gregory La Cava directed this adaptation of the Broadway hit by George S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 5.)

**Strange Cargo** (1940)—Strange is putting it mildly. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable are the amorous stars of this melodrama set in a French penal colony, and Peter Lorre and Paul Lukas are the villains. There's also a Mysterious Stranger, played by Ian Hunter. You might as well know the worst: right in the middle of a convict's escape, with his girl friend bustling along, up turns the Messiah. The Presence, in human guise, leads to the most untoward spiritual spasms; even the most hardened mystics may blush. Frank Borzage directed this adaptation of the novel "Not Too Narrow, Not Too Deep." Well, not too deep, anyway. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 4.)

**A Streetcar Named Desire** (1951)—As Blanche DuBois, Vivien Leigh looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. Shakespeare must have had a woman like her in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—an infantile brute. The sets look stagy, and the arrangement of actors is frequently too transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film, and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? The director, Elia Kazan, places his skills at Tennessee Williams' service—he doesn't muck up the play. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. It took a while for this movie to reach its audience. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Sept. 29-30.)

**Susan Lenox, Her Fall and Rise** (1931)—This was Garbo's only film with Clark Gable. They were both at M-G-M, but Gable's rough, right-out-there physical appeal didn't quite fit Garbo's pictures—it didn't allow for the spirituality that was a key element in the passion that she awakened in her other screen lovers. With Gable she wasn't a goddess; she was sex-hungry, just like Crawford in the early Gable-Crawford movies. Here, Garbo plays a young Swedish-American farm girl who runs away from the brute (Alan Hale) she is being forced to marry and takes refuge in the cabin of a construction engineer (Gable); they fall in love, sleep together, and plan to marry.

But when unlucky circumstances separate them, and she has an affair with a carnival owner (John Miljan), her engineer won't forgive her. Over the years, she does very well as the mistress of rich men, but she keeps locating her true love and begging forgiveness until, at last . . . Still, one can sit through all this without too much pain, because of Garbo's beauty and the raw heat that she and Gable generate. Their love scenes in the cabin redeem a lot of bad writing and bad acting. With Ian Keith, Jean Hersholt, Hale Hamilton, Cecil Cunningham, Theodore von Eltz, and Russell Simpson. (Regency; starting Oct. 4.)

**Three Little Words** (1950)—Vera-Ellen and the invincible Fred Astaire in a musical that dabbles with no pain at all in the lives of the songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Astaire is Kalmar; Vera-Ellen plays his wife and dancing partner; Red Skelton is Ruby. Keenan Wynn as a theatrical agent has one of the funnier drunk scenes in the long repertory of comic drunks. (Regency; Oct. 1-3.)

**Till the Clouds Roll By** (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Regency; Oct. 1-3.)

**The Truck** ("Le Camion")—Marguerite Duras's control of film techniques here suggests that she has become a master. But there's a joker in her mastery: though her moods and cadences and her rhythmic phrasing, with its emotional undertow, might seem ideally suited to the medium, they don't fulfill moviegoers' expectations. There are only two people in this film: Duras herself and Gérard Depardieu, and they sit at a round table in a room in her home, and never leave it. Serene, half-smiling, she reads aloud the script of a film in which Depardieu would act the role of a truck driver who picks up a woman hitchhiker. The film alternates between sequences in the room and sequences of a rolling truck, seen always at a distance. Each time Duras cuts from the room to the truck, we're drawn into the hypnotic flow of the road imagery—we half dream our way into a "real" movie—and each time she pulls us back into the room we feel an emotional wrench, a rude awakening. Duras makes us aware of our mechanisms of response, and it's tonic and funny to feel the tensions she provokes. Her picture has been thought out with such supple discrimination between the values of sound and image that we could almost say it's *perfectly* made—an ornery, glimmering achievement. Cinematography by Bruno Nuytten. In French. (9/26/77) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Oct. 2.)

**2001: A Space Odyssey** (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Gemini 2. . . . ¶ Rivoli; through Sept. 28.)

**An Unmarried Woman**—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Gramercy, and 72nd Street East; through Sept. 28. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting Sept. 29.)

**Up in Smoke**—With Tommy Chong and Cheech Marin, directed by Lou Adler. (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Loews Orpheum, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1.)

**Vampyr** (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 4.)

**Viva Italia!**—An Italian anthology film in which at least four of the nine sketches are really fine. The film stars Vittorio Gassman and Alberto Sordi and was directed by Mario Monicelli, Ettore Scola, and Dino Risi. In Italian. (7/17/78) (Paris.)

**A Wedding**—With Desi Arnaz, Jr., Carol Burnett, Geraldine Chaplin, Howard Duff, Mia Farrow, Vittorio Gassman, Lillian Gish, Lauren Hutton, Viveca Lindfors, Pat McCormick, Dina Merrill, and Nina van Pallandt; directed by Robert Altman. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton, and Cinema 3.)

**Who'll Stop the Rain**—An interesting film by the Czech-born director Karel Reisz, made from an uninteresting piece of pulp called "Dog Soldiers," by Robert Stone. The original book is full of clichés about the social ills that followed Vietnam; the film is thoughtful about the impact of stimulants and soporifics and random noise on a culture. With Nick Nolte, Tuesday Weld, and Michael Moriarty. (9/4/78) (Quad Cinema, Festival, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria.)

**The Wild Child** (1970)—A late-eighteenth-century doctor (played by François Truffaut) takes over the education of a barbarian boy who has spent his childhood abandoned in a forest. The understanding between the two of them is wary and delicate; all the same, they are some sort of kin, and both of them are in the direct line of Truffaut's alert, thin-skinned, outwardly intransigent heroes. Truffaut directed the film in a beautiful black-and-white that has the look of an old photograph. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Sept. 29.)

**The Woman in the Window** (1945)—One of the best of Fritz Lang's American movies—a thriller with the logic and plausibility of a nightmare. Edward G. Robinson is the safe, serene associate professor of psychology in a New York City college who is interested in the relation of motive to homicide. The viewer identifies with him and feels caught in a trap when Robinson is unexpectedly forced to go at a blackmailer (Dan Duryea) with a pair of scissors. Joan Bennett is the woman in the case, and Raymond Massey is an assistant district attorney. Nunnally Johnson adapted J. H. Wallis's novel. (Thalia; Sept. 29-30.)

**A Woman Is a Woman** (1961)—Godard's parody-imitation of an American musical: an experiment that he, fortunately, never repeated. With Anna Karina, Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy, and all too damned cute. In French. (Thalia; Oct. 1-2.)

**A Woman's Decision** (1977)—A Polish picture (awful title), directed by Krzysztof Zanussi, that has a touch of "Brief Encounter." An impetuous woman is married to a strict-faced, hide-bound man, and she foreseeably falls for a physical-education instructor who is the very symbol of spontaneity and ease. Much the best part of the film has to do not with marriage and reconciliation but with the beguilingly forthcoming woman's excessive emphasis on her own good opinion of herself. And Zanussi goes as far as he probably can go in Poland to draw a picture of a scared, line-toeing director of the office where the woman works. In Polish. (9/19/77) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Oct. 3.)

**Women**—Directed by Márta Mészáros. A Hungarian film about an alliance between two women who are of great glumness. They talk to each other perpetually at an angle of ninety degrees, and the film shares their rather stuffy melancholia, though it wishes to illustrate friendship. In Hungarian. (9/18/78) (Cinema Studio.)

**Young Frankenstein** (1974)—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. You have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting Sept. 29.)

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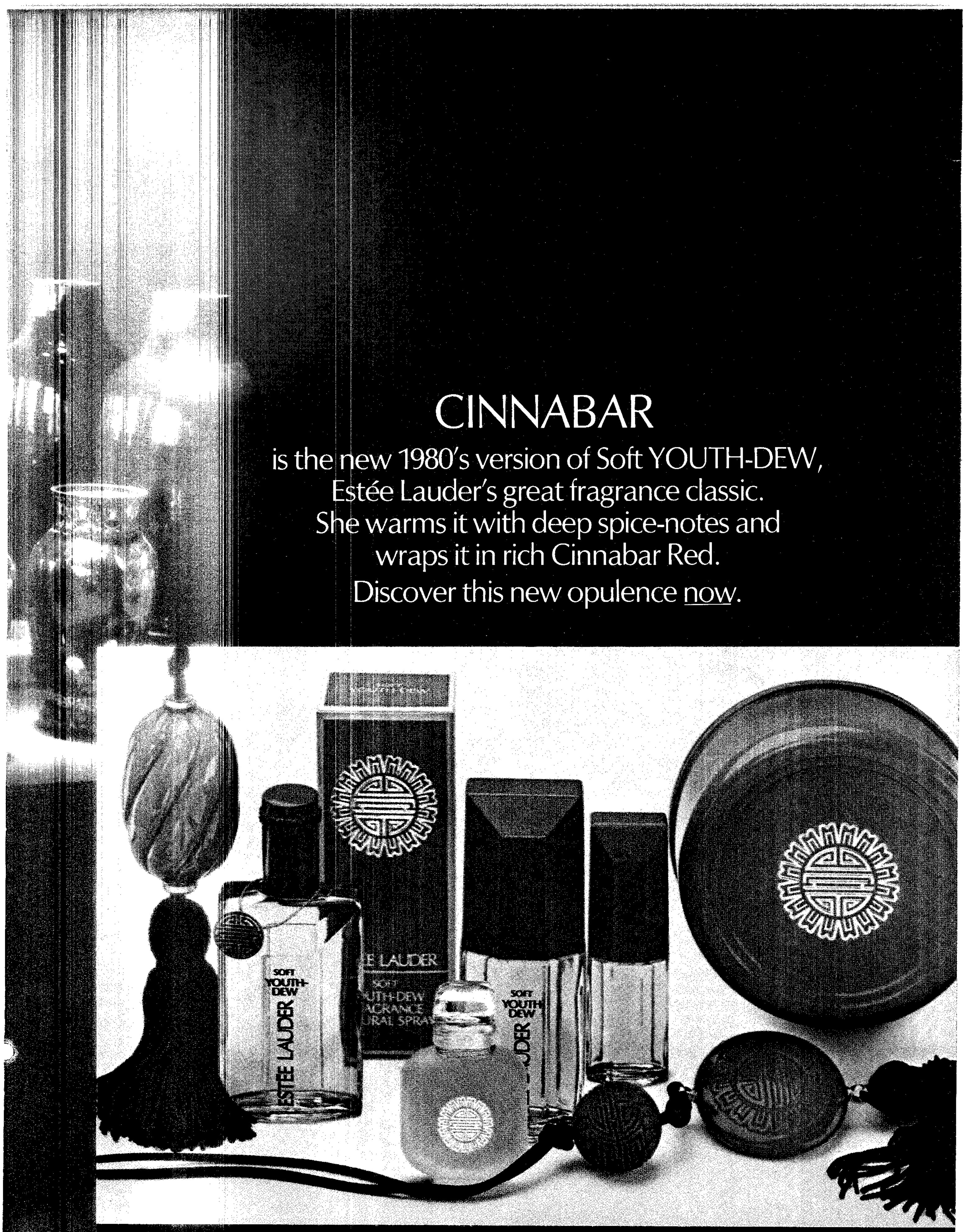
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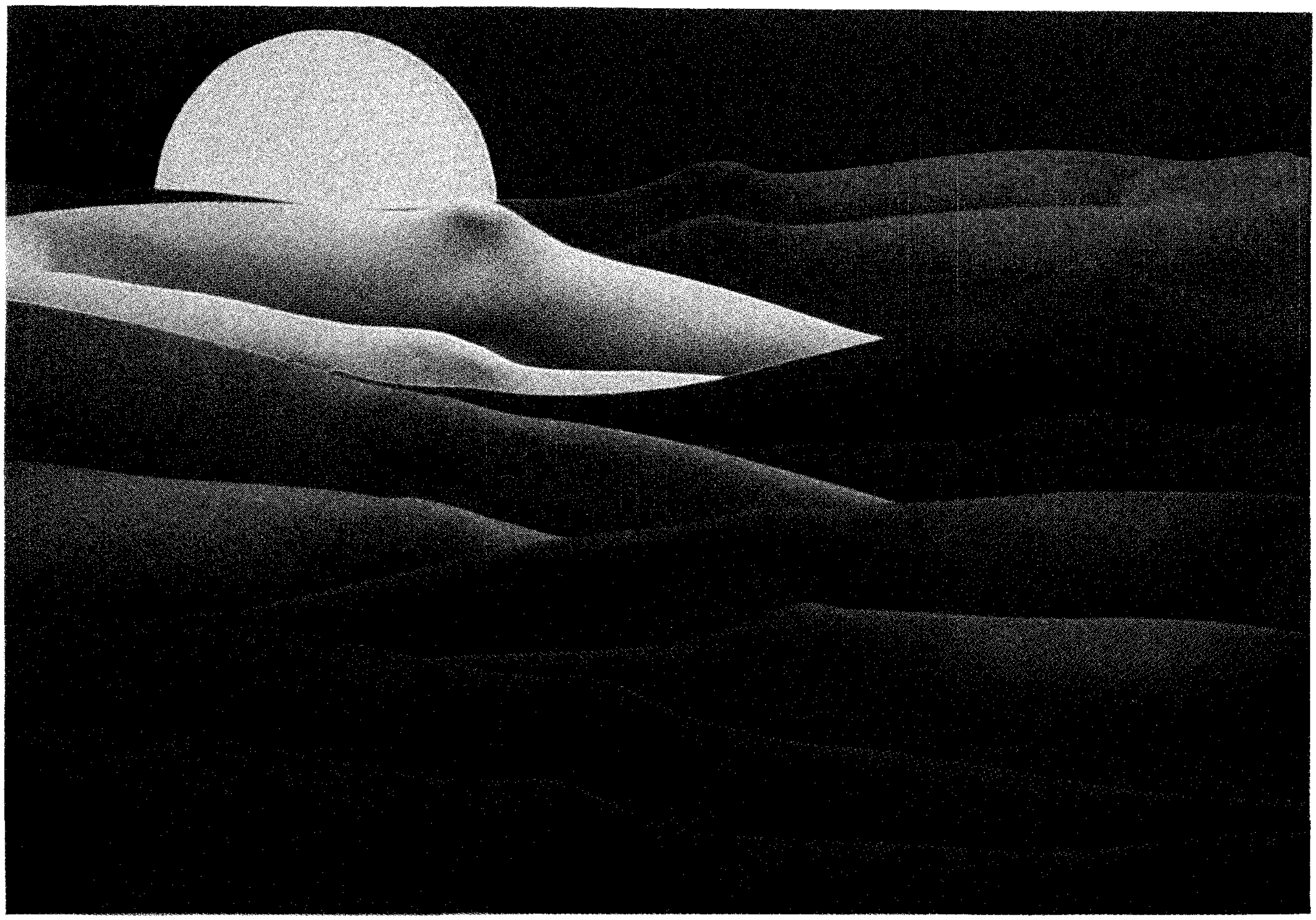

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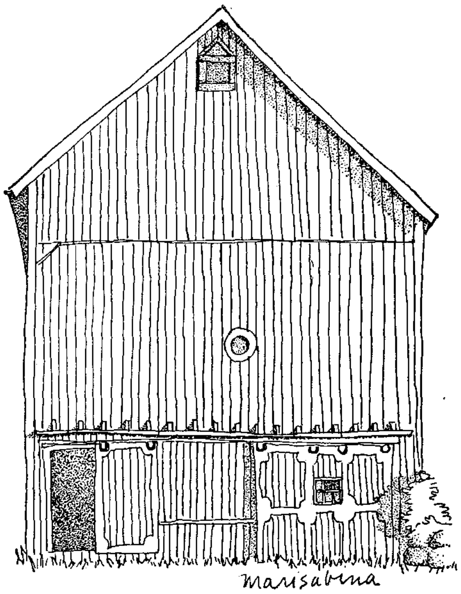
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

IN our all but newspaperless town, the wonderful news from Camp David was conveyed mainly on television. (Three of the four temporary newspapers that have been filling in for the duration of the strike went to press before the settlement was announced.) The experience was a joyful one. Television is the *public* medium par excellence. Beaming its news, as it now does, over the whole earth, it gathers the earth's people into a single audience. Not a global village but a global amphitheatre is what television creates. At times during the announcement of the agreements in the East Room of the White House, as we listened to the many religious references made by President Carter, President Sadat, and Prime Minister Begin and witnessed the evident devoutness of the three men in their respective religions, it seemed to us that the world had temporarily been turned into a vast church and its people into a congregation. (Radio can bring together a nation in which a single language is spoken, but it cannot bring together the world, in which many languages are spoken. Live pictures alone, which transcend barriers of language, can create a synchronous global experience.) The mood of the participants was ebullient but—uncharacteristically for summit conferees—humble. Their religious faith must have been partly responsible for this apparent modesty, but the coverage of global television may also have been a cause. They were stepping out before a large and expectant audience to which they seemed to feel answerable. Visibility is not yet accountability, but it is a step in that direction. The joy in the East Room was a communal joy, and the community was the whole world.

For all that, we sorely missed the papers. The next morning, we felt a yearning for confirmation of what had happened that only tall, black headlines could satisfy. Without printed coverage, the event seemed to have a weightless, flimsy quality. Print offers little in the way of communal experience with a world audience; by contrast with television, it is a private medium. Many people may read what is printed, but they do so at their leisure, when and where they wish. Each reader is alone. Isn't this why it is an invasion of privacy to read over someone's shoulder? And isn't this also why gossip columns, which have proliferated so widely in newspapers recently, have failed to catch on much on television? Print can whisper confidentially to the reader; television is always addressing a crowd. But if only television can provide the horizontal dimension of a world community, only print can provide the vertical dimension—the dimension of time. Television vanishes into thin air, but newspapers endure. In a sense, what happens on television occurs in the present alone, whereas what happens in print goes on happening indefinitely. Print is the medium of continuity—the medium of history. (The temporary papers may have seemed unsatisfactory precisely because they themselves are fated soon to disappear from the scene.) The *Times* is said to be the country's newspaper of record; it would be absurd to speak of a television station of record. Television may have become our eyes and ears and our public meeting place, but print continues to be our memory.



THAT durable tragicomedy "The Stock Market Story; or, Boom and Bust in Quick Succession"—it has been playing intermittently in various parts of the world since early in the seventeenth century, when it opened in Amsterdam—has been unfolding a new, though familiar, act in Wall Street lately, where gambling-casino stocks are the current rage. The rage seems to have begun with the inauguration, in May, of legal gambling in Atlantic City, which apparently has more reality for Eastern investors than places like Reno and Las Vegas. A couple of weeks ago, the Class A stock of Resorts International, a leading casino issue, rose twenty-three dollars a share in a single day's trading, and the same company's Class B stock rose fifty-four dollars. For that entire week, the Class A stock rose more than forty-five dollars and the Class B about a hundred and ten dollars. (The cute plot twist in the new act is that Resorts International stock went through a previous boom and bust less than a decade ago, when the company was considered a conglomerate rather than a casino operator, and had recently graduated from being called Mary Carter Paint Company; its stock, having peaked at almost sixty-two in 1969, fetched up in August, 1970, at less than five.) Conscientiously seeking to save investors from the predictable bust, the New York Stock Exchange, the American Stock Exchange, and the National Association of Securities Dealers increased the percentage of cash in relation to credit required to buy the leading casino stocks, and many brokerage firms began doing their best to dissuade their customers from buying those stocks just now.

Any ticket-holder to the show knows that trying to protect plungers from their folly in such a mad moment is a task somewhat like Canute's against the sea, but surely no one knows it better just now than the nation's largest brokerage firm, Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, a Long Island bagel baker named Jerry Steurman walked into a Merrill Lynch office on a Thursday afternoon a few weeks ago, handed eight hundred dollars to a cashier, and told a broker to buy him various casino stocks. Merrill Lynch and Mr. Steurman differ about whether Merrill Lynch failed to do so because Mr. Steurman wanted the stocks at prices that were not available or just because the firm thought Mr. Steurman had better not have the stocks; at any rate, the stocks weren't bought. The following Monday, Mr. Steurman turned up again. This time, he threw a wad of bills amounting to thirteen thousand dollars on the floor and demanded that the money be put into casino stocks forthwith. When Merrill Lynch didn't comply, Mr. Steurman handcuffed himself to the office door. "All I wanted was someone to talk with me," he said later. "I opened the door and closed the door—I was like a doorman." Some hours later, after the police had been called and negotiations conducted, Mr. Steurman agreed to leave and not return, while Merrill Lynch subsequently agreed to give him back his stake plus an additional twenty-four hundred dollars—that sum, a Merrill Lynch man explained, representing approximately the profit Mr. Steurman would have made if Merrill Lynch had invested his money when and how he had wanted them to.

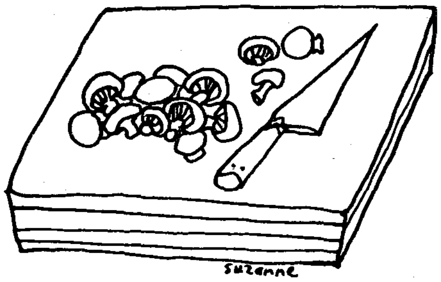
All sorts of questions remain unanswered. Can anybody make a quick twenty-four hundred dollars as a volunteer doorman at Merrill Lynch? If the casino stocks had gone down rather than up, would Mr. Steurman still be fastened to the door? And so on. What is clear is that in the current revival of the old show Mr. Steurman has won himself star billing.

* * *

## *Tut Tickets*

THOUSANDS of people stood in line. *Tens* of thousands, if you consider those who waited at Ticketron outlets all over the metropolitan area. People stood in line for thirty hours or more, in drizzle and haze and rain, equipped with sleeping bags, blankets, cushions, foam-rubber seats, sandwiches, canteens, umbrellas, books, magazines. All in order to get tickets to the "Treasures of Tutankhamun" exhibition, which will be on display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art from December 20th through April 15th. The exhibition has already drawn sell-out crowds at museums in five American cities, and a mammoth ticket rush was expected here. We decided to go to the Met itself and see what life on the line was like. An improvised Ticketron outlet was scheduled to open there at 8 A.M. on Monday of last week. The other Ticketron outlets were to open at 10 A.M., and at all the outlets tickets were being sold not only for a certain day but for a certain half hour.

We turned up at six Monday morning. The sky was black. The air was damp. A great crowd had formed. People were friendly and orderly and patient. And they were talkative. "How many tickets are there altogether?" "Somebody told me about nine hundred thousand." "What if they run out of tickets?" "Where *are* we on this line?" "I simply can't understand why they're giving out four tickets to each person." "Do you see that man in the checked coat? I swear he turns up on every line in *town*." Just ahead of us was a British woman wearing a tan raincoat and sensible shoes. She gathered some of us around her, like a schoolteacher, and recounted the events that led up to the day when the party headed by the archeologist Howard Carter and George Herbert, the Fifth Earl of Carnarvon, discovered Tutankhamun's tomb, in 1922. "The tomb had already been plundered, but only a little," she said. "I mean way back in the time of King Tut. Vandals. But they took only small things—things they could carry easily—and only from the outer rooms. No one entered the main burial chamber until Lord Carnarvon's group, and they worked the site for six years before they found it. In the last year, Lord Carnarvon almost gave up—he had poured a great deal of his money into the expedition—but he and Carter were *convinced* they had found the right place. Meanwhile, a similar expedition from the Metropolitan Museum was working an adjacent site. When the tomb was opened, the Met people just went right over and helped Lord Carnarvon's people—everyone coöperated. Of course, Lord Carnarvon died the next year. He was so exhausted, poor man, and he was bitten by a mosquito. But all that *curse* business is nonsense."



At eight, it began to rain. It was a great, drenching downpour, and umbrellas popped open. People without umbrellas were given shelter by people who had them. Ahead of us, starting at the southern end of the museum, at Eightieth Street, and stretching northward for a block, was a line of about six hundred people. A gray-suited museum official was walking about briskly, answering questions as he explained to us that the northward-extending line had been formed inadvertently, and that the line we were part of, a bunched-up line of some seven thousand people which ran all the way south to Seventy-second Street and curved into Central Park, was the "real" line. "We're going to let the people in the inadvertent line go in first," the official said. "Then we'll open up the real line."

At eight-thirty, the rain stopped abruptly. A girl in a blue dress hurried off to telephone her office. Other people kept her place for her, and when she returned she said, "I'm just no good at lying, so I told my supervisor that I'd be late for work this morning because I had to attend to an urgent personal matter. And that's the truth—this *is* an urgent personal matter."

At about nine-forty-five, our part of the line started to enter the museum's south entrance, and just after ten we reached a Ticketron window. When we came out again, it had turned into a hazily bright morning. Though the air was still damp, it felt refreshing, cool, and clean. Near the head of the real line, under a green-and-white canopy, a brass band had begun to play a Scott Joplin rag. A trumpet gleamed in the sun, and people were snapping their fingers.

## *Moment in History*

MOSHE DAYAN, Israel's Minister of Foreign Affairs, stopped in New York last week for a few hours on his way home from the historic twelve-

*"Spain—overrated. France—overrated. Switzerland! Germany! Belgium! England! Italy! All overrated!"*

• •

day summit peace conference held at Camp David, and we had the pleasure of meeting him at his midtown hotel for a talk about his camp experiences. We had seen the Foreign Affairs Minister briefly two weeks earlier, when he was on his way *to* the summit, which was the culmination, for him, of a year of secret meetings, as well as announced conferences, in various parts of the world—including the one this past summer at Leeds Castle, in England—with other leaders, trying to work out agreements that would bring peace to the Middle East. Before the summit meeting, Mr. Dayan was, to put it mildly, solemn. "I've been doing my homework for thirty years preparing for this meeting," he told us.

This time, he was buoyant, jovial, unguarded in his excitement about the outcome, and eager to share—as he graciously answered our questions—the adventures of his life in the woods with his fellow-campers: President Carter, President Sadat, Prime Minister Begin, Secretary of State Vance, National Security Affairs Assistant Brzezinski, and members of the diplomatic staffs of Israel, Egypt, and the United States. "Well, I feel now as though I had my exam and did well in it," Mr. Dayan said as we settled down for our talk in a corner of a deserted café at his hotel. He had ordered Sanka and macaroons, and he downed a couple of the latter with zest while apologizing for wearing the same wrinkled, blue-gray tropical suit that we had last seen him in. "I couldn't bear to unpack my suitcase one more time," he said. "Most of the time at camp, I went around in old pants and an old shirt and an old gray cardigan sweater borrowed from a New York friend. Everybody else at the camp wore comfortable clothes, too. President Carter wore his bluejeans."

Mr. Dayan took a small bite of macaroon. "Your President," he told us, "is a wonderful man—intelligent, tenacious, and willing to work even harder than *I* am." He gave a laugh. "The President's wife, Rosalynn, said to me early in the conference, 'Jimmy will never let down or let go. He wants to win.' And it was true. President Carter has the ability to receive, absorb, digest, and return information, facts, statistics almost immediately. He is constantly learning. He was constantly taking notes. He was always writing out formulas and revising them. He was always asking you to please repeat what you had just said, studying his notes and changing them. Your President is not a man you should cross unless you are certain of your facts and unless you are right. He will look straight into your eyes and say to you, 'You are not being sincere with me. You are not telling me the truth.' And you had better be sure you are right, because he will keep after you on any point until he is satisfied. The outcome of the summit was due in large part to his efforts to refuse to let it bog down. There were many moments when it was touch and go. Four hours before the conclusion of the conference, the whole thing almost ended over the question of the future of Jerusalem. But President Carter was not going to let anyone leave until success was achieved. His will not to fail is fantastic. Everyone treated him with great respect. I think everyone at Camp David recognized his quality. Everyone called him 'Mr. President.' I did, too, of course, even though he called me 'Moshe.' "

Mr. Dayan helped himself to another macaroon and went on, "I had a meeting with President Carter alone about halfway through the conference. We met at 3 A.M., on the patio of the President's cabin, and finished two hours later. While we were talking, I noticed that President Carter was doing something with his hands, and it turned out that he was shelling peanuts and putting the shells away in little envelopes. He told me they had been prepared in a special way, according to a special Southern formula. 'Try them. You'll like them,' he said to me. I did, and I did. We had many little envelopes filled with peanut shells by the time we finished talking."

We told the Foreign Affairs Minister that we were very curious about the daily routine during the conference.

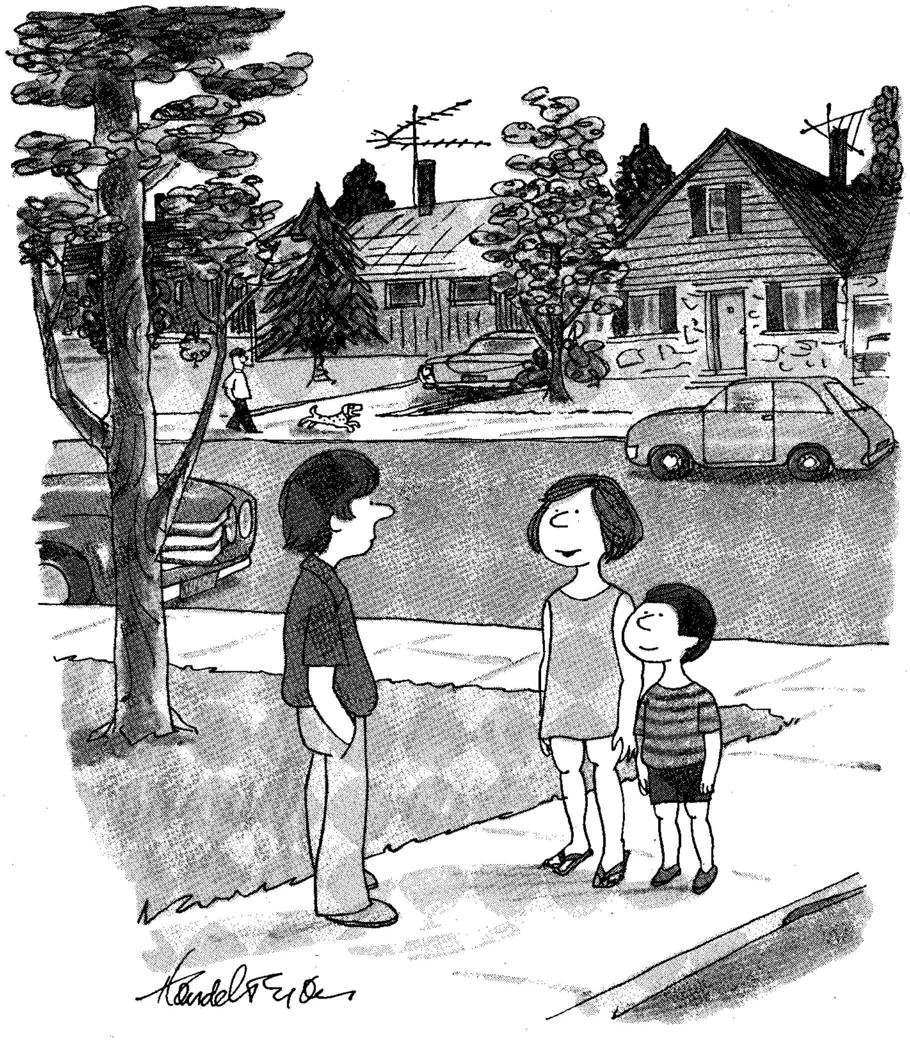
He gave us an understanding nod. "At Camp David, day and night ran into each other," he said. "Meetings lasted until four o'clock in the morning, and often two or three men would stay on after that and talk until sunrise. I worked all day every day, and almost all night every night. Sometimes I would meet alone with Secretary Vance, whom I have always liked very much. He is a very fair and objective man. Sometimes I would meet with Mohammed Ibrahim Kamel, Sadat's Foreign Minister, or with my own staff, or with Brzezinski, or with Sam Lewis, your Ambassador to Israel. We all met with one another and then we met with someone else. Sometimes in the middle of a meeting with President Carter, he would say to Begin, 'Excuse me, I have to discuss this point with Sadat,' and he would leave for a few minutes and then return and continue the meeting. It was shuttle diplomacy, of a sort. The distances between the parties involved, however, were greatly reduced. Sometimes we would go to each other's cabin and visit and talk. My cabin was called Red Oak." Mr. Dayan grinned, as though relishing the name of his cabin. "The cabins were about twenty metres apart from each other, except for the cabins of Carter, Begin, and Sadat, which were a bit farther apart, but a cabin could hardly be seen from any other cabin, because of the hills and trees. Yet we were all very close to each other." Mr. Dayan gave a slight shrug. "Personally, I did not care for all those hills and trees," he said. "I prefer having vistas. Open spaces. Deserts. I like to be able to look out of the window and see long distances. This was a bit *too* closed in for me." He laughed. "But the fresh air there was wonderful. So clean and clear."

"What was the Red Oak cabin like?" we asked. "How many rooms?"

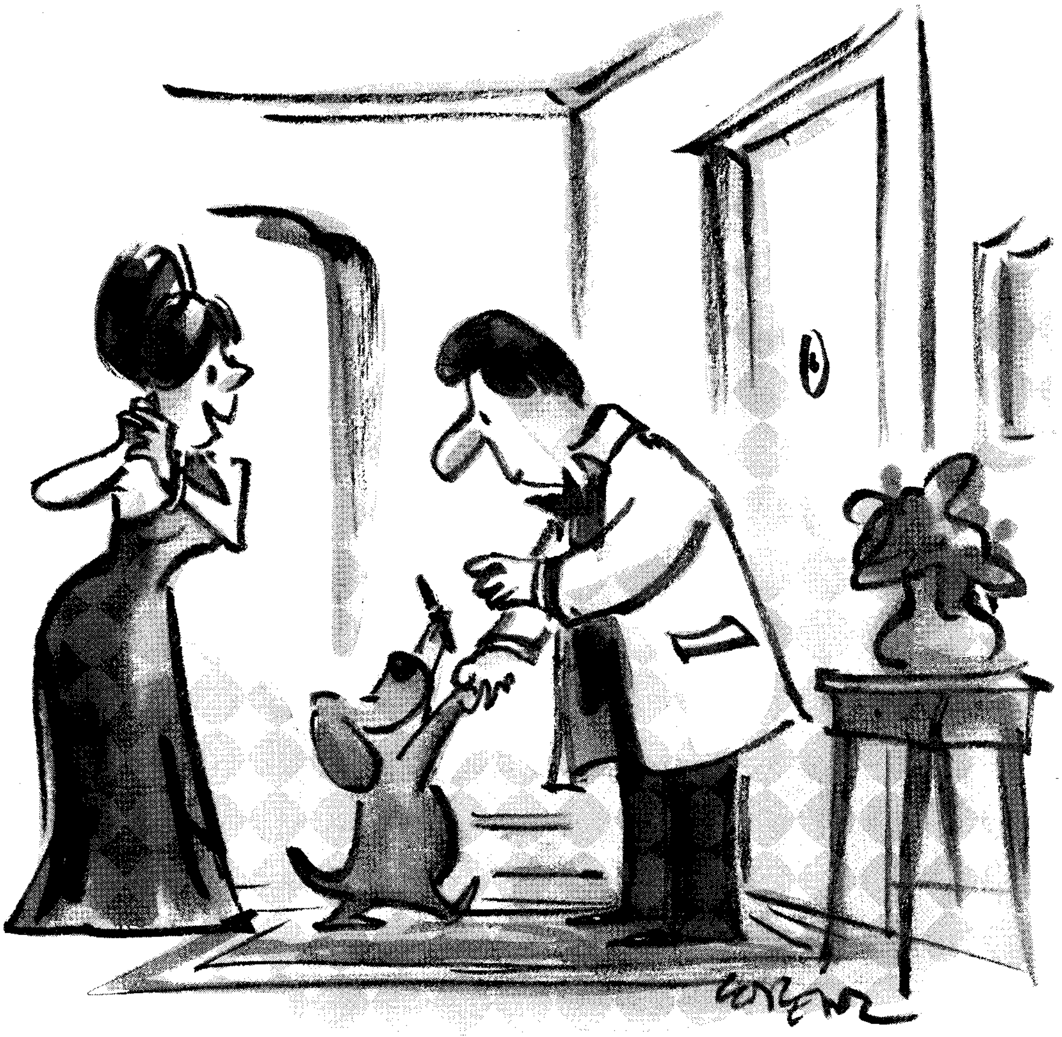
"Two bedrooms and a sitting room, with the television set in the sitting room," he replied. "Of course, we were very short of space, so I had one bedroom; Aharon Barak, who is shortly to take his seat as a justice of the Supreme Court in Israel, had the other bedroom, sharing it with Meir Rosenne, legal adviser to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs; and my aide, Eli Rubinstein, slept in the sitting room. I like to watch the news on television every time it goes on, so I had to come into the sitting room and disturb Eli, and when he wanted to use the bathroom he had to go through my room. Sometimes when I had to have a private meeting in the sitting room, I had to inconvenience Eli, and I always felt very bad about doing that. Finally, Eli gave up the sitting room and moved in with Barak and Rosenne. Barak is brilliant—very helpful, very valuable. He is planning to write a book about the legal aspects of peacemaking, by the way, and President Carter has offered to give him his own notes to use in the book. Barak was the tidiest one in our cabin. One day, I watched him tidying up and making things just so, and I said to him, 'I see you like things neat.' And he said to me, 'Yes, and I don't see anything *wrong* with that.' " Mr. Dayan laughed again.

"How about the food at this camp?" we asked. "Any complaints?"

"No complaints," Mr. Dayan said, reaching for another macaroon. "We used a large, light, cheerful dining room in common. It was staffed by a number of Filipino men, who were very



*"We're a Mercedes on my mother's side."*



"*Fantastic! He usually doesn't take to strangers at all.*"

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accommodating. The food was *too* good. Marvellous pies and ice cream. Always a choice of meat or fish. And there were kosher meals for those who wanted them. It was all very informal. Egyptians or Americans would come and see an empty seat and ask, 'Do you mind if I join you?' And we did the same. President Sadat did not join the rest of us for meals. He usually ate in his cabin. But we ate with other Egyptians. Once, I had dinner alone with some of the Egyptian delegation. I had been meeting secretly with them for the past year. Now we were in the open, but when we met there was still something surreptitious about it. Begin told everyone there they should try the kosher food. 'Even if you're Christian, kosher food is very good for you,' he told them. On the first Friday of the conference, President and Mrs. Carter had dinner with the Israeli delegation. Everybody ate the kosher dinner, and afterward we sang Hebrew folk songs."

We told Mr. Dayan that we had heard that some forty movies had been shown at Camp David during the course of the conference and asked him which ones he had seen.

"None," Mr. Dayan said, apologetically. "Before we came to Camp David, the Americans asked us what leisure activities we wanted. Begin asked for movies. 'High Noon,' in particular. Ezer Weizman, our Defense Minister, asked for billiards. Eli Rubinstein, a studious, single-minded, and Orthodox young man, who wears a yarmulke and eats only kosher food, learned to play billiards for the first time at the camp. He was not too bad at it. The movies were shown day and night, but I somehow could not get to see one."

In addition to the peace agreements, Mr. Dayan told us, he was bringing home a splendid navy-blue windbreaker, with the Great Seal of the United States over the left breast and above it "Camp David" embossed in gold. "President Carter gave each of the principals at the conference such a jacket," Mr. Dayan said. "On the other hand, I gave each of the principals a copy of my new book, 'Living with the Bible.' I started it as a book for children—for young people who had never smelled the rose of Sharon or climbed the paths of Mt. Carmel, so that they might know that these were the roses of the Bible and these were the hills of the shepherds—but it developed into a book for adults. I wrote it because I felt a strong ongoing connection between my country, the Bible—which is our history—and my personal life. Brzezinski was the only one at the camp, however, who had time to read my book. He told me that he had learned more about me from the book than he had learned about the Bible."

The waiter refilled Mr. Dayan's cup with some fresh Sanka, and Mr. Dayan said thanks, gave him a boyish grin, and took a long sip from the cup. "You know, your President Carter was between people all the time at Camp David," he told us. "For example, at one point along the line I was going to have a meeting alone with President Sadat. So President Carter asked me to come to see him and advised me on how to get along with Sadat. He warned me not to talk about the agreements we were trying to work out, not to push. So I said, 'Fine. I will talk to him only about camels and deserts.' Then, as soon as Sadat and I were together, *Sadat* began to talk about the agreements. He also told me he knew of my great interest in archeology and antiquities. He knew that I had never been to Egypt except for the one time last year, right after Sadat came to Jerusalem, when I went to Ismailia. President Sadat said to me, 'I have some things at the Valley of the Kings in my country that you must see. But, Moshe, *don't pick anything up and take it home with you.*' And I replied to him, 'That I cannot promise.'" He laughed again.

Suddenly Mr. Dayan looked very serious and began to shake his head in wonder. "Altogether, it was the most important and impressive experience of my life, of all my sixty-three years," he said. "Here were three of the world leaders all together at one time, in one place, with one motivation. It was a high moment in history, with men, instead of using weapons to make war, using words and ideas to make peace."

# MOMMA

Momma didn’t ’low no clarinet played in here. Unfortunately.

—Momma.

—Momma didn’t ’low no clarinet played in here. Made me sad.

—That wretch Momma.

—We didn’t care what Momma didn’t ’low—

—Played that dang thing anyhow . . .

—The dark silky timbre of the clarinet . . .

—We were wrong.

—I think so.

—Richly wrong.

—Our studied breaches of her prohibitions.

—Momma was outside.

—Momma was *very* outside.

—Sitting there ’lowing and don’t-’lowing. In her old rocking chair.

—’Lowing this, don’t-’lowing that.

—Didn’t ’low oboe.

—Didn’t ’low gitfiddle. Vibes.

—Rock over your damn foot and bust it, you didn’t pop to when she was ’lowing and don’t-’lowing.

—Right. Course, she had all the grease.

—True.

—You wanted a little grease, like to buy a damn comic book or something, you had to go to Momma.

—Sometimes yes, sometimes no. Her variously colored moods.

—Mauve. Warm gold. Citizen’s blue.

—Mauve mood that got her thrown in the jug that time.

—Concealed weapons. Well, what can you do?

—Carried a .357 daytimes and a .22 for evenings. Well, what can you do?

—Momma didn’t let nobody work her over, nobody.

—She just didn’t give a hang. She didn’t care.

—I thought she cared. There were moments.

—She never cared. Didn’t give a Kleenex.

—You could even cry, she wouldn’t come.

—I tried that, I remember. Cried and cried. Didn’t do a damn bit of good.

—Lost as she was in the Eleusinian Mysteries and the art of love.

—Cried my little eyes out. The sheet was sopping.

—Momma was not to be swayed. Unswayable.

—Smoking her long, graceful pipe with its porcelain bowl painted with violets. Purple violets.

—Staring into the thermostat.

—She had a lot on her mind. The Mysteries. And Daddy, of course.

—Let’s not do Daddy today.

—Agreed. Yes, I remember Momma, jerking the old nervous system about with her electric diktats.

—Could Christ have performed the work of the Redemption had He come into the world in the shape of a pea? That was one she’d drop on you.

—Then she’d grade your paper.

—I got a C, once.

—What did we know? Nothing.

—What do we know? Nothing.

—Not so. I have decided that I am mature.

—You.

—Yes. Fully mature.

—After all these years. Congratulations.

—Absolutely mature.

—We are proud of you.

—Of course, it may not be true.

—I know. I still find in my discourse that damned self-congratulatory strain, faint insinuating self-praise begging for little pats on the head—

—Ugh. I know.

—Continuous stream of auto-massage, you did that well, baby, you did that *very* well, baby, you didn’t do that badly, baby, it could have been worse, dummy.

—She dyed my beard blue, on the eve of my seventh marriage. I was sleeping on the sun porch.

—Not one to withhold comment, Momma.

—Damned stuff wouldn’t come out. Had to get me one of those white gauze masks, raised a few eyebrows, judge asked me if I had blood on my hands, said he wouldn’t marry me unless I scrubbed.

—Got pretty damned tired of that old woman, pretty damned tired of that old woman. Gangs of ecstatics hanging about beating on pots and pans, trash-can lids—

POPCO
POPCO
a. ehrenberg

—Trying for a ticket to the Mysteries.

—You wanted a little grease, like to go to the brothel or something, you had to say, Momma can I have a little grease to go to the brothel?

—She was often underly generous.

—Give you eight when she knew it was ten.

—She had her up days and her down days. Like most.

—Out for a long walk one early evening I noticed in the bare brown cut fields to the right of me and to the left of me the following items of interest: In the field to the right of me, couple copulating in the shade of a car, tan Studebaker as I remember, a thing I had seen previously only in old sepia-toned photographs taken from the air by playful barnstormers capable of flying with one hand, I don’t know if that’s difficult or not—

—And in the field to your left?

—Momma. Rocking.

—She’d lugged the old rocking chair all that way. In a mauve mood.

—I tipped my hat. She did not return the greeting.

—She was pondering. “The goddess Demeter’s anguish for all her children’s mortality.”

—Said my discourse was sickening. That was the word she used. Said it repeatedly.

—I asked myself: Do I give a bag of beans?

—This bird that fell into the back yard?

—The south lawn.

—The back yard. I wanted to give it a Frito?

—Yeah?

—Thought it might be hungry. Sumbitch couldn’t fly, you understand. It had crashed. Couldn’t fly. So I went into the house to get it a Frito. So I was trying to get it to eat the Frito. I had the damn bird in one hand, and in the other the Frito.

—She saw you and whopped you.

—She did.

—She gave you that “The bird is our friend and we never touch the bird because it hurts the bird” number.

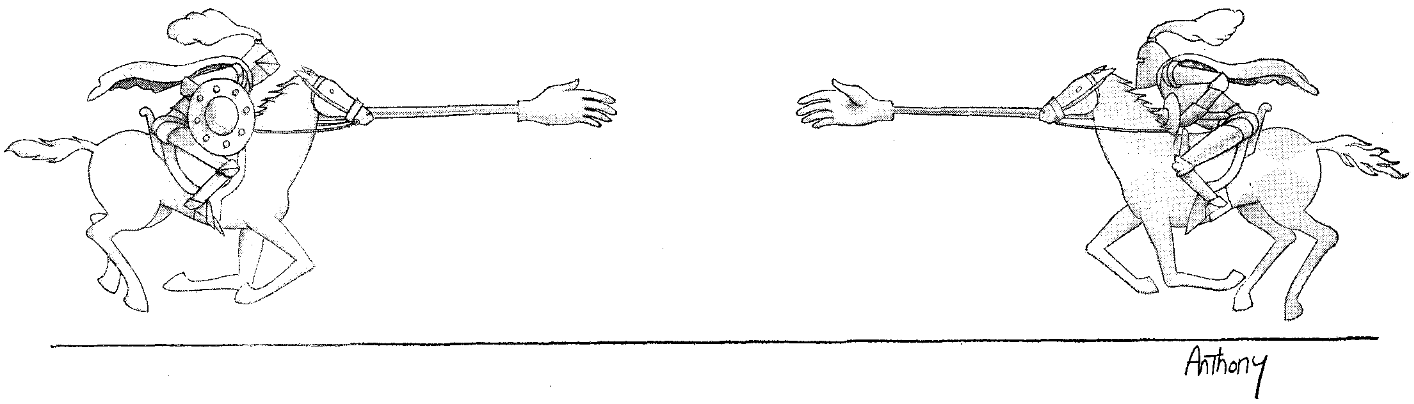
—She did.

—Then she threw the bird away.

—Into the gutter.

—Anticipating no doubt handling of the matter by the proper authorities.

—Momma. You’d ask her how she was and she’d say, “Fine.” Like a little kid.



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—That's what they say. "Fine."

—That's all you can get out of 'em. "Fine."

—Boy or girl, don't make a penny's worth of difference. "Fine."

—Fending you off. Similarly, Momma.

—Momma 'lowed lute.

—Yes. She had a thing for lute.

—I remember the hours we spent. Banging away at our lutes.

—Momma sitting there rocking away. Dosing herself with strange intoxicants.

—Lime Rickeys.

—Orange Blossoms.

—Rob Roys.

—Cuba Libres.

—Brandy Alexanders and Bronxes. How could she drink that stuff?

—An iron gut.

—Momma was outside.

—Momma was very outside.

—Course she had things on her mind.

—Her crimes.

—Her crimes. Her crimes and her hopes.

—I never knew. I supposed she had them, most people do. The specifics escaped me.

—Wrinkled hopes. Had to do with getting the hell out, mostly.

—To where?

—Away, away.

—To where?

—Away.

—You mean like *away*.

—Wanted to get shut of us. Wanted to get shut of here.

—She did.

—Sent herself cables saying "FINAL TIER NEGOTIATIONS REQUIRE YOUR PRESENCE SOONEST LOVE WINKY."

—Who was Winky?

—Wasn't any Winky. She'd leave them lying around, little fear-spots on various tables and chairs. Come on one and it would burn your eyes. Then you'd have to pretend you hadn't read it. But she knew you *had* read it.

—Where was I during all this, I don't remember.

—You were after Caroline. Sweet Caroline.

—Momma didn't 'low Caroline.

—Absolutely true.

—Momma didn't 'low Patrice.

—My Patrice.

—She was a bit hard on Patrice.

—I remember.

—You still see Patrice?

—Once in a way.

—Cut up old touches.

—Saw her Saturday. I hugged her and her body leaped.

—Patrice was fifteen years ago.

—Longer. '59, '60, along in there.

—The wind takes people in different directions.

—The wind. It's like you got a boat and the guy don't quite know how to manage the sails. Doesn't know how to tack. It's about like that. But when I saw her, Saturday, I hugged her and her body leaped. I felt it leap.

—How did that feel?

—Wonderful.

—The body knows.

—The body is perspicacious.

—The body ain't dumb.

—Words can't say what the body knows.

—Sometimes I hear them howling from the hospital.

—The detox ward.

—Tied to the bed with beige cloths.

—Well, it's a bitch.

—Like when Momma played Scrabble. She played to kill. She would use the filthiest words, insisting on their legitimacy. I was shocked.

—In her robes of deep purple.

—Seeking the ecstatic vision. That which would lift people four feet off the floor.

—Six feet.

—Four feet or six feet off the floor. Persephone herself appearing.

—The chanting in the darkened telesterion.

—Persephone herself appearing, hovering. Accepting offerings, balls of salt, solid-gold serpents, fig branches, figs.

—Hallucinatory dancing. All the women drunk.

—Dancing with jugs on their heads, mixtures of barley water, mint—

—Knowledge of things unspeakable.

—It's not easy, being both subject and object of the Mysteries.

—And a momma.

—Still, all I wanted to do was a little krummhorn. A little krummhorn once in a while.

—Can open graves, properly played.

—I was never good. Never really good.

—What can I say? Who could practice?

—And your clavier.

—Momma didn't 'low clavier.

—Thought it would unleash in her impulses better leashed? I don't know.

—Her dark side. They all have them, mommas.

—I mean they've seen it all, felt it all. Spilled their damn blood and then wiped mushy spinach off tiny chins meanwhile telling the old husband that he wasn't No. 3 on the scale of all husbands . . .

—Tossed him a little bombita now and then just to keep him on his toes.

—He was always on his toes, spent his whole life on his toes, the poor bastard. Piling up the grease.

—We said we weren't going to do Daddy.

—I forgot.

—Old Momma.

—Well, it's not easy, making the corn grow.

—Asparagus too.

—I couldn't do it.

—*I* couldn't do it.

—Momma could do it.

—Momma.

—Want me to put on a record?

—Yeah, maybe.

—Donald Barthelme

# SMALL STRIKES

AFTER Sarah dropped out of the University of Wisconsin, she decided to stay in Madison for a while. She got a job with the state labor department—to "research and investigate" the welfare programs in Wisconsin's seventy-two counties. The pay was good, she was given a state car to use, and freedom. A report on her research would be due at the end of each quarter. The job started in June, and she had until September to get the first section done. By the time the job was finished, a year from June, Sarah would have some money saved, would know by then what to do next. And the state bureaucrats would see—she would have shown them—how harsh and arbitrary their policies were. Faced with the evidence she'd have collected, they would have no choice but to change.

"Get around," the man who hired Sarah told her. "Don't spend too much time in the library. Look *under* what you see. Call if you have any problems. We'll look forward to seeing what you've come up with in September."

"Sounds really good," Sarah said.

"Fine. Looks like you and this project came along at the right time. Any questions you want to ask now?"

"I don't think so."

"O.K." He stood up and walked her toward the door. "You'll be pretty much on your own, but be sure to call when you need help. Some of those charts I gave you aren't all that easy to make sense of."

"O.K. Oh, about the car. It's not a shift, is it? I mean, if it is, I'm sure I can get somebody to teach me."

He squinted at her. "No, all our cars are automatic. When you go to the garage to pick yours up, they'll explain whatever you need to know. A Torino, I would think. And Sarah?"

"Yes?"

"When you're through with this job, I think you'll probably decide to go back to school."

"I doubt it."

He stuck out his hand. "Well, at least you're not one of the ones whining and making bombs."

Sarah shook his hand and nodded, thinking what concentration and precision it must take to make a bomb.

DURING the summer Sarah stayed off the highways as much as she could. She drove on back roads, with the radio turned up high. The roads were rough and she drove fast—the shock absorbers wore out in less than a month. She charged new ones on her official state Mobil card.

She talked to women forced by federal welfare laws to take any job the local office offered them, no matter what hardship it caused. If the job was in the county and a woman refused it, all welfare money stopped. Often, accepting a job caused her to lose money, after transportation and child care were paid for. And often, Sarah saw, child care wasn't available.

She was surprised to hear more resignation than anger. Women she interviewed gave her names of other women, and she filled notebook after notebook with what they told her. By the end of August she had covered fourteen counties.

Sarah turned in the first report the day it was due—one of the first deadlines she'd actually met, not felt hounded by. Final proof, she decided, that she belonged in the world and not in school.

Two days later, the man who'd hired her called and asked her to come to his office.

He stood up stiffly when she walked in. His smile was tight. "Please sit down."

She sat down.

"Where's the rest of this, Sarah?"

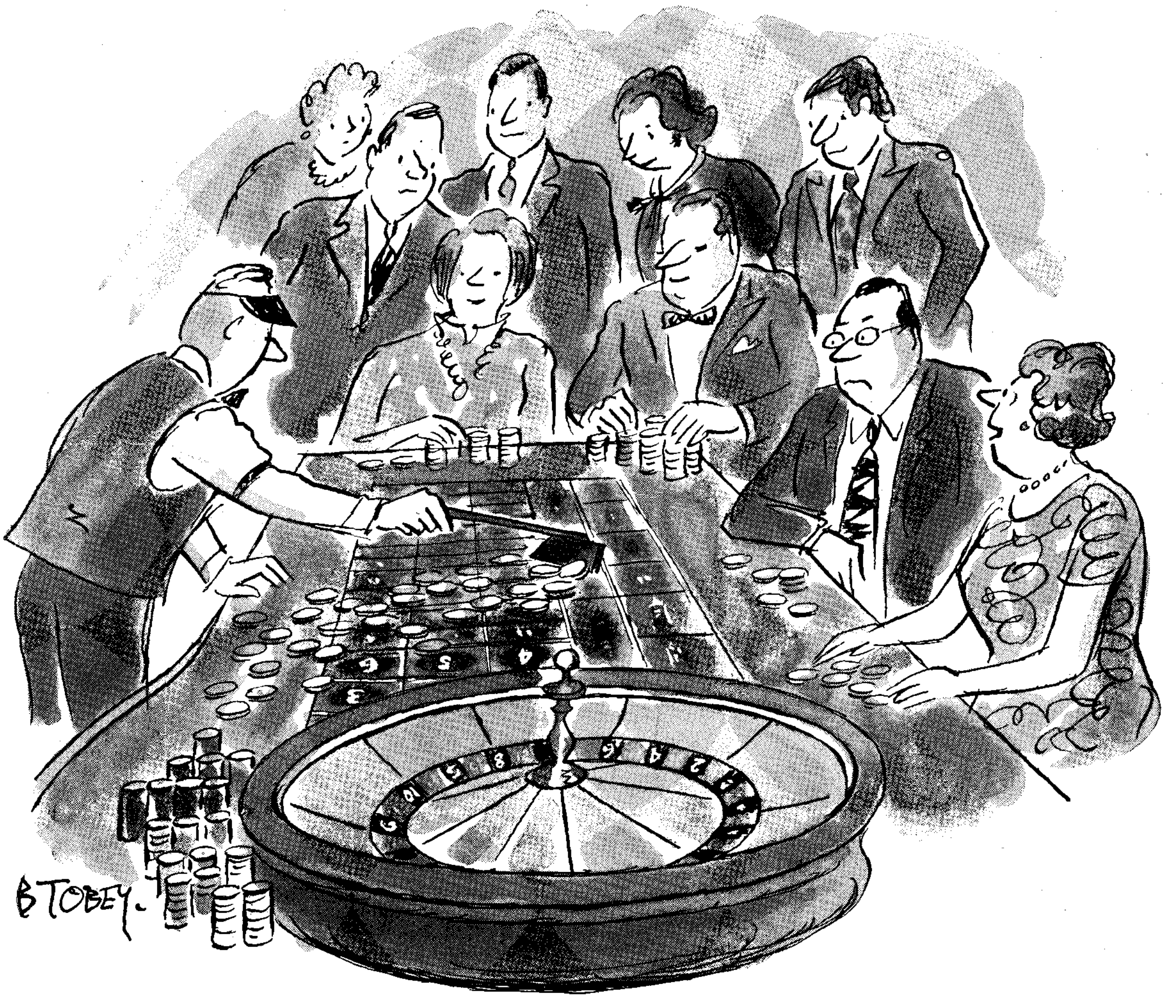
"Oh." (*That's* all it is!) "Well, I didn't think it mattered if I didn't hand in *exactly* a quarter of the counties each time. As long as I did them all, I mean."

He stared at her. He's looking at me as if I were an eye chart, Sarah thought.

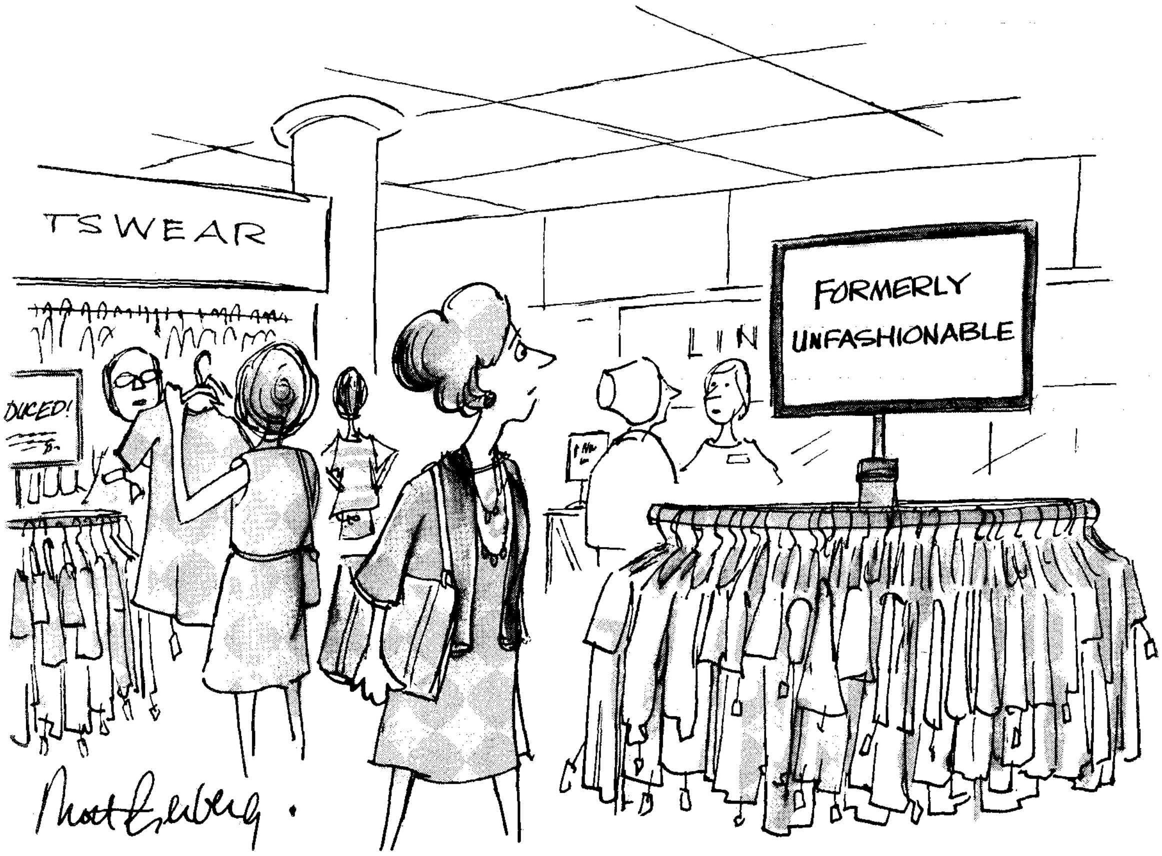
He held up her pages. "This isn't research. These are stories—hundreds of little stories. *Sob* stories. Where's the data?"

"But this is what's—"

He interrupted. "We know that what's here is going on. That's why



*"We mustn't forget the saltwater taffy for Aunt Edith."*



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we wanted things *investigated*. How much of the screwup is federal, how much is state, how much is the local offices—how much of what's going wrong we have any *control* over. *That's* what we need to know. Would a state reorganization be a waste of time? Of money? We don't need to hire someone to tell us that people on welfare live tough lives. For God's sake, Sarah, it's not cowboys-and-Indians. All your recommendations said you had this complex intelligence." He was talking very slowly and quietly now. "Good guys and bad guys? Is *that* what you think it's all about?"

She didn't say anything.

Before Sarah turned in the car that afternoon, she had it washed at one of the places where they let you stay sealed inside while the water pounds down.

BY the middle of September Sarah knew she had to get out of Madison. Most of her friends were back in school, and she looked at them enviously, thinking they were young and carefree. Everyone who mattered to her was understanding about her getting fired—too understanding; it was embarrassing. Her mother suggested, nicely, that she try another semester of school—what was there to lose? Sarah knew it was more than stubbornness that kept her from going back—there had been solid, intelligent reasons for leaving. She just couldn't remember what they were.

"How come I keep thinking I could figure out what to do if I were in the *country* somewhere?" Sarah said to her friend Ellen. It was dusk, and they were on their way to a Students for a Democratic Society meeting on campus. "I've never even really *been* to the country."

Ellen stopped to rummage through her purse. "What you need is to fall in love again," she said.

"That's the last thing I need."

Ellen sighed. "Sarah! Look at the sky!"

It was a neon sunset—orange and pink and with pieces of bright green that looked like chunks of lime Jell-O.

"Incredible," Sarah said. "But I bet it's some kind of astronomy experiment. Or pollution."

"Oh, for Christ's sake," Ellen said. She went back to digging in her bag and took out some grapes wrapped in a paper napkin.

They started walking again.

"I'm not saying it's not beautiful—just that it's definitely man-made," Sarah said. "What are you doing with *grapes*?"

"Not from California, Your Honor."

"Sorry. Sure you want to go to this meeting?"

Ellen stopped again and stared at her. "Are you *completely* nuts? An hour ago at the most, I told you 'Horse Feathers' was playing for a dollar, and you said 'S.D.S. is free and maybe it's improved.'"

"Sorry. Can I have some grapes?"

They walked the last few blocks without talking.

The meeting was crowded; they found seats in the back. A man in a red flannel shirt walked to the front of the room and took the microphone. "Testing. Testing," he said in a quiet, deep voice.

"We hear you fine," someone next to Sarah yelled. "Get *started!*"

"O.K." He pushed his hair back from his face. "First things first: There's a pig in this room."

People started muttering. He said it again, louder. Then, screaming, "There's a *pig* in *this* . . ."

Sarah grabbed Ellen's arm. "Let's go," she said. "Once more and I'll be sure I'm the pig."

LATER that night, in bed smiling to herself about the meeting and the grapes, Sarah realized that most of the things she'd done in the last year had centered on leaving: leaving school, leaving a boy she'd cared about but spent months planning to leave. Delayed, overwrought leavings.

What she wanted now was something she could believe in completely and without embarrassment. Something that would be hard work. Something to consume her. Seven years too late for Selma and the freedom marches; probably fifty years too early for intergalactic travel. "At least you're not whining and making bombs." Half wrong, she thought, and fell asleep.

THE next weekend Sarah went away with Ellen and Ellen's boyfriend, David. David's older brother, Nick, lived in Canada. He was visiting friends on a farm near the Wisconsin-Minnesota border, and David wanted to see him.

"Come with us," Ellen said to Sarah. "It's your big chance to go to the country. And it's your birthday. Maybe you'll have a vision. Cheer up!"

ON her twentieth birthday, Sarah watched "I Love Lucy" with Ellen, David, Nick, and Nick's three friends—two of them fugitives from justice. The fugitives were a few years older than Sarah. One was tall, with red hair, a thick mustache, and navy-blue eyes. The other, not quite so tall, had dark hair, dark, kind eyes, and a wonderful laugh. She was in love with both of them. So what if she didn't know their real names? She would move from farm to farm with them—leaving in the middle of the night, driving without headlights. They were smart, funny, and handsome, and they had lived underground for two years.

After "Lucy" and "The Mod Squad," Ellen and Sarah made spaghetti for dinner. ("No hurry, girls—whenever you feel like it," the red-haired one said.) Then Sarah and Ellen did the dishes while David, Nick, the fugitives, and the friend played Scrabble and drank wine. ("Don't worry about drying," Nick yelled out to the kitchen. "Leaving them in the drain's just fine.")

No longer in love when she and Ellen put the Scrabble set away, Sarah threw the J, the X, the Z, all four U's, and three S's into the garbage. Carrying the bag out to the compost heap, she imagined the fugitives being arrested by a woman F.B.I. agent.

"Empty your pockets," the agent would say to the fugitives.

"Sure," the dark-eyed one would say. "Oops! Pocket's *ripped!* Bet you could fix it up in two seconds."

When Sarah came back inside, Nick said, "What's so funny?"

She grinned at him and walked upstairs.

The two things strangers say to me most often, she thought, are "What's so funny?" and "Cheer up!"

## THE CROSS

Once, after storm, I stood at the cliff head,
And up black basalt the sea's white claws
Still flung their eight fathoms to have my blood.
In the blaze of new sun they leaped in cruel whiteness,
Unforgiving that nightlong their screaming lunge
Had been only a dream in the tangled warmth
Of love's huddle and sleep, while stars were black
And the tempest swooped down to snatch at our tiles.

Wind, by three, down, and sun still high,
I walked the beach of the little cove
Where scavengings of the waves were flung:
Old oranges, cordage, a bottle of beer
With the top still tight, a baby doll
But the face smashed in, a boom from some mast,
And, most desperately huddled by volcanic stone
As though trying to cling in some final hope—
But drowned hours back, you could be damned sure—
The monkey, wide-eyed and bewildered yet
By the terrible screechings, and jerks, and bangs,
And no friend to come and just say *ciao.*

I took him up and looked in his eyes
As orbed as dark aggies, as bright as tears,
With a glaucous glint in deep sightlessness,
Yet still seeming human with all they had seen—
Like yours or mine, if luck had run out.
So, like a fool, I said *ciao* to him.

I felt, under wet fur, how skin slid loose
On the poor little bones, and delicate
Fingers yet grasping at God knew what.
So I sat with him there, watching wind abate.
No funnel on the horizon showed
And, of course, no sail. And the cliff's shadow
Had found the cove. Well, time to go.

I took time, yes, to bury him,
In a scraped-out hole, little cairn on top,
And such a fool as to improvise
A cross—

Two sticks tied together to stick in the sand.

For what was the use? The sea comes back.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

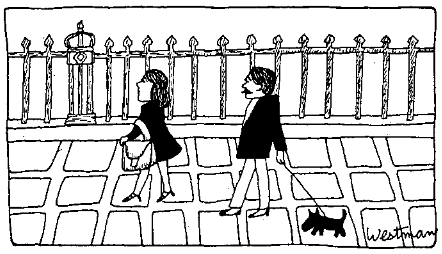
• •

AS soon as they got in the car to drive back to Madison, Ellen started screaming at David about what an idiot he'd been, that his real self had come out, that she was totally amazed and humiliated but it was great they'd made this trip because maybe she would have stayed with him for years and what if they'd had a family and *then* she found out what an idiot he was.

"I'm really sorry," David said. "Really. It's just whenever I'm around my brother I act however he does, except sometimes I act worse so he won't think I'm just doing an imitation of him. This 'real self' stuff is crap, though, and you know it. Right, Sarah?"

"Search me. I'm staying out of it."

"Ellen, there's a very easy solution: We'll never go visit him together. Now we'd better find a gas station or we'll wind up back there. O.K.?"



"O.K.," Ellen said. Sarah could tell things were fine again.

"I think what I like is riding in a *car* in the country," she said from the back seat.

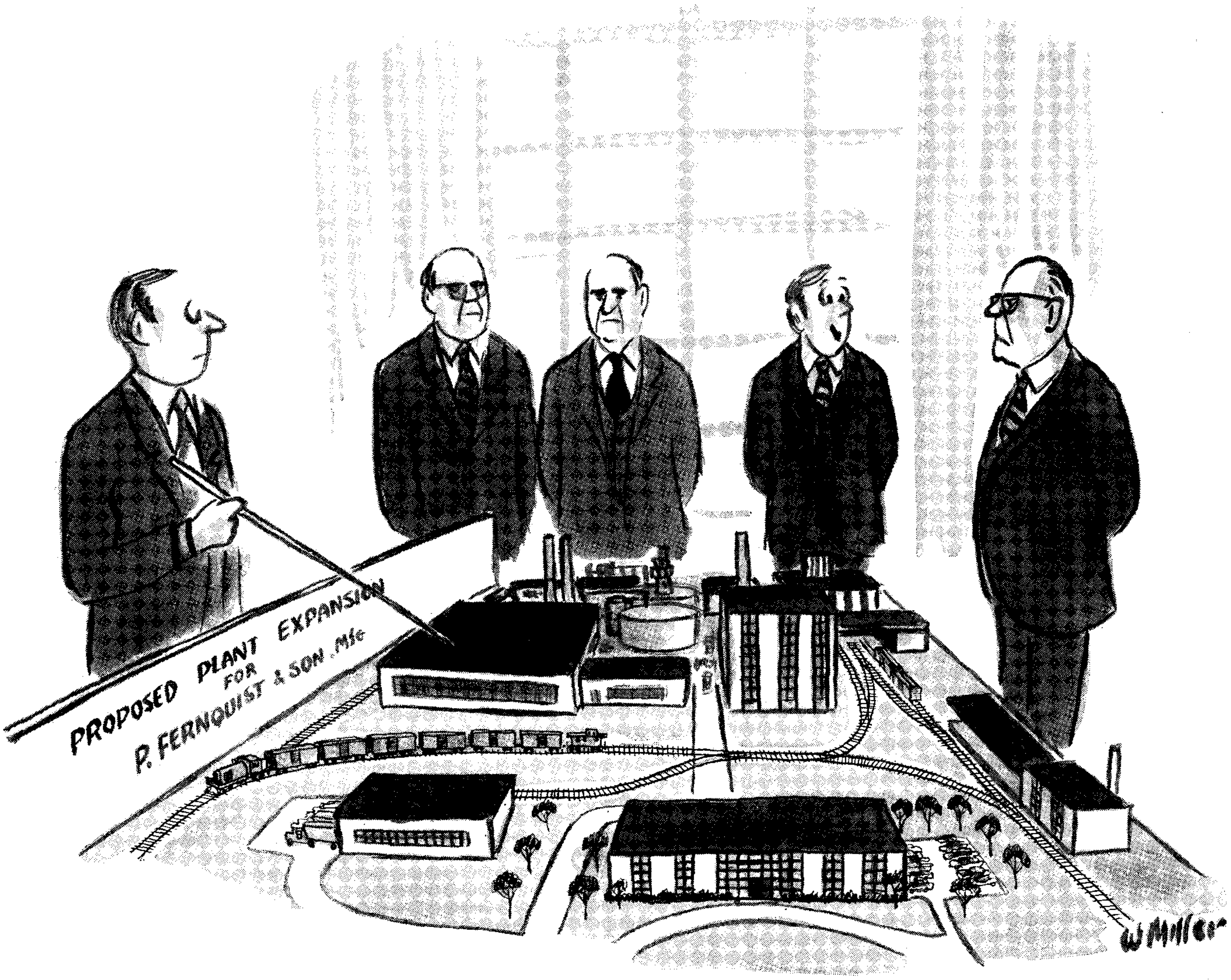
They pulled up to a gas station.

"David!" Ellen barked. "Get out there and wash that windshield!"

SOMETIME during the drive back, Sarah decided what to do.

As soon as she got home, she wrote a letter to the United Farm Workers, asking if she could come to California and work for them in Delano. She wasn't a college kid who wanted something to do for a month, she wrote.

Sarah didn't sit around waiting for



*"Gosh, Dad, this is keen! Can I keep it when you're through with it?"*

• •

an answer. She got ready to leave. She knew the Farm Workers were in trouble, she knew they needed help. And she would do anything—pick grapes, picket, learn Spanish, throw herself in front of trucks. It was a cause about which she didn't have one single corner of doubt. A U.F.W. motto: "*Sí, se puede!*" ("Yes, it can be done!") She believed it. She'd also read that the slogan in the barrio where Cesar Chavez had grown up was "*Sal si puedes*" ("Escape if you can"). Sarah packed almost all her stuff and sent it to her mother to store.

After two weeks, ready to go and restless, Sarah began to worry. She would wait two more days, then call.

On the second day, the letter arrived. She was welcome to come to California. "Your letter took time to get here. Our headquarters are no longer in Delano. We're now at La Paz, in the Tehachapi Mountains." The letter went on to say that, as Sarah perhaps knew, everyone was given five dollars a week spending money. There were about eighty people living at La Paz now, and there was certainly a bed for her, and plenty of work. She should fly to Bakersfield, call to let them know which flight, and someone would meet her at the airport. "We are in the midst of many struggles—a large membership drive, legal battles, big strikes, small strikes. And much more. Hope to see you soon. *Viva la Causa!* Martha Poultney. P.S. We have beds, but are always short of sheets and towels. Bring what you can."

Sarah made plane reservations for the next day. She called all her friends to say goodbye and give them her address. She called her mother, gave her the address, talked for a long time. Halfway through dialling the telephone company to ask them to disconnect the phone, she hung up and called her mother back.

"Hi, I forgot to tell you the Zip Code."

"No, you didn't. I've got it right here. Sarah?"

"What."

"Nothing. Did you pack a pillow?"

"No. Good idea."

ELLEN and David drove Sarah to the airport. They got there at noon—much too early.

"Don't park, O.K.?" Sarah said. "I'll just get out here. I hate airport stuff."

"Me, too," Ellen said.

"Well, then I guess this is it," David said. "The last time we'll ever see *you*."

"You're nuts," Sarah told him.

Sarah and Ellen hugged each other. Just before they drove off, Sarah heard her say, "David, sometimes I can't believe what a total idiot you are."

The flight was delayed for an hour in Chicago, and again in Los Angeles. Sitting in the airless, inexplicably grounded plane, she thought she should phone La Paz, make sure nobody wasted hours waiting at the Bakersfield airport.

"We'll be taking off in just a few minutes," the stewardess told Sarah when she moved toward the door of the plane. "It would be unwise to disembark."

A half hour later they were still on the ground. Sarah asked the man next to her where he was going.

He looked up from his magazine. "Bakersfield," he said, and went back to reading.

"Oh. You live there?"

"Yes," he said, without looking up.

"Like it?"

He closed the magazine. "Isn't Bakersfield also *your* destination?"

"Yeah, but I've never been there," she said.

"Visiting?"

"No. I'm going to work for the Farm Workers. Not *in* Bakersfield. South, I think. Near a small town called—"

The man snorted. "That Chavez lives in a fifty-thousand-dollar house."

"Uh, since you're reading, would you mind if we traded seats and I could have the window?" Sarah said in the low, overly polite voice she saved for strangers she wanted to kill.

"You got it," he said, and stood up.

As soon as she stepped off the plane, Sarah saw a tall, pale man wearing a white T-shirt with the U.F.W. eagle and "*Viva la Huelga!*" across the front. She tapped him on the shoulder. He'd been concentrating so hard scanning the crowd that he jumped.

He laughed. "You're Sarah? Hi. I'm Tim Harris."

They got in his car and drove in silence. "Can't see much," Sarah said after a while. "How far is it?"

"If traffic stays this light, maybe forty minutes. Never been here?"

"No," Sarah said.

"Do you know where you'll be working? I mean, what department, or on the road, or hasn't anybody told you?"

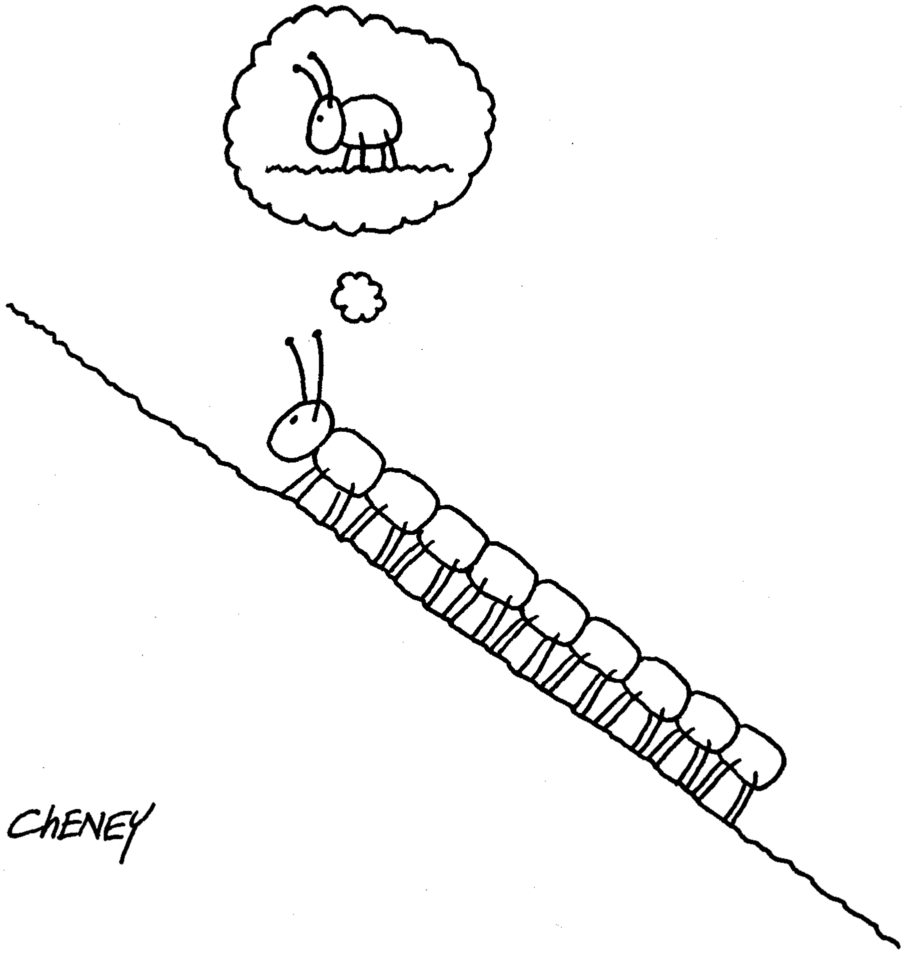
"Nobody's had a chance to. I wrote to see if I could come, and then I came."

"Well, expect a few confused days. You lucked out on a good room," Tim said. "It's in the basement, near some nice people—quiet."

"Good," Sarah said. The basement of *what?*

They turned off the highway. The road was steep and winding. Sarah's ears popped.

"We're heading east, and sort of south. And up. We're lucky—no matter how hot it gets in the day, La Paz is saved by the mountains; cools way down at night. Bakersfield's hot and dusty all the time."



"Is La Paz a town?" Sarah asked.

"No, it's really just us; not big enough for a post office. Keene's the post-office address, but the big city is Tehachapi—Burger Spot, laundromat, drugstore. A long time ago, the place was a t.b. sanatorium. In the old building—that's where you'll be—are lots of small bedrooms, a few bigger ones. Two floors—counting the basement. All the single people live there, some couples, a few of the smaller families. Maria Lorca has a couple of rooms for when she's around. And her kids—when they're around."

"I heard her speak in Madison last year. About the union, and how the migrant workers in the Midwest could be organized. I've never heard anyone talk that passionately and so *specifically*. Nothing preachy, no jargon. I figured she spent most of her time now giving speeches," Sarah said.

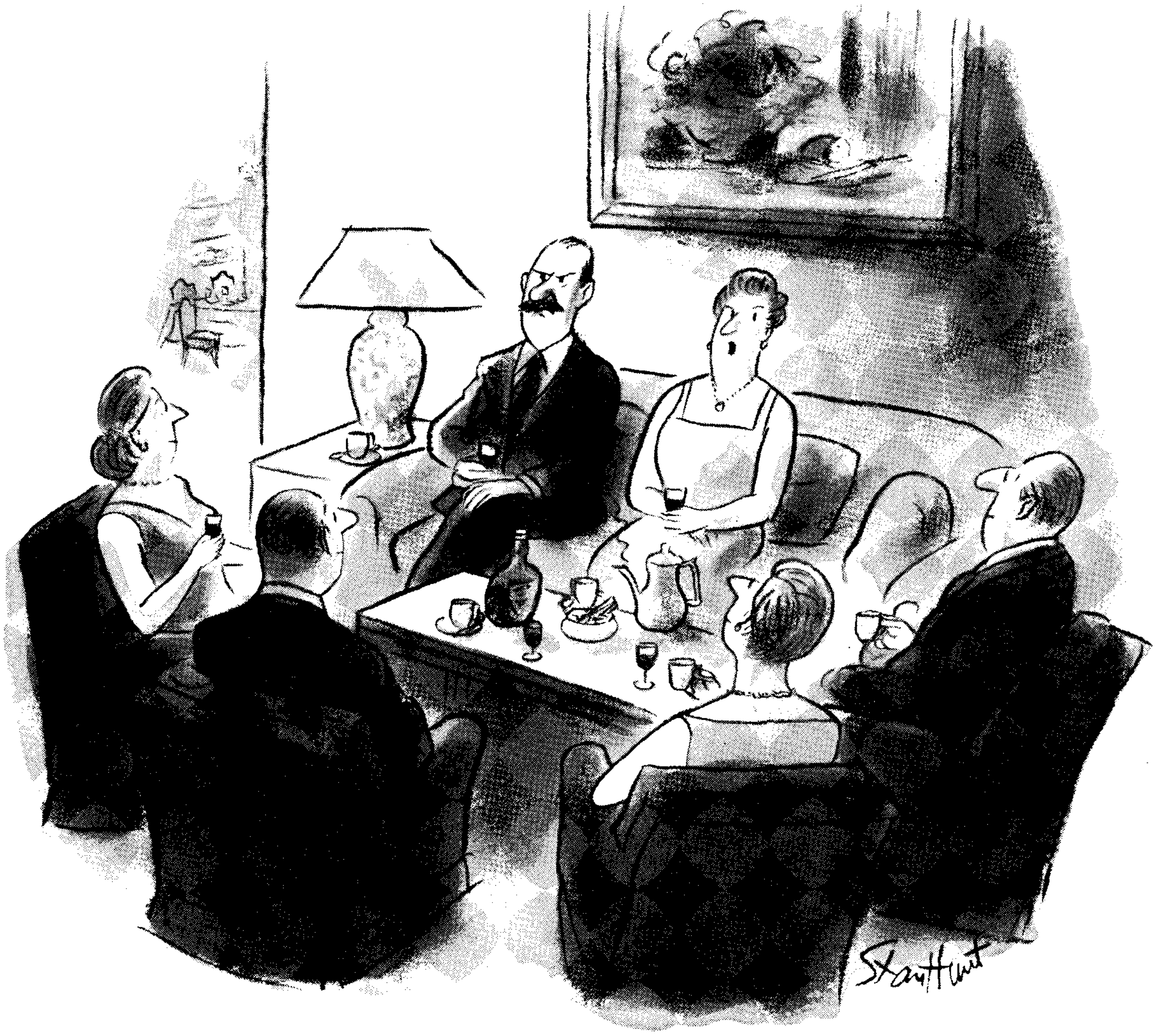
Tim shook his head. "What she spends most of her time doing is everything. She's the best organizer there is. And she and Cesar as a team—well, you'll see." Tim unwrapped a stick of Doublemint, stuffed it in his mouth. "The other day I drove with her to Lamont. (We'd go through Lamont and Arvin if we took a right turn here.) There's a strike there now—small but messy—and Teamster goons along the edges of the fields. Maria marched right past them, into the fields. I don't know what she said, how she got the workers to be less afraid, but they left with her. One at a time, she marched them out—fifteen or twenty trips. Cleaned the place out. That night she drove to L.A. to raise money.

"Maria joined up when the union was nothing—just Cesar and a few people who thought he wasn't totally crazy. She lived in Visalia, was married, had some kids. The story is she heard him talk, and that was it. She took most of her kids and went to work. Pretty romantic, right?"

"Too romantic," Sarah said. "There have to be more pieces to it. What happened to her husband?"

"Divorced. For years, she's been married to a guy who spends most of his time organizing in Texas and Arizona. But Maria sees him—five or six of the kids are his," Tim said. He slowed down, signalled left. "We're here."

They drove up a low hill. Sarah had been listening so hard she hadn't noticed that she was covered with very heavy dust. It swirled around the car; the view through the windshield was sepia and grainy. They were at a booth, and Tim stopped and shouted



*"Kingsley says if he were President he'd tell Congress to either put up or shut up."*

• •

hello to whoever was inside. A man came out, unlocked the heavy gate that blocked the car, waved, and they drove through.

Sarah looked around. Low buildings, dust, flower beds in progress, more dust. She saw some small houses in the distance, and trailers. No people. A sky-blue, barnlike building was on their left. Basically the administration building, Tim said. Offices, meeting rooms. The switchboard, places to pick up messages. "Down past those trees is where you'll live. We'll make a circle and end up back there." They came to a cluster of wooden houses. "Most of the families live up here or in trailers," Tim said. "That's where the Chavezes live." He pointed to a small house Sarah could barely see.

Sarah was looking more than listening. Trees, dust, tricycles, a white sign with red lettering: "DO NOT PUT OUT CIGARETTES ON GROUND! NOT!" Why not in Spanish, she wondered.

Beyond the houses, they turned onto a narrow gravel road. Low branches shot through the open window on Sarah's side. "Listen, maybe I should see whatever's up here tomorrow, on foot," she said.

"We'll make it."

Sarah closed the window. They came to the top of the road, and turned around. "Tim," she asked, "who's Martha Poultney? She answered my letter."

"She was one of Cesar's assistants. She left suddenly—big mystery. It had something to do with Maria or one of her kids—that's all I know for sure. I liked Marty."

"How long had she been here?"

"A long time—close to three years, I think."

"Where did she go?"

"No idea."

"I just got her letter the day before yesterday."

Sarah loved her room. A corner basement room—tiny, and clean. A narrow metal bed, painted white; one low chest of drawers, also white; a small table and lamp next to the bed. A board covered the radiator—perfect space for the few books she'd brought. Monklike, Sarah thought: perfect.

"Breakfast is at seven," Tim said. "See you."

"All these strikes that are going on," Sarah said. "Do they need a lot of people on the picket lines?"

"Sure. But mostly we like to have the *farmworkers* on the picket lines."

Sarah found the dining hall in the morning. Nobody said anything to her, and she couldn't bring herself to start a conversation. She couldn't even overhear much—a big wooden fan in the ceiling kept talk from travelling.

After breakfast she went to the blue building and introduced herself to the first person she saw. The woman's name was Gina Vasquez. She seemed friendly, efficient. She'd been expecting Sarah. "Are you fairly settled?" she asked. "Is your room O.K.?"

"Yes, it's fine."

"Mattress in there? I wasn't sure if Chino remembered . . ."

"It's there. I like the room."

"Good. An important question: Can you type?"

"Yes," Sarah said. "Not fast, but I can type."

"Wonderful. We really need someone in the Membership office. I'll take you down there right now. Maybe you'll like the office, too—it's on the same floor as your room."

Gina walked her to the office—a big, square basement room with no windows. Rolls of what looked like supermarket tape lay all over the floor. Maps of California on two of the walls had clusters of tiny red and green stars pasted around towns Sarah had never heard of: Calexico, Pixley, Stockton.

Gina introduced her to the two people in the room: Lucy, a large, long-haired Chicano woman who seemed harassed but friendly, and Charlie, a pale, bald man who didn't look up. Sarah decided he was very shy, very busy, or just a bastard.

"Lucy will explain everything," Gina said. "Don't panic. Mostly a long series of little things to remember—in two days you'll be able to do it in your sleep."

Sarah liked Lucy right away. She explained everything carefully, didn't assume Sarah knew much of the history, didn't act as if she should. Cautious but direct.

Lucy said that the U.F.W.'s membership had grown so fast in the last ten years that the records were out of hand. Dues, complaints, health claims, death benefits—everything was being redone. The goal was to get the membership lists complete, current, and computerized. The computer wasn't *their* problem, though—people in another department rented two hours of computer time in Los Angeles every week. "It's very expensive," Lucy said. "We have to make sure everything they take with them is accurate. Here are the main things we have to get straight: who's registered, where they registered, when, and are they paid up.

"Right next door—I'll show you in a minute—is the Health Plan office. We work together on a lot of stuff. But you'll learn that later. The basic routine is that we open the mail every morning and sort it—all the local offices send us duplicates of every registration form they get. We take their lists and check for duplicates in *these* files over here—by last name—and these, down here, by town. Then we type up lists of all the non-duplicate names and current addresses. If you don't have an address, sometimes the Health Plan people do, if they've had a recent claim."

There was more. The rolls of tape Sarah had seen were computer-printout sheets. They, too, had to be gone over line by line—checked for spelling mistakes and duplication.

"Lunch starts at twelve," Lucy said. "Back here by two, and we work until five-thirty. The only way not to go crazy is to get so you don't have to think."

Sarah's stomach dropped.

They worked through the morning. Lucy suggested gently that Sarah use a ruler to mark her place.

They talked a little. Charlie never said a word, and Sarah found it easy to ignore him: Bartleby the Farm Worker. Sarah found out that Lucy lived here with her family, in one of the trailers. She'd lived in Salinas all her life; a year ago her father had moved them all here.

"Do you have friends?" Sarah asked.

"Sometimes," Lucy said.

By lunchtime the files made sense to her. At least she wouldn't cripple *La Causa* by faulty cross-filing. But where was *La Huelga*? Was this what she would be doing for months?

She met a couple of people at lunch: A wry, pregnant woman named Katie. A tiny, white-haired man who gardened and drove the guard car four nights a week.

"Be nice to me, *chica*," he said, in a high, squeaky, feeble voice. "I'm the one who has the gun."

"What about the other three nights," Sarah said. "Who drives?"

"Whoever I *pick*," he said.

"Can I? Sometime?"

"Maybe," he said. "If you eat all your lunch."

After lunch, Katie showed her the kitchen. Two huge industrial stoves, hundred-pound sacks of beans, a walk-in freezer as long as two subway cars.

SOON Sarah knew some people. At the end of the week there was a big meeting outside on the lawn—the first since she'd come. Chavez gave a report on how things were going in the San Joaquin Valley, talked about the dangers of the growers' campaign to put a proposition banning strikes and

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## VESPERS

By the light of tall candles
men will be coming out into the monkish brown evening,
where they will know death was
enough. It will not happen
this way or that. There will be
one bird, and, in the moment of flying,
someone will say, "A sparrow."

Yes, it will be a common bird,
fitting for such as know this hour of earth,
the way it raises itself
upon one shoulder
to get a better look

at the men who are leaving
by the light of tall candles, light
that has not been burning long.

There is a wrinkle of hills in the distance,
nearly prone against the night—
they wish to go there.
And later, which one of them
may chance to say, "There is a stub here,
brief butt that flared against the sky"?

But there should be a bird,
or, better, a girl opening or closing a door,
a girl with young knees,
somewhere beyond the courtyard
they find themselves in, and perhaps
no one will speak, no one
notice the length—

how long they wait there, staring
into the distance, waiting for the car
that will drive them where they want to be,
the early glitter of the long château.

—ALEX STEVENS

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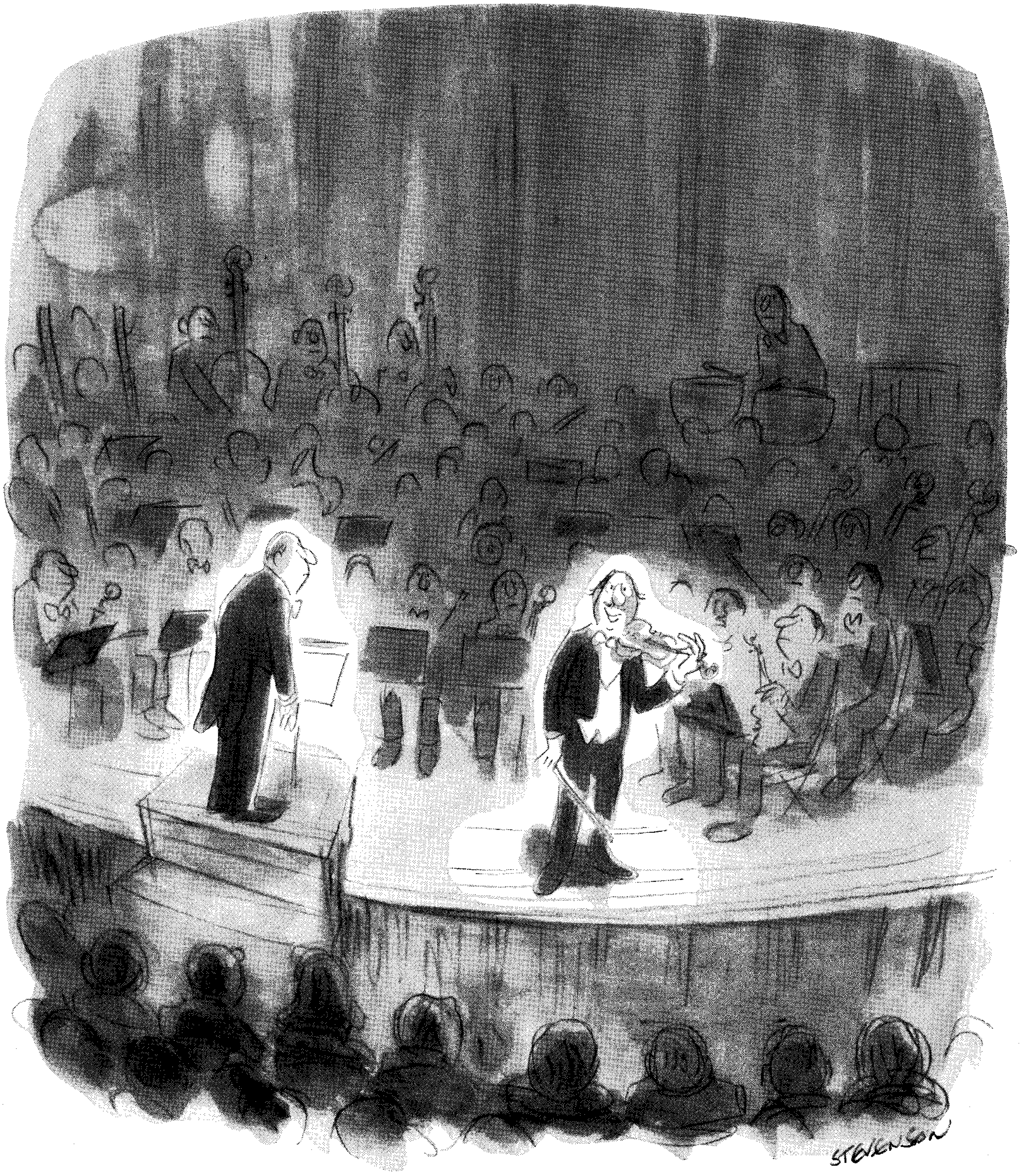

*"Thank you, folks, thank you. And now I'd like to dedicate this next number to all my wonderful fans out there who have been so good to me over the years. It's a favorite of mine, goes by the name of Beethoven's Violin Concerto in D Major, and it sounds something like this."*

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boycotts on the ballot, reported reactions he'd gotten from various people and groups he'd met with during the week.

Sarah and a man who'd arrived that morning were introduced.

Someone complained that the kitchen system was falling apart.

Maria Lorca announced that two of her children were missing. She wasn't worried, but would anyone who saw them tell them to get the hell home? Then she took a breath and shifted gear. "I know I'm not saying what we don't already know. It's five years now since the boycott was conceived. Coachella should be on everyone's mind all the time."

The first grapes of the season are harvested in Coachella, Sarah had learned. "It's fall now," Maria said. "But June comes so damn fast." Things had been bad there, and they would be bad again. She was worried. Coachella was a frightened place. "Remember that sign on one of the fields outside Thermal," she said. " 'NO

TRESPASSING: SURVIVORS WILL BE PROSECUTED.' But we're *winning*." So many new members in Coachella. Volunteers should get there whenever they could.

THE next day a man named Frederico came to see Sarah in the Membership office. She was the newest and most dispensable person in that office, he said. Would she leave that night for Coachella? A few days—maybe a week. They were sending fifteen people to raise spirits, collect dues, give out the new plastic membership cards (with pictures, for the first time), give support to the people picketing.

Maria drove the van. They left at eleven and drove through the night. A quick stop in Mojave to pick up Maria's six-year-old son Mike, then on south—past towns whose names made Sarah feel hypnotized: Verdemont, Yucaipa, Calimesa.

The later it got, the hotter it got. They stopped for gas, and Maria bought a bag of ice cubes for them to suck. Sarah ended up in the front seat with Maria.

"You don't mind heat," Maria said. It didn't sound like a question.

"No," she lied.

"Good thing," Maria said. "Yesterday at Indio it was a hundred and twelve. And Coachella's always hotter—I wonder why."

"What will we do there exactly?" Sarah asked.

"Exactly. Exactly . . . let me think. Well, since you're new, probably you will sit exactly at a table and ask people to sign their names on cards, and then you will say, '*Gracias*.' "

Sarah stared out the window.

"I'm sorry," Maria said after a few minutes. She looked away from the road and flashed Sarah her beautiful smile. "Sometimes, after hard days, I go for what's easy. Forgiven?"

"Sure," Sarah said, surprised that she meant it.

"The first time I was ever in Coachella," Maria said, "I sent this young boy out to get cigarettes, or beer—I can't even remember—and he got hit by a car . . ."

Sarah waited for more. There wasn't any.

SARAH did sit behind a table in Coachella. In an elementary-school gym. The farmworkers had come—often walked—for miles to pay their dues and get their pictures taken for the new membership cards. It was a hundred and twenty degrees. "Sign here, please," Sarah said, in English and in Spanish. She learned fast what the shot of panic in the corner of an eye meant, and then she would say, quickly and casually, "*Firma la cruz*." The man or woman, too shy to look at Sarah, would draw a careful "X" where she pointed.

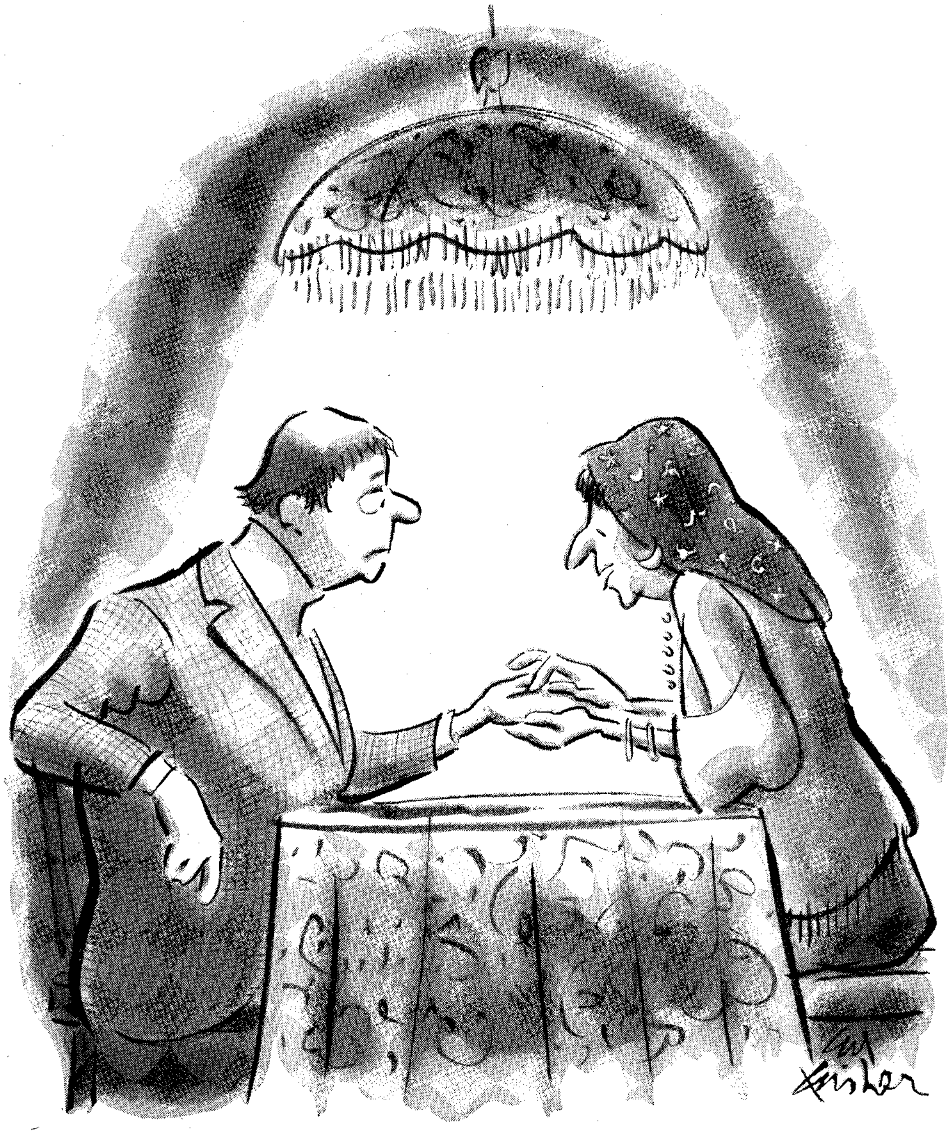
After the signing came the picture-taking. Women who handed Sarah their three dollars and fifty cents in nickels and pennies slippery with sweat were dressed, from the waist up, in their best clothes. "*Gracias*," Sarah said, over and over. "*Gracias, Senorita*," they answered. "*Viva!*"

THE people from La Paz slept on the floor of a trailer parked in a field of high burnt grass. Sarah took a shower, but was soaked again less than a minute after she'd dried herself.

She tried to harangue herself to sleep. *You're* hot? You can't stand the looks in *their* eyes? Can't take it? Well, then just . . . She fell asleep to shut herself out.

She woke up screaming during the night. It took her a few minutes to remember that the shapes surrounding her were bodies—bodies from all over, sleeping and sweating and muttering. Once she knew where she was, Sarah stuffed the edge of her sleeping bag into her mouth, and used a softer chant to get back to sleep: *Firma la cruz, firma la cruz, firma la cruz.*

—JANE MANKIEWICZ



*"I see a brilliant, attractive executive in her middle years. Witty, vivacious, a gourmet cook, and the divorced mother of two children."*

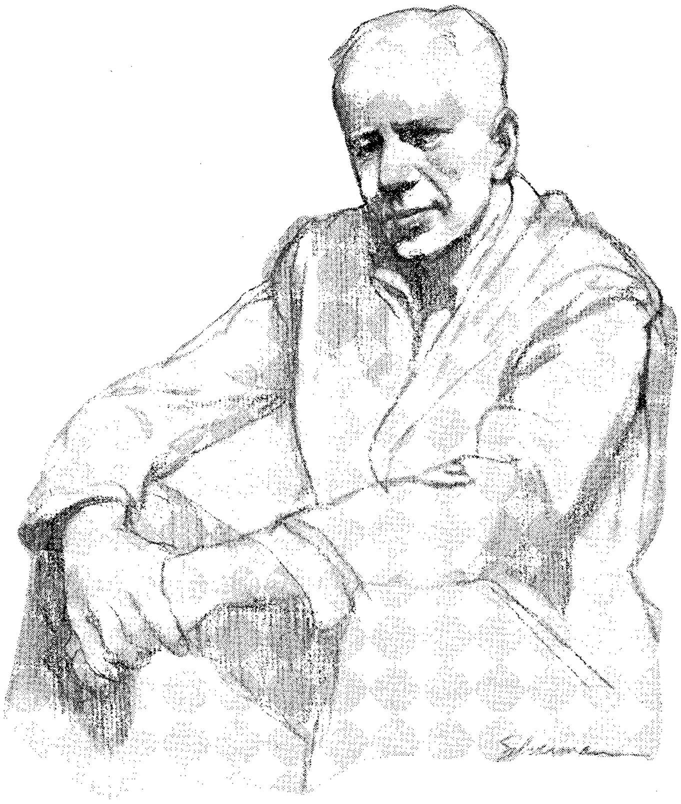
•

Oceanside: On a recent trip through New England, I couldn't help but notice the filth on New York streets and parkways. New Yorkers resent being called slobs, but they don't resent it enough to change their ways. I was born in New York City but have lived on Long Island for many years. When I saw the mess, I was really ashamed. We need a clean New York.—*Letter in the News.*

Next time, take the Throgs Neck Bridge.

# PROFILES

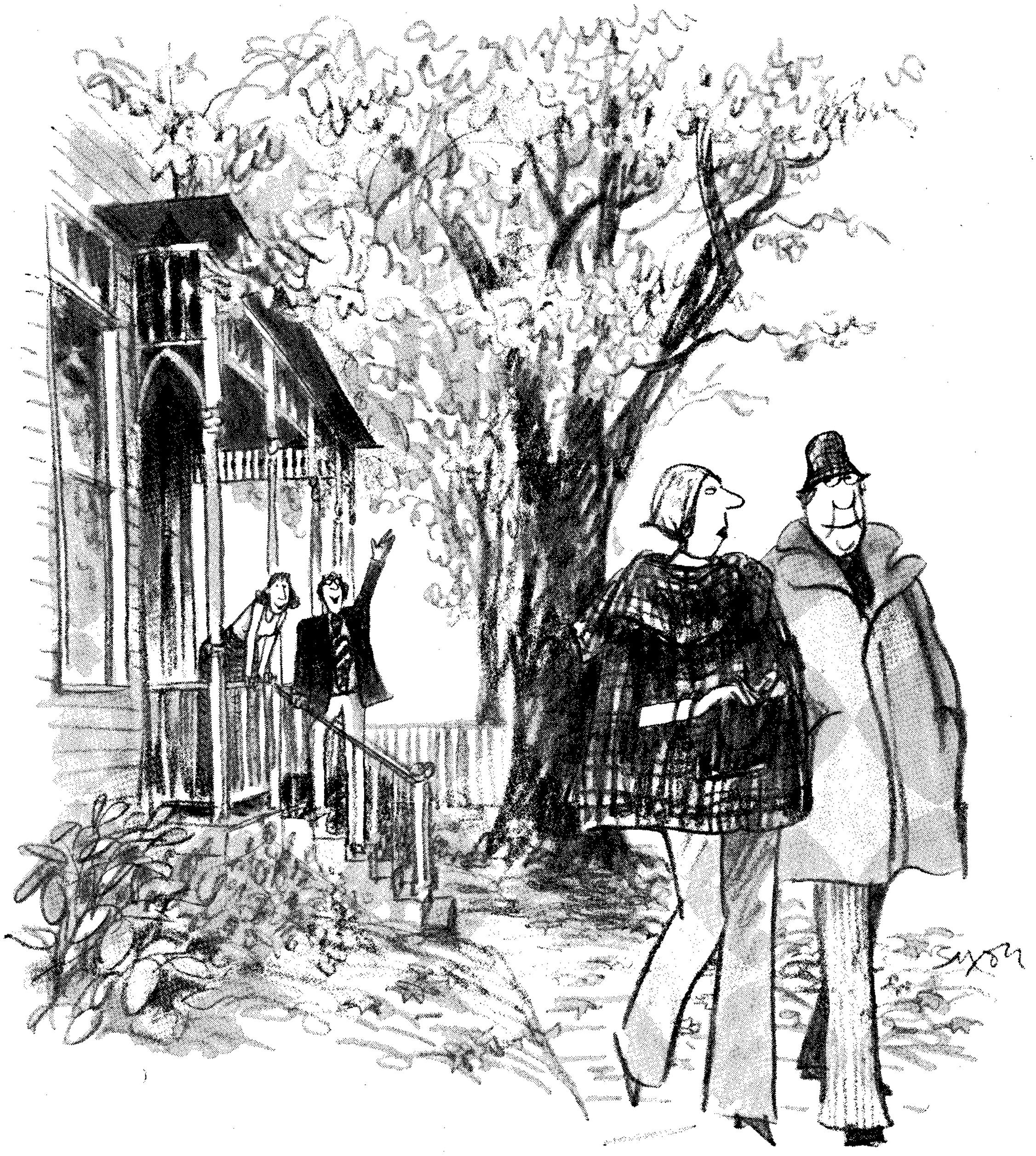
## THE SEARCH—I



WHEN Walker Percy's first novel, "The Moviegoer," was published, in the spring of 1961, no rush of attention followed. The book was ignored or was reviewed only briefly by most literary quarterlies and other magazines. The *Times Book Review*, however, published a short but admiring review by the Southern-born critic Robert Massie, and *Time* magazine's anonymous reviewer was equally impressed. *Commonweal* offered the longest and most detailed consideration, and for good reason: Percy had contributed a number of articles to that magazine in the nineteen-fifties, so its editors were no doubt both surprised and interested to see a man they had known as a physician of broad sensibility—he had written for them on matters literary, philosophical, and theological—suddenly emerge as a novelist. *Commonweal's* review, written by Edwin Kennebeck, was titled "The Search," perhaps because Kennebeck had in mind a quote from Percy's novel. Binx Bolling, the twenty-nine-year-old New Orleans stockbroker who narrates "The Moviegoer," says early in the story what he will keep on repeating in many ways: "The search is what anyone would undertake if he were not sunk in the everydayness of his own life. . . . To become aware of the possibility of the search is to be onto something. Not to be onto something is to be in despair." Despite favorable, if not numerous, reviews, "The Moviegoer" hardly became a best-seller. For one thing, it was obviously a philosophical novel—a novel of ideas, with no episodes of violence and no explicit sex—and the book's publisher, Alfred A. Knopf, did not seem eager to press it upon the public. (Percy's second, third, and fourth novels—"The Last Gentleman," "Love in the Ruins," and "Lancelot"—were published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.) For another, the author, who had been a physician for some twenty years, was almost forty-five when the novel was published, and he struck his reviewers, however sympathetic, not as a promising writer who deserved careful scrutiny but, rather, as a thoughtful Southern doctor who had happened to write a good novel in the midst of pursuing other concerns.

Percy's editor at Knopf was Stanley Kauffmann, who is now the film and theatre critic for *The New Republic*. He recalls a lunch with Dr. Percy in New York a few months after "The Moviegoer" was published. At that time, the author couldn't help feeling some regret: He had worked hard on a novel that was meant to be not only well constructed and entertaining but also a message of sorts from him to the many who shared his fate—seekers, though not always sure of what; the effort had been consuming and persistent, had even been declared a success by a few critics, yet "The Moviegoer" quickly disappeared from just about everyone's sight. What was the point of it all—trying to write a serious novel that in a sly, comic, and disarming way brings philosophers like Kierkegaard and Gabriel Marcel face to face with those many thousands whose "everydayness" Binx Bolling evokes and, ultimately, analyzes so powerfully? Kauffmann remembers assuring Percy that the novel was exceptional, and that no one or nothing could take that away from him. A year later, in the spring of 1962, three other people associated themselves with Kauffmann's estimate. In citing Percy's novel as the winner of the 1962 National Book Award for fiction, the judges, Lewis Gannett, Herbert Gold, and Jean Stafford, said, " 'The Moviegoer,' an intimation rather than a statement of mortality and the inevitability of that condition, is a truthful novel with shocks of recognition and spasms of nostalgia for every—or very nearly every—American. Mr. Percy, with compassion and without sentimentality or the mannerisms of the clinic, examines the delusions and hallucinations and the daydreams and the dreads that afflict those who abstain from the customary ways of making do."

The selection was a surprise—to the book's author and its editor, and especially to its publisher. Sales suddenly picked up, perhaps out of curiosity at first but soon because "shocks of recognition" were felt and acknowledged to others. Sometimes the author was told by his readers what he had prompted, or was asked with desperation for help. His mail increased, and his phone became a source of anxiety: Who would call next, asking what weighty or dramatic question? And a number of people, among them literary critics, began to direct their attention to him and his life. He was interviewed repeatedly in the literary quarterlies. Newspapers ran feature stories on him. Doctoral candidates began to examine "The Moviegoer." In 1966, Percy's second novel, "The Last Gentleman," was greeted with wide and enthusiastic applause; it, too, was nominated for a National Book Award. In 1972, a year after "Love in the Ruins" was published, the author of only three novels was the subject of a substantial, scholarly book, "The Sovereign Wayfarer;" its author, Martin Luschei, had converted a Ph.D. thesis into a highly readable and suggestive series of essays on Percy's various writings. Lu-



*"You certainly make a wonderful first impression."*

• •

schei, too, wondered at Percy's transformation: a man who described himself as a "failed physician" became in his middle forties the author of a literary surprise, and went on to consolidate his career as an original and sophisticated writer. One critic, writing in the Spring, 1969, issue of *Texas Studies in Literature and Language*, put the question pointedly: "How does it happen that a middle-aged doctor with such an unlikely background for literature has achieved so much success as a novelist?"

Percy's background is actually quite consistent with the course that his life has taken. "The Moviegoer" is dedicated "in Gratitude to W. A. P.," who was William Alexander Percy, a first cousin of the author's father. Will Percy, as he was known, was a man of many sides. He was a planter who lived in Greenville, Mississippi. He was a lawyer. He was a brave, decorated soldier during the First World War. He served with Herbert Hoover in Belgium when that country desperately needed food and clothing. He and his father, Senator LeRoy Percy, fought the Ku Klux Klan long, hard, and successfully. After the great flood of 1927, he led his people, black and white alike, in their difficult effort to win back land and, equally important, to make sure that the Mississippi River would never again lay claim to so much territory. He travelled widely. But, more than anything else, Will Percy was a writer. His first book of poems, "Sappho in Levkas," was published in 1915, when he was about Binx Bolling's age and (one gathers from what he later wrote about himself) was similarly introspective, solitary, unable or unwilling to "fit in," "adjust," go along with the various "norms" that press upon all of us. Three other volumes of poetry followed, and, finally, in 1943, the year after his death, "The Collected Poems" appeared. Two years earlier, Knopf had published "Lanterns on the Levee," a series of autobiographical essays that ranged widely over social and political issues, including the South's ever-present race problem, and, not least, the author's struggle to reconcile his worldliness, his cosmopolitan interests, with his affection for and sense of obligation to the rural and somewhat removed people of the Mississippi Delta.

Will Percy was a lifelong bachelor. In 1929, after his cousin LeRoy, Walker Percy's father and a Birmingham lawyer, committed suicide, Leroy Percy's widow and three sons came to live with "Uncle Will." Two years later, the mother was killed in an automobile accident, and Uncle Will became the father (and friend and counsellor) of three orphan boys—Walker, LeRoy, fifteen months younger, and Phinizy, six years younger—to all of whom, among others, "Lanterns on the Levee" is dedicated.

Walker, who was born on May 28, 1916, was thirteen when his father died and fifteen when he was adopted. At Uncle Will's, an enormous library was at the disposal of Walker and his brothers, and so was a vast record collection. The boys, of course, went to school, Walker to Greenville High School. Among his friends there were Shelby Foote, who later became a novelist, and to whom "Love in the Ruins" is dedicated, and Charles Bell, who published several volumes of poetry and two novels. Walker took to writing poems, some of which appeared in the high-school paper. He remembers selling some for a quarter or half a dollar—to classmates, who were required to write sonnets for their English teacher. He remembers writing a story during grade school for *Liberty*. The editors, unfortunately, did not dignify him with as much as a rejection slip. He

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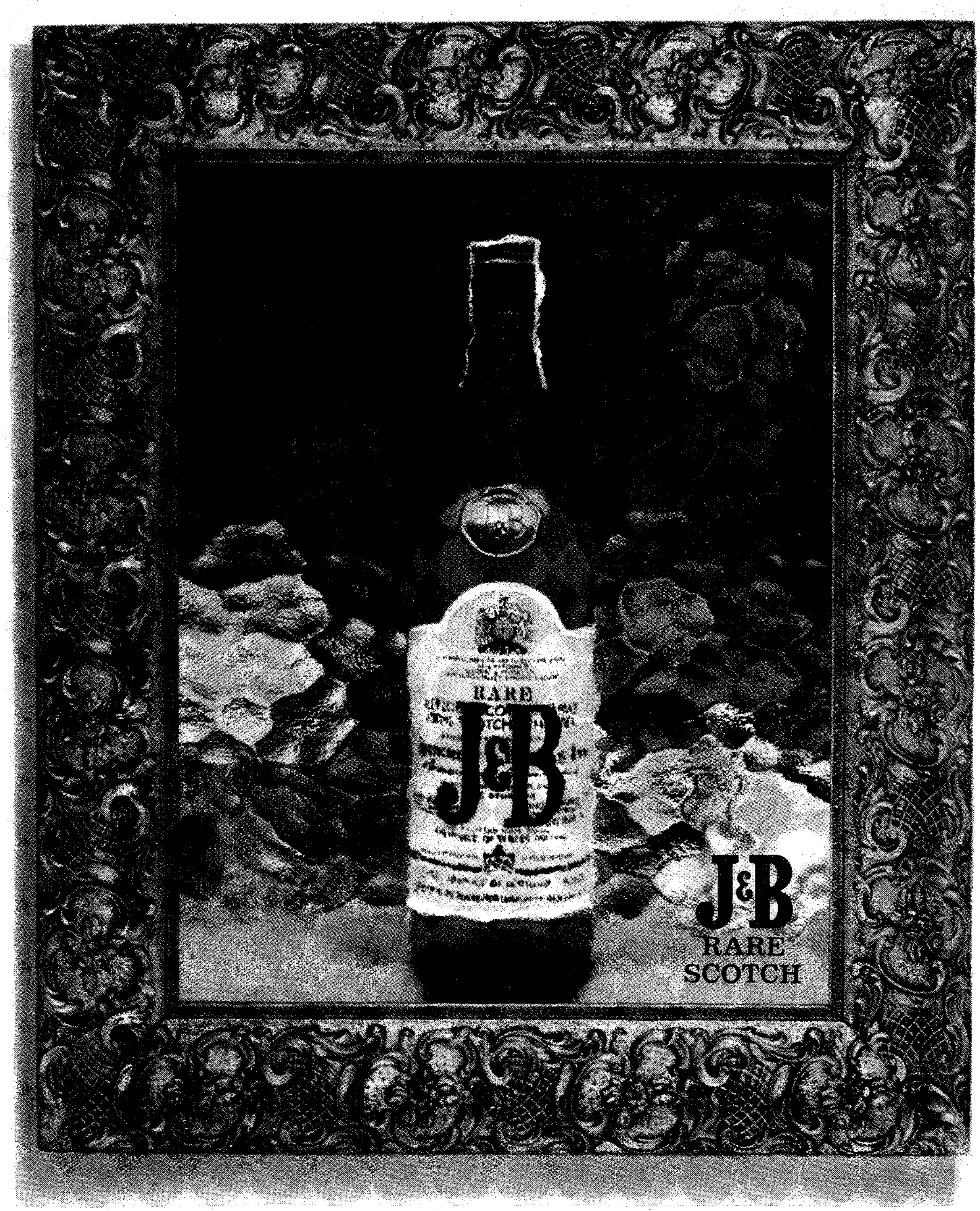
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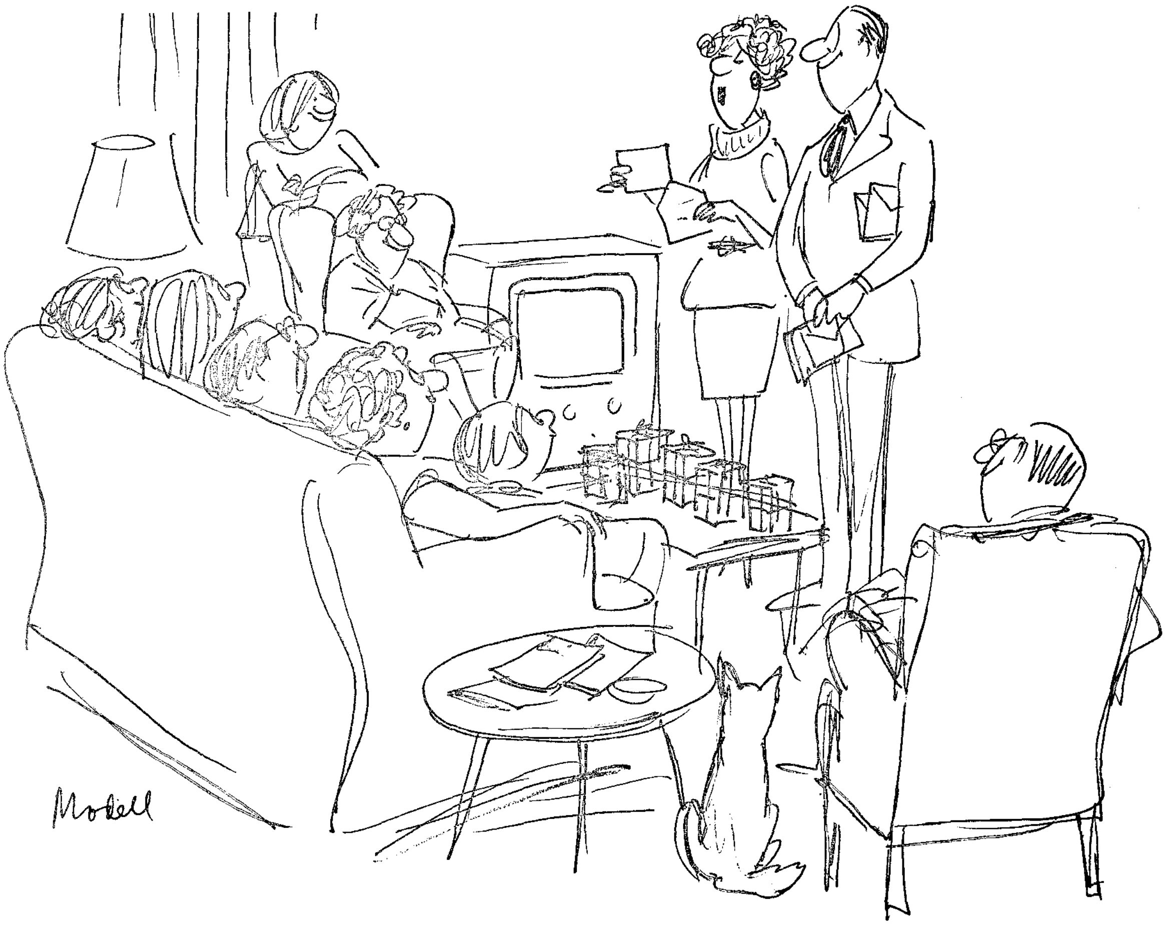
remembers, later on, riding with his friend Shelby Foote up to Oxford to visit William Faulkner. "It was Shelby's idea; even in high school he knew he wanted to be a writer," Percy has said. "But I guess I wasn't completely uninterested in writers and writing myself."



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• •

Percy's background, then, was what some would call literary. Uncle Will, who himself had gone to Sewanee and then to Harvard Law School, encouraged Walker and his brothers to leave Mississippi for college. Their father had gone to Princeton and to Harvard Law School, where he was an editor of the *Law Review.* Walker went to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill and then to Columbia University's medical school. At Chapel Hill, he became intensely interested in science. He majored in chemistry, studied biology and physics: no more poems, no more stories. But he did not stop writing altogether. In November of 1934, when he was a sophomore, he published in *The Carolina Magazine* an essay titled "The Willard Huntington Wright Murder Case," a shrewd and well-written psychological analysis of why a well-known music critic and literary editor began writing mystery stories and carefully concealed this new activity under a nom de plume. "For fifteen months after the enthusiastic reception of 'The Benson Murder Case' the identity of Van Dine remained a mystery," Percy wrote. "It was figuratively a premeditated murder of Willard Huntington Wright by S. S. Van Dine, as skillfully executed as one of the murders confronting the inimitable Philo Vance."

In March of 1935, *The Carolina Magazine* published another piece by Percy, this one called "The Movie Magazine: A Low 'Slick.'" The author knew his movies, knew a good deal about Hollywood's actors and actresses, and had obviously been reading every movie magazine he could get his hands on. He knew the difference between a 1929 *Silver Screen* and a 1935 *Picture Play*. He knew where Ruth Chatterton's first divorce was discussed, where Bing Crosby's wife and twins had been pictured. At one point, he allowed himself this generalization: "Every movie interview and feature embodies one or all of three motives: to reconcile the peculiarities and weaknesses of a movie star to the ideal held by the fans, to trace the star from his honky-tonk days to his Hollywood pinnacle, and to give the world the star's philosophy of life. The first device is unadulterated hooey, the second is a dramatized rise-to-fame yarn with a small element of truth, and the third is a stock series of common sense platitudes which apparently guide the lives of all the stars." This article showed certain qualities of mind that Percy later demonstrated in his novels: a sense of humor about people and their foibles, whether they are movie stars or moviegoers; a capacity for social satire; an offbeat side—an interest in taking seriously what others take lightly or ignore. Perhaps most important, the article was written by a shrewd observer of the human scene who could write an old-fashioned, literate essay—no sociological jargon, no pretentious effort to prove something, only a desire to state certain observations and state them well.

By his senior year at Chapel Hill, the youth who had paid so much attention to S. S. Van Dine's mysteries and America's moviegoers was absorbed in science. "It was a religion for me. I believed that any problem, anything wrong, could be solved by one or another of the sciences," Percy told me not long ago at his home, near New Orleans. He especially wanted to know about the body—how it works, and what goes wrong, and why. He told his Uncle Will that he wanted to try medical school, and was encouraged to go to New York City, where he enrolled at the Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons. For Will Percy, Manhattan meant opera, the symphony, the theatre. For years, he had made pilgrimages to Carnegie Hall and the Metropolitan Opera. Besides, he was convinced that all Southerners ought to spend some time away from home—both to obtain perspective on the flaws of their region and to gain an appreciation of its many virtues.

At Columbia, Percy did not make

many musical forays, nor was he especially interested in comparing the North and the South. One gathers that he was a competent but not inspired medical student—that he was never quite sure what kind of medicine, if any at all, he might someday want to practice; that he once again went off, more than his classmates, to movie after movie; and that every weekday afternoon he disappeared mysteriously into the subway, to the bewilderment of his fellow-students. He was in fact undergoing what few of his age then even knew about, let alone subjected themselves to—the experience of psychoanalysis. In essence, he was leaving the fairly cloistered life of Bard Hall, the student dormitory at the Columbia-Presbyterian Medical School, for another world—the West Side office of Dr. Janet Rioch. "I had seen Dr. Harry Stack Sullivan, a well-known psychiatrist and a friend of Uncle Will's," Percy said. "He suggested Dr. Rioch. He wasn't sure what ailed me, and I wasn't, either. I must say that after two years, five days a week, Dr. Rioch and I still weren't sure."

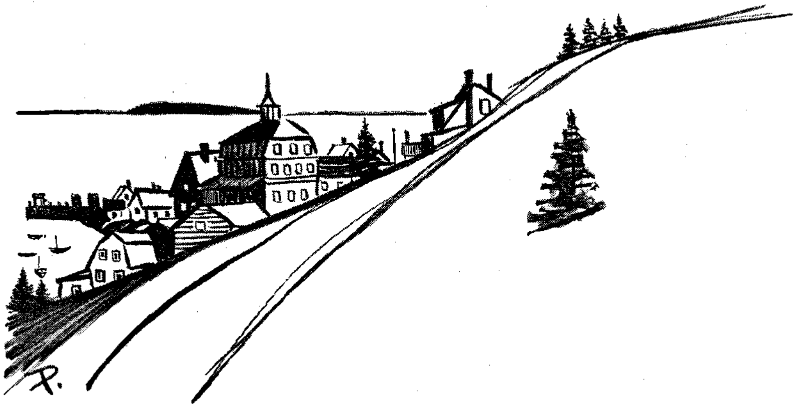
The remark can be interpreted as detached and amused or as mischievous, if not evasive; or it can amount to the completely candid statement of a genuinely puzzled man who looks back at a certain effort—a certain commitment of time, energy, and money—with a nagging sense of uncertainty, and says to himself something like this: Others appear to know what troubles them, and what to do about it, but I was evidently troubled in a way that seemed to escape my analyst's clarification, not to mention my own; and so, perhaps, what troubled me was not a neurosis but episodes of inertia or boredom or uneasiness or purposelessness that were not so different from those states of mind, those moods, that prompt men and women to become moviegoers. They sense about themselves a kind of absurdity or futility. They may not be philosophers, but they ask themselves those eternal and not easily answered questions about life and its meaning which some dwell on, writing page after page, and others shrug off as beyond their ken.

But what have the movies to do with "life" and its "meaning"? Percy is no salesman for Hollywood movies, with their various banalities—the products of an all too cleverly run business. But he remembers being a medical student, so close to matters of life and death, and at the same time he remembers feeling a stronger desire than ever to attend movies whenever he had a chance. Reflecting on this period when I visited him, Percy said, "I don't think it was an 'escape.' I wouldn't want to put it that way. I'd go all the time to movies in the Washington Heights neighborhood. I think at the movies I was getting to know how people looked at the world, what they thought—the way a doctor does. The movies are not just fantasies; for a lot of people they provide important moments, maybe the only point in the day, or even the week, when someone—a cowboy, a detective, a crook—is heard asking what life is all about, asking what is worth fighting for, or asking if anything is worth fighting for. I would often look at the people as they were going into the movies and look at them coming out, and sometimes even stop and look at them while they were inside and watching. While they were staring at the screen, their faces somehow seemed more alive—not always, but quite often. And when they came outside they weren't just walking down the street. They seemed as if they were going somewhere—had a destination in mind. Or they seemed to be coming from someplace important. Or they appeared to have mulled over a significant subject in their minds. Anyway, I'm afraid that's me: always looking at people looking at a movie, or looking at people walking down the street, or looking at people staring at a skyscraper."

As medical school came to an end, Percy applied for a two-year interneship at Bellevue—the first six months to be in pathology. The interneship started in January of 1942. The United States had just entered the war. Into Bellevue, usually, came the kind of people who had most likely ignored for a long time the symptoms of a major illness. A young interne had more than enough to do. The hospital served a heterogeneous population, and there was a wide range of illnesses to be diagnosed—obscure tropical illnesses and vitamin-deficiency diseases as well as the conventional ones. And there were patients on the "chest service": alcoholics, the impoverished, the weak and vulnerable of New York, all prone to tuberculosis, among other afflictions. Young Dr. Percy was kept rather frenetically busy at Bellevue, and was constantly exposed to the tubercle bacillus. In the summer of 1942, tired and overworked, he began to worry about his own health. He was coughing. He was experiencing chest pain. Soon the diagnosis was made—pulmonary tuberculosis. Percy left Bellevue for a sanatorium at Saranac Lake, in the Adirondacks.

THE next five years of Percy's life are the stuff of a novel—say, Thomas Mann's "The Magic Mountain." A young doctor, hitherto obsessed with rigorous scientific inquiry, becomes confined to bed, himself an object of constant scrutiny and evaluation. A man interested in watching others becomes cut off almost completely from the world. War has broken out; the doctor's brother LeRoy joins the Army Air Corps, becomes a pilot, and takes part in America's assault on Nazi Germany, and his brother Phinizy joins the Navy and ends up serving with John F. Kennedy on his well-known torpedo-boat mission in the Pacific. Meanwhile, the oldest brother can only sit or lie back and read: read about the slaughter going on as the world's most civilized nations wage a war to the death against one another, read about the advances science has brought—faster planes with larger bomb loads, rocketry and radar, and, finally, the awesomely devastating nuclear bombs.

In those years of the Second World War, Armageddon itself seemed at hand. The questions that Albert Camus asked himself while he fought in the French Resistance were the questions that Percy began to put to himself during the several years that he was, on and off, a thoroughly inactive patient. "I was in bed so much, alone so much, that I had nothing to do but read and think," he told me. "I



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began to question everything I had once believed. I began to ask why Europe—why the world—had come to such a sorry state. I never turned my back on science—it would be a mistake to do that. But I had wanted to find answers through an application of the scientific method. I had found that method an impressive and beautiful thing: the logic and precision of systematic inquiry; the human ability to reason. Then I gradually began to realize that as a scientist—a doctor, a pathologist—I knew a good deal *about* man but had little idea what man *is*."

The word "is"—existentialists use it that way. When Percy began to question himself and his assumptions, existentialism was by no means the vogue in America—or, for that matter, in Europe. A war was being fought, and under such circumstances one is inclined to act, not meditate, savor ironies, look askance. A good deal of Kierkegaard's writing had not then been translated into English. Sartre had only several years earlier written "Nausea." Camus had just begun his career as a novelist and philosopher. Percy, on his sickbed, read Thomas Mann, Kafka, Tolstoy, Dostoevski, being especially moved by the last. He eventually came upon Kierkegaard, and read him hungrily. "I lived a strange life then," Percy said. "For weeks, I saw no one except the person who brought me food on a tray three times a day and, occasionally, a doctor. I read and read. Sometimes I listened to the radio—programs from Montreal. Then back to reading."

After two years of convalescence, Percy had improved, and was able to resume a life outside the sanatorium. In 1944, he went back to New York City and became an instructor in pathology at Columbia's medical school. Within a few months, he had a relapse. He went to the Gaylord Farms Sanatorium, in Wallingford, Connecticut, where he occupied the bed said to have been occupied earlier by Eugene O'Neill. After a year of further rest and treatment, he was ready to go home—but where was home? His Uncle Will had died in 1942, about the time Percy went up to Saranac Lake. His brother LeRoy had married a couple of years before the war; LeRoy's wife, Sarah, was the daughter of Will Percy's law partner, Hazelwood Farish. The young couple were living in the old Percy house, on Percy Street, in Greenville, and LeRoy was running Trail Lake, the family plantation.

"I wanted to go home," Percy said

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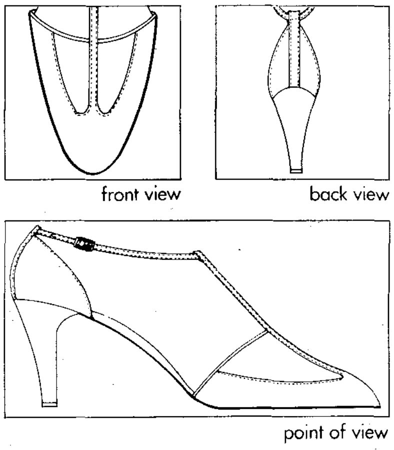

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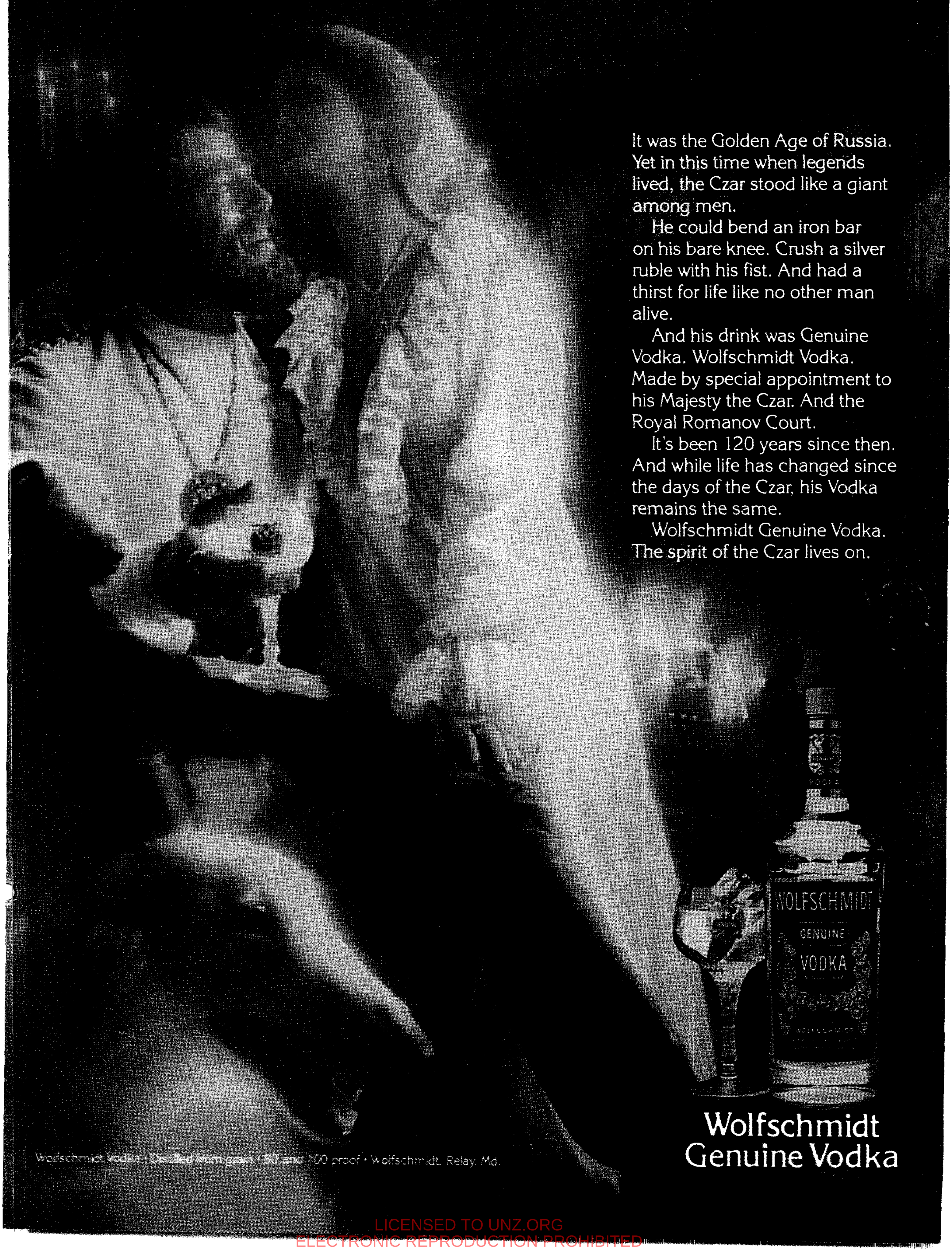
to me. "But I had no home. I went back to Greenville, visited various friends. The war was over. People wanted to settle down again; there had been too much excitement, for too long. I guess I wanted to settle down, too, but at the time I didn't know that that was what I wanted. I'd been alone in the woods so long I was blinking at the strong sun, and all the people." When his old friend Foote got out of the Marine Corps, they agreed to go out West, to New Mexico. They drove to Santa Fe. "After a few days, Shelby headed back," Percy told me. "I stayed a few months. Don't ask me why. I didn't know why I was out there, and when I decided, eventually, to go back I didn't know why I was going back, either. I just decided I'd been away too long from the grass and the trees and the bayous in Mississippi and Louisiana."

When Percy came back to the South, in October of 1946, he still had no idea what he was going to do or where he was going to live. He continued to read philosophy—especially Kierkegaard, but also such European philosophers as Gabriel Marcel, Martin Heidegger, Emmanuel Mounier, Karl Jaspers, and Sartre. He went through a religious crisis but no dramatic "conversion;" rather, a deeply introspective and somewhat withdrawn man gradually began to make commitments. On November 7, 1946, in a Baptist church in New Orleans, with Shelby Foote on hand as best friend and best man, Percy married Mary Bernice Townsend, a native of Doddsville, in Sunflower County, Mississippi—the heart of the Delta. He had met "Bunt" five years before, when he worked one summer at a Greenville clinic. She had worked there, too, as a medical technician, after graduating from Millsaps College, in Jackson. They had intermittently kept in touch, but it was not until a few months before their marriage that Percy felt in any way inclined to propose. Next, they had to find somewhere to live. Uncle Will had owned a country house, a lovely, unpretentious place up in the hills near Sewanee, Tennessee. They went there and lived a quiet, rural life. The reading continued. There were walks, and occasional trips back to Greenville or into nearby Nashville. There were also religious discussions—eventually culminating in a decision by both of them to take instruction in the Catholic faith. Six months after they were married, they became Catholics, and have remained so to this day.

Winters can be gloomy in the Ten-

# The spirit of the Czar lives on.



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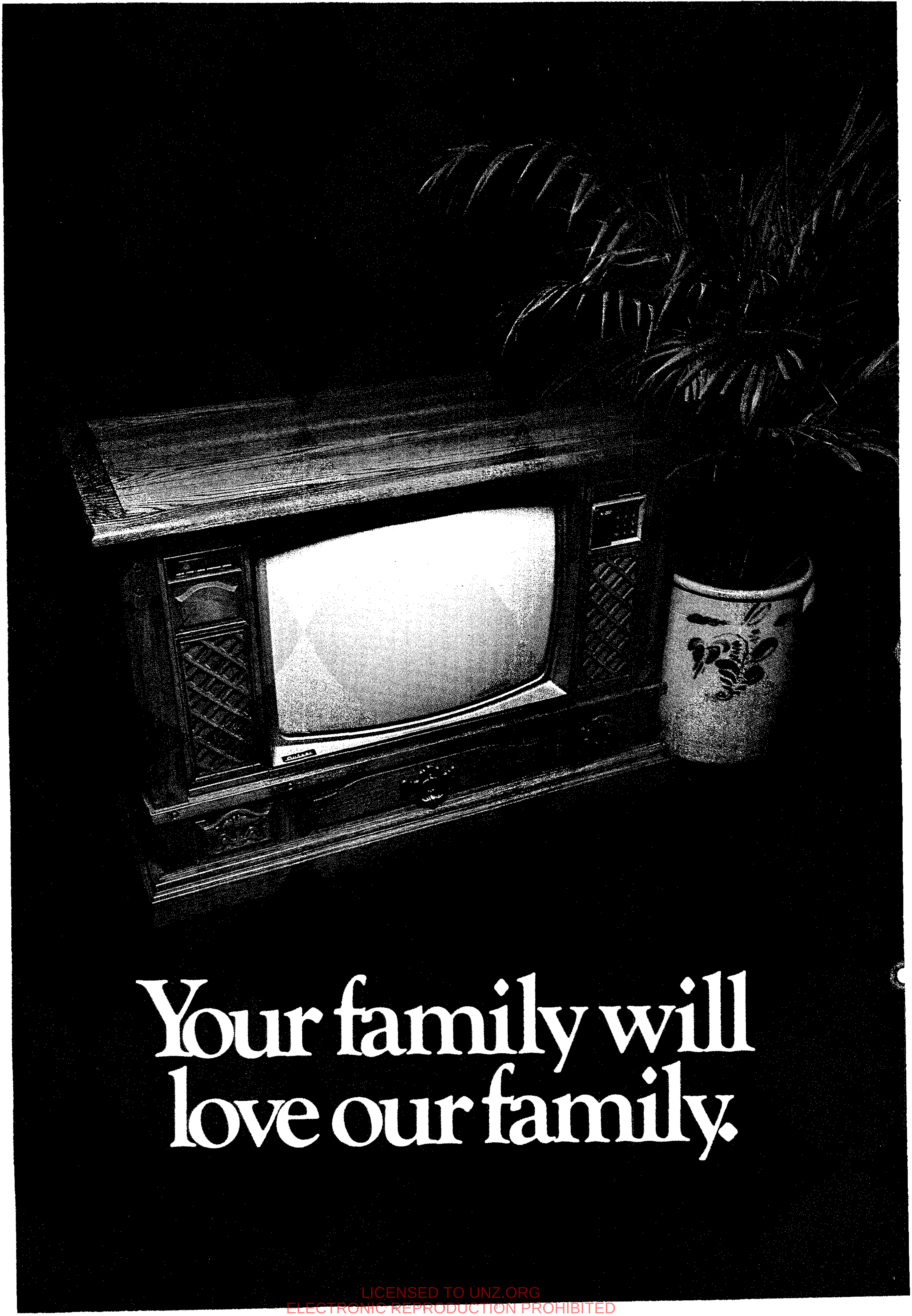
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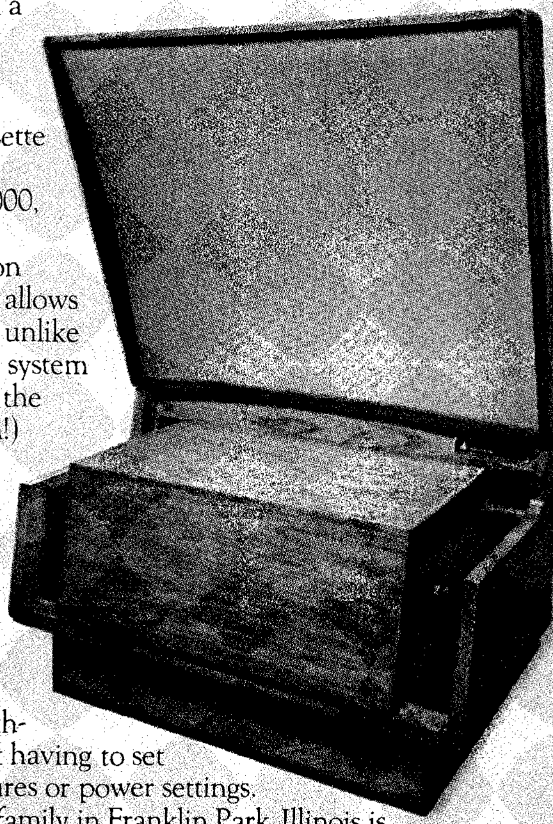

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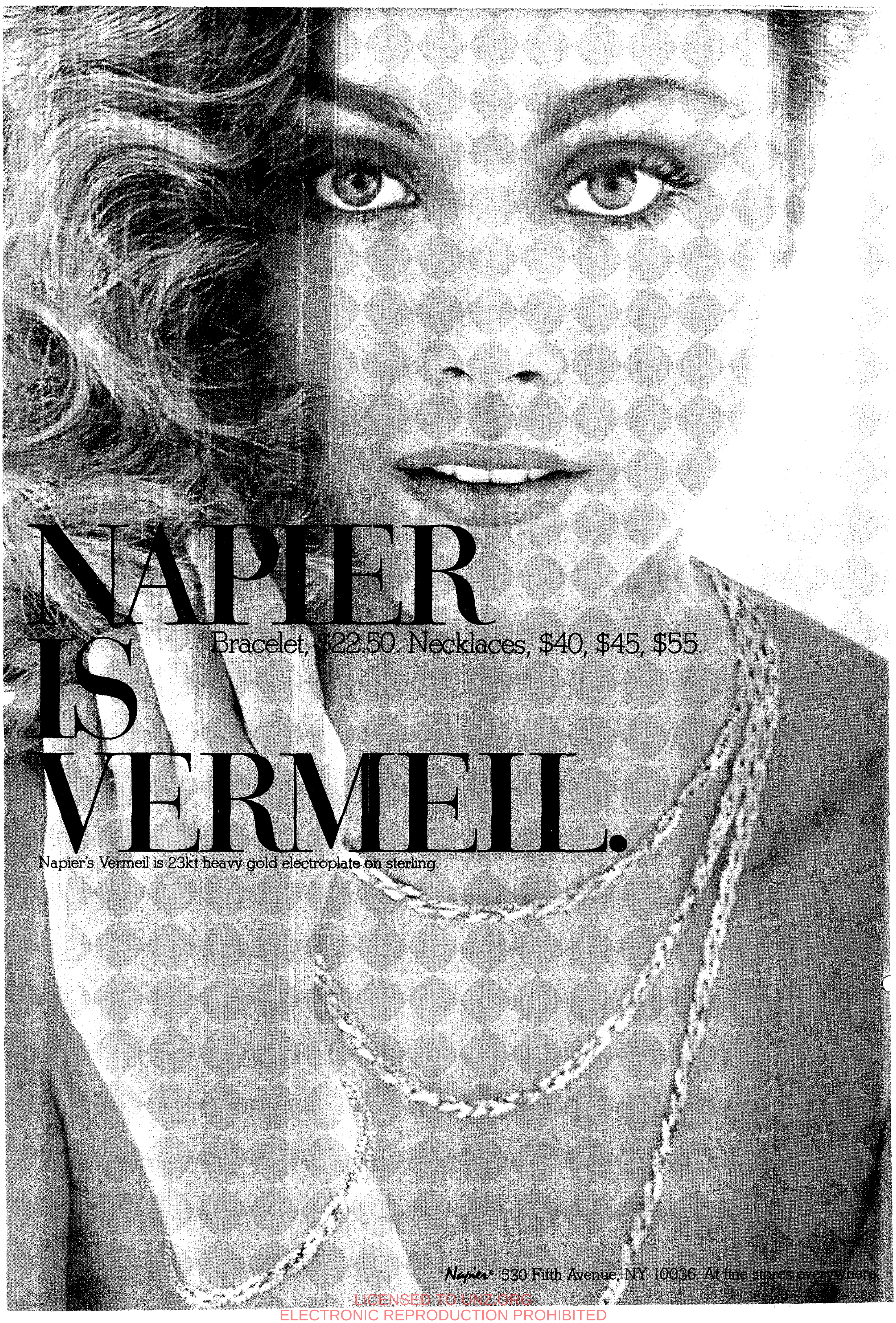

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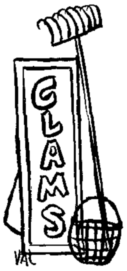
nessee hills, and anyway, the couple decided that they wanted to live in New Orleans. They went there in 1947, staying briefly in the Pontchartrain Hotel. Soon they found a furnished house to rent; by coincidence, the lessor turned out to be a philosopher, Julius Friend, who had written a number of books and articles, perhaps the best known of which—"What Science Really Means" and "The Unlimited Community"—were collaborations with James Feibleman. Friend's library was available to Percy, and he read the books avidly. He was not wealthy, but he had enough money from his inheritance to get by, and it seemed that he had no inclination to practice the medicine he had only recently learned. To live the life he did from the time of his marriage until 1954, when his first philosophical article appeared, must have required determination—perhaps a stubborn sense of purpose mixed with a certain indifference to the social conventions that put pressure on all of us. Here was a man called Dr. Percy who no longer had the slightest connection with a profession that requires lengthy training. Here was a man wrapped up in himself who came from a family that had always insisted upon the obligation of service to the community. Here was a man whose brothers and friends were working hard and who himself might have gone to work or considered returning to medicine, yet who instead chose to read—not as a hobby, not casually or in fits of preoccupation, but steadily, almost as if he had been told to work at educating himself in certain subjects and had found that effort to be a full-time job.

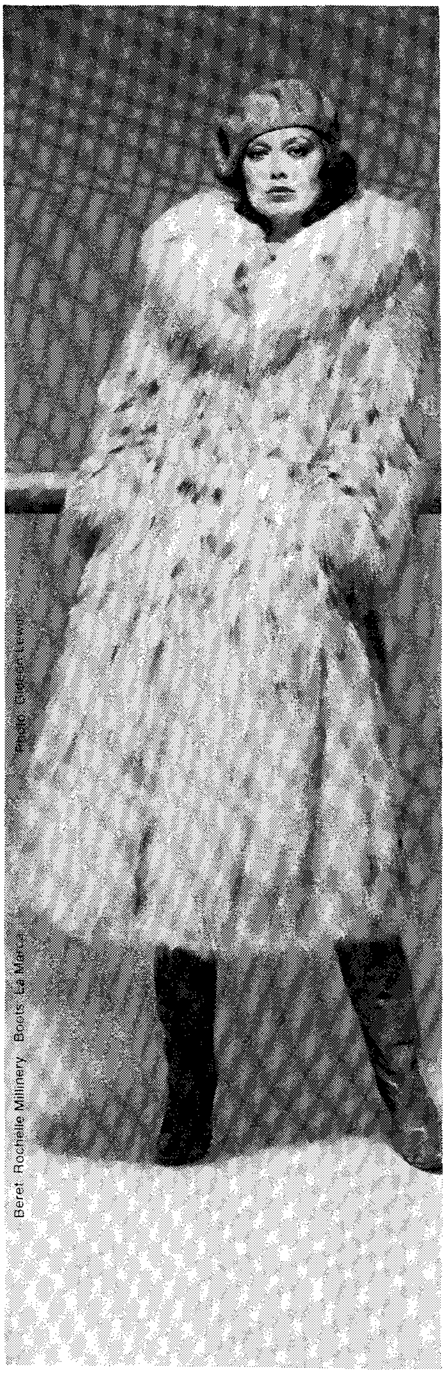


Percy's subject was philosophy, broadly speaking, with special attention to the nature of symbols; the question of language, its origins and structure; and a range of ethical and psychological concerns that in the late nineteen-forties came to be characterized, perhaps a little too glibly, as "existentialist." He admired Camus's "The Stranger" and Sartre's "Nausea," each of which he read several times. He knew that Camus had steeped himself in philosophy for years before writing that brief first novel of his, so disarmingly simple and straightforward, even as Sartre had before *he* turned to fiction. Both writers not only had wanted to write good novels—a hard enough task—but had also attempted to convey a number of philosophical ideas to their contemporaries, and to do so systematically. Most novels, obviously, reflect some of the ideas and values of those who write them, but for Sartre and Camus the novel was a means of elucidation, though at the same time it had to be a good, readable story.

Not in a Paris café but in a comfortable old house at the edge of New Orleans' Garden District, and through the writing of an American philosopher, Charles S. Peirce, Percy began to grapple with the same doubts and misgivings that had plagued Europe's postwar generation of intellectuals: What has the god Science wrought, and if after the near-apocalypse of the Second World War we can no longer worship that god—or, indeed, believe in anyone or anything—then what is the point of living? Kierkegaard continued to help him enormously, as did Gabriel Marcel, who, like Sartre and Camus, felt the need to fit ideas into stories, and into plays as well. Percy also read Jacques Maritain carefully. Susanne Langer's "Philosophy in a New Key" affected him deeply. And there were those old friends from Saranac Lake, to whom he kept going back—Tolstoy, Dostoevski, and Kafka. "I'm afraid I've never been much drawn to the English novel," Percy said. "I only recently read 'Middlemarch,' even though my friend Shelby Foote has been urging it on me for years. After the war, when I guess I made reading a full-time occupation, I kept asking myself what is *believable* these days, not just for me but for others—my family, my friends, the people I knew. Dostoevski understood how hungry we all are for faith and how hard it is to find—and to keep."

In 1948, the Percys, who by then had a daughter, Mary Pratt, moved to Covington, in the Louisiana bayou country. (Their second daughter, Ann Boyd, was born in 1954.) New Orleans, thirty-seven miles away, was a little too much for them—too charming, too attractive, too tempting. They wanted quiet rather than diversion, and maybe—to draw on Kierkegaard's way of putting things—they wanted a certain freedom from the "aesthetic stage" in order to pursue life "on the plane of the ethical": the responsibilities of parenthood, and the steady acquisition of knowledge, which must then be sifted and evaluated. In Covington, they sought seclusion, though by no means were they hermits. They went to church regularly, sometimes on weekdays as well as Sundays. They had their friends, and there were relatives, on both sides, not far away.

Today, Percy and his wife still live in Covington, in a house that they have occupied for seventeen years. Near-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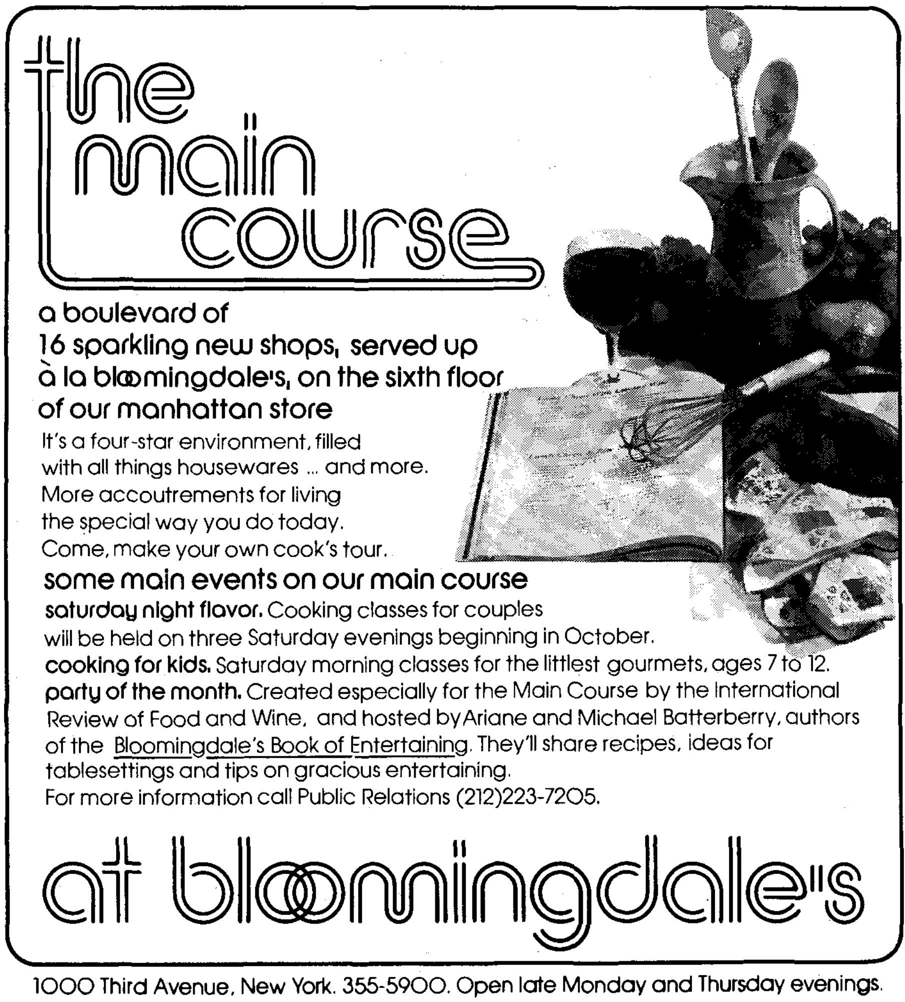

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by are their younger daughter, Ann, and her husband and son. (Another child is expected in December.) And their older daughter, Mary, also lives not far away, with her husband and two children.

Percy continues to keep a keen eye on those who are trying to make sense of what happens in the mind and in the surrounding world—hence his lasting interest in psychiatry as well as in sociology, and, not least, in philosophy. But he also continues to turn to less academic sources. He will be shopping in a supermarket or standing in the post office and suddenly a remark, a manner of putting things, catches his attention. Like other writers, he has a notebook for informal thoughts and things heard or overheard, as well as for more formally constructed ideas that occur to him in the course of sitting down to write.

He divides his working time between sitting on a sofa in his office, with a setup that enables him to write, and sitting at his desk, often to type up pages of scribbled words. (His handwriting is extremely hard to read.) Magazines, books, notes may be strewn on the sofa and floor, and piled up on the desk. He learned in his youth, while fighting tuberculosis, to use enforced passivity as an active instrument of intellectual comprehension: that is how all those Russian novels and French and German existentialist philosophers were absorbed by a Southern physician stranded at the Saranac Lake sanatorium while the world went mad with the war of wars.

And there were the movies. "In the *nineteen-forties* and the *nineteen-fifties*, much more than today, I'd keep on going to the movies," Percy told me. "Of course, now you can see movies on television. But it's different going out and sitting there in a theatre with others. It's more active: you've all left home to go *see*, to *find* something—an hour or two of rest from the world, or a little uplift, or some amusement amid all the craziness and seriousness of life, or a clue to something important. Don't ask me for my reason; don't ask me why I go to the movies. I just like them. Of course, they do get my mind going."

IN 1954, nearly a decade after Percy had recovered from tuberculosis and decided that he would never return to medicine, and nearly twenty years after he had written his most recent article (as an undergraduate), he sent off an essay called "Symbol as Need" to *Thought*, the Fordham University

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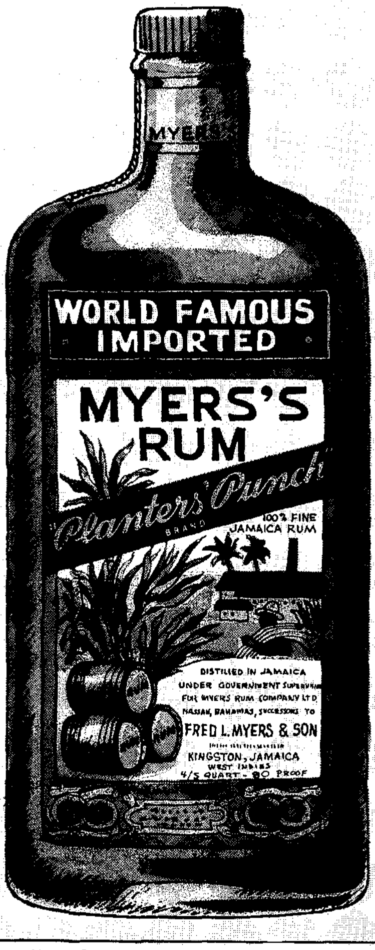

**Myers's Rum and Cola:** Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

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quarterly. In the autumn of that year, the essay was published, and Dr. Percy's family could begin to think of him as a writer. "Symbol as Need" is not long, but it is scholarly and sometimes dense. Much of the argument is a refutation of part of the theory outlined in Susanne Langer's "Feeling and Form," a book that clearly impressed the author. He refers to the book's "power" and the "contagious excitement" it generates, and describes Dr. Langer as "a first-class mind exercising a valuable new insight." Dr. Langer, who had for a while been taken with logical positivism, slowly reached the conclusion that human beings, on their own and especially with the help of artists, respond to "symbolic transformation;" that is, they learn about something that has its own integrity, is not necessarily reducible to something else. The work, or symbol, conveys the "felt life" of the artist, the writer, the man or the woman who not only lives in and observes the world but, prompted by what Maritain would call "creative intuition," is inspired to go a step further: to make another world, the form or structure of which is the symbol.

In his article, Percy quotes at considerable length from Dr. Langer, and also from Maritain, St. Thomas Aquinas's "Summa Theologica," and Ernst Cassirer, because he needs help in establishing the difference between man and animals—something he wants to do in order to bring some of today's scientists back to the elementary distinctions that, ironically, get blurred from time to time by those who possess a great deal of knowledge. He insists upon the difference between a sign and a symbol. The signs that behaviorists see everywhere herald something, Percy writes. "Thunder announces rain. The bell announces food to Pavlov's dog. When I say James to a dog, he *looks* for James; when I say James to you, you say, What about him?—you *think* about James. A symbol is the vehicle for the conception of an object and as such is a distinctively human product." Percy will not accept the definition of the symbol as a "variation of the sign function." Nor does he see any evidence that in more "primitive" forms of life the beginning of symbolization can be found. Like Dr. Langer, not to mention Maritain, he sees symbolization as possessing a "transformational character." It is not an elaboration of something else but a *beginning:* it is that point, really, where man begins to be his distinctive self.

For Percy, the inclination toward

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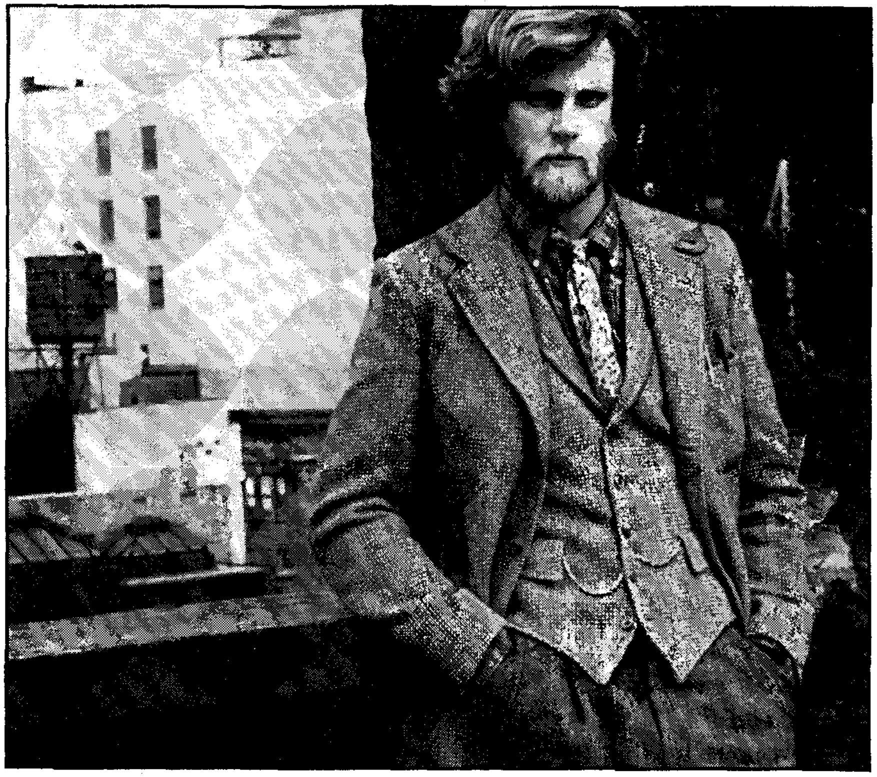

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symbolization is not only a uniquely human trait but one that is in no way explained by reference to either evolution or biology. With respect to the former, Dr. Langer would agree with him, but not, apparently, with respect to the latter. In "Philosophy in a New Key," she refers to a "basic need" we have to use symbols, saying, "This basic need . . . is certainly obvious only in man." Many would agree with her, and place that "need" somewhere in the highly developed cerebral cortex—man's pride, if not always his source of joy. For Percy, this way of thinking serves little purpose, though the reason we in the twentieth century feel so comfortable calling the resort to symbolization a biological "need" is eminently interesting to him. Anything explained in biological terms appeals to us—not only to "ordinary" human beings but to the most highly educated—as more "scientific," as nearer to what we think of as "the truth." Percy can perceive no "need" on our part to symbolize which compares with our "need" for food, and, he writes, to say that there is such a need is like "saying that bees store honey because there is in bees a need of storing honey."

Percy is quite willing to say goodbye, at least for a moment, to his considerable scientific education, because he believes that even in the twentieth century, which is so deeply immersed not only in scientific enterprise but also in scientific imagery, there is room for—indeed, warrant for—other ways of thinking, other symbols. In his view, "symbolic transformation" is not a "need" but, rather, "a means of *knowing*." He wants not to put labels on people but to understand what they are doing, what they are up to. He believes that symbols enable us to acquire not "facts" but, rather, knowledge "in the Thomist and existential sense of identification of the knower with the object known." Through words and the symbols they evoke, we come to terms with objects, things, the world; it can be said that we grab them from what St. Thomas and a modern existentialist philosopher would both call "the flux of Becoming"—a phrase Percy also uses.

In the past, Thomists have spoken of "the interior word," of "knowing something by becoming something"—all rather mysterious, rather difficult to visualize, or even comprehend, but in Percy's view something that we in fact do all the time when we struggle with ourselves and one another to appreciate what a certain something is, and then in a flash find a word or a

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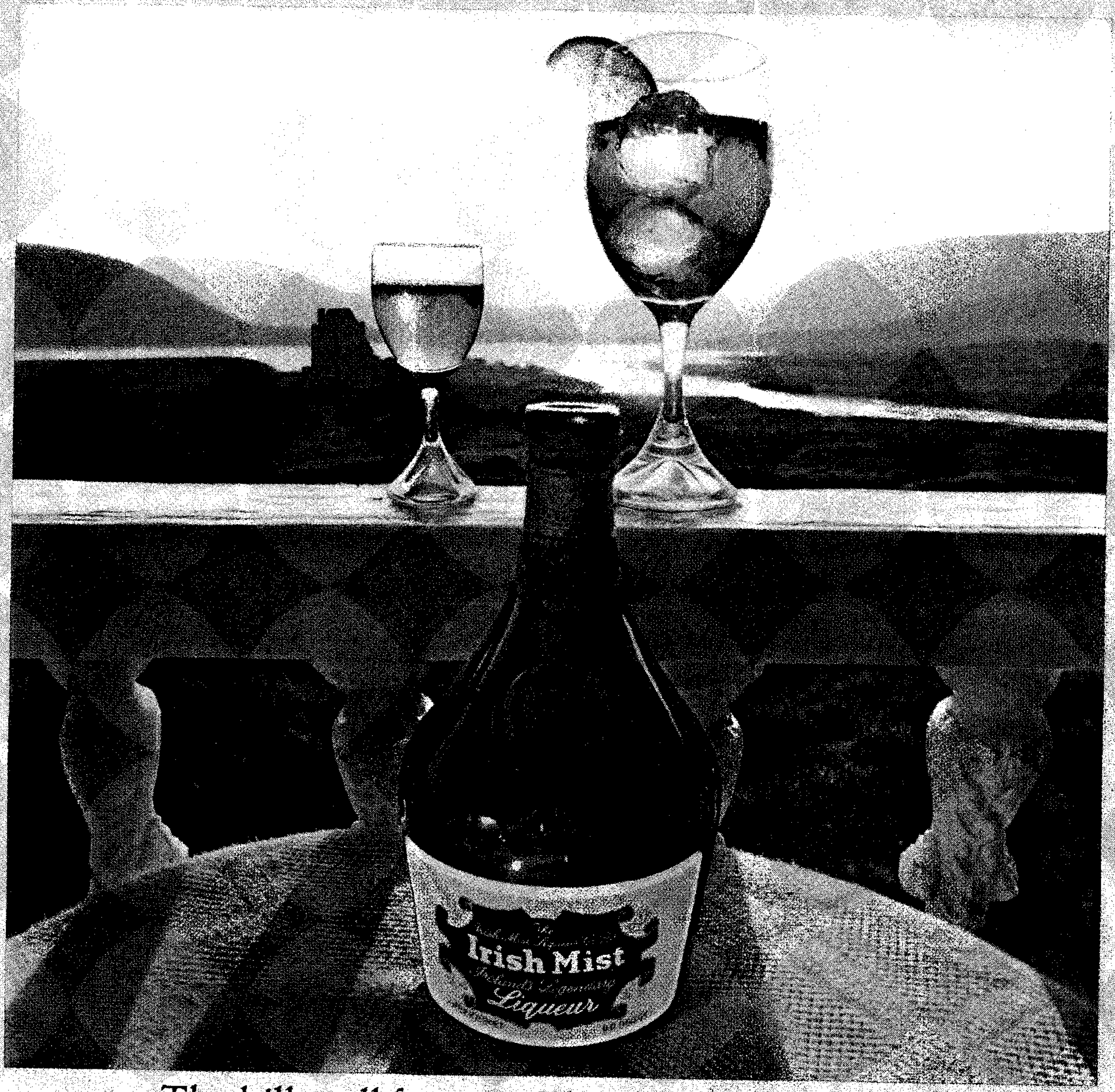

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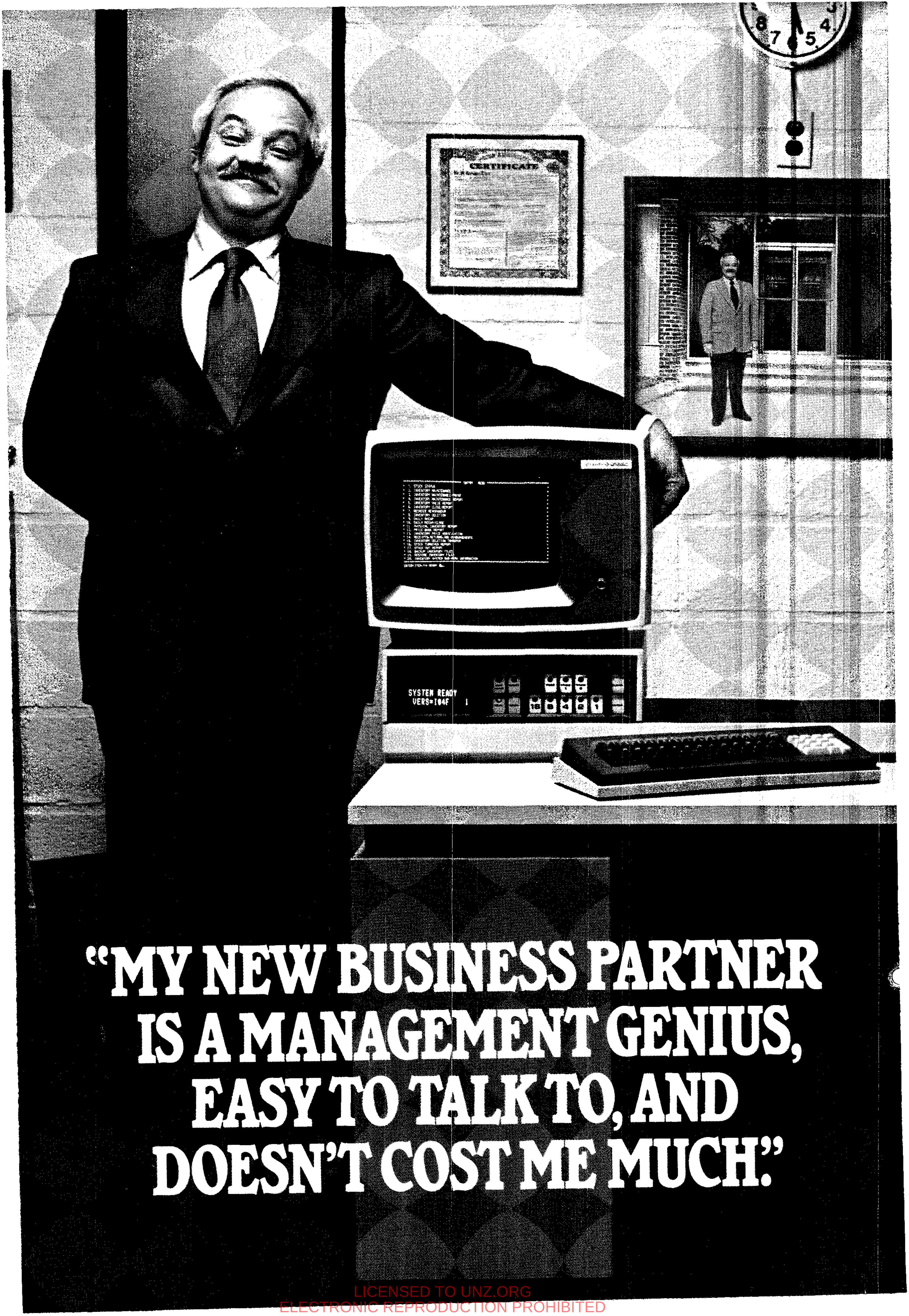
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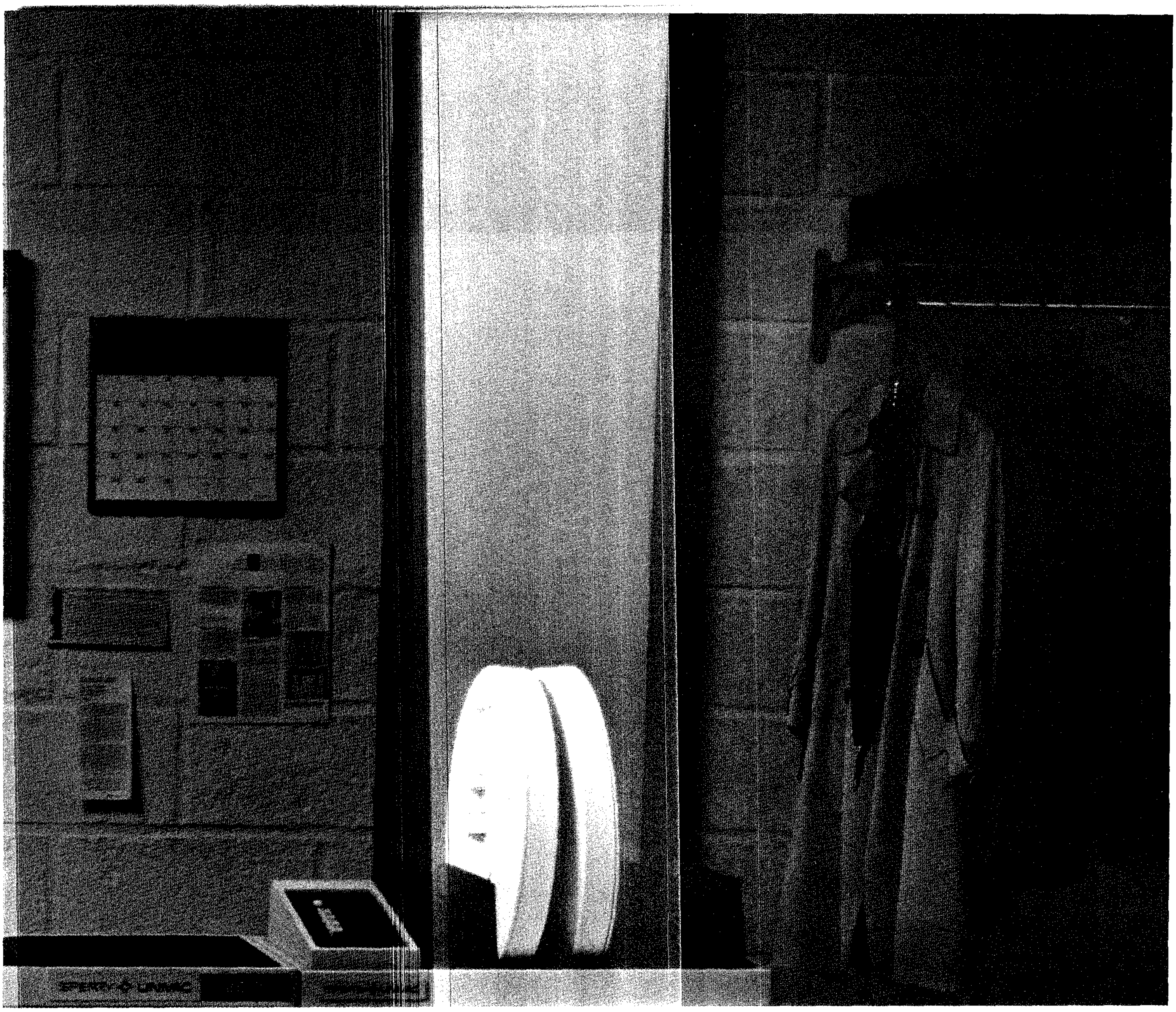

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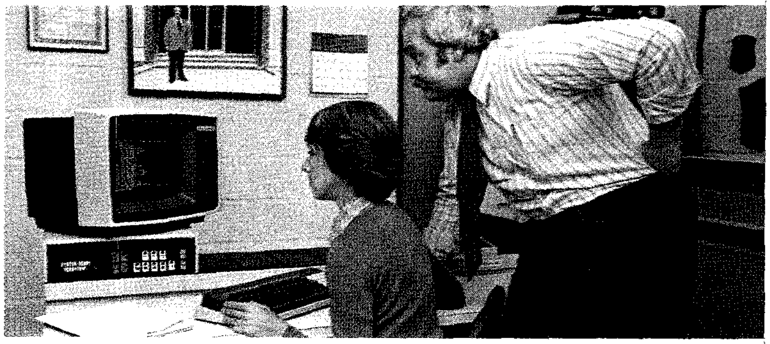

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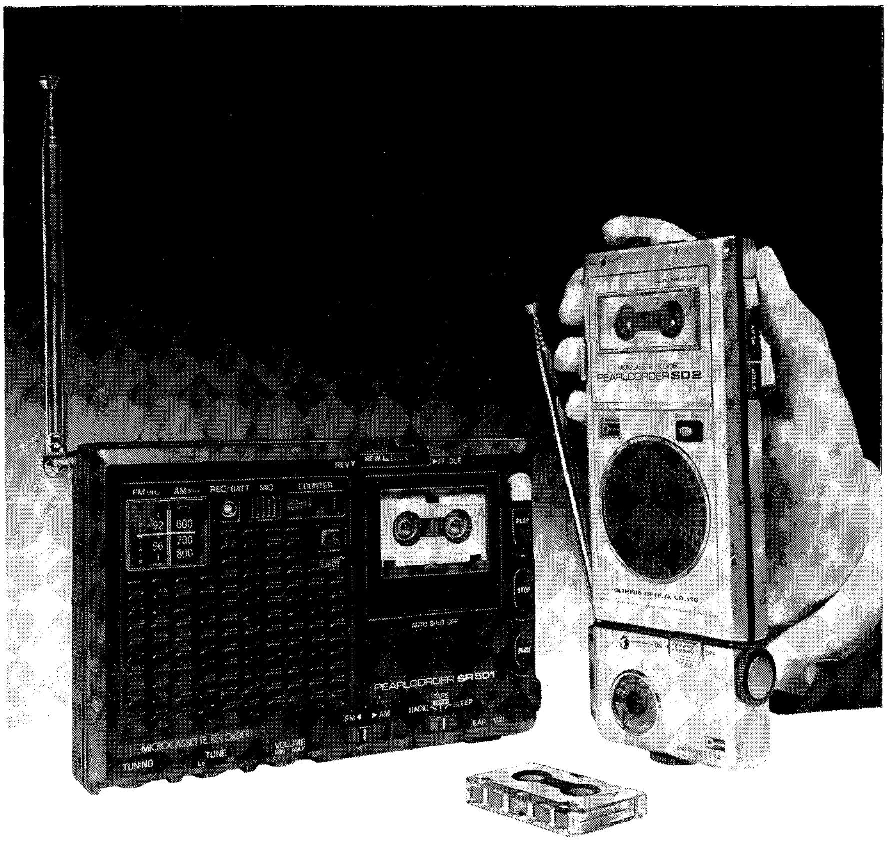
series of words that brings us nearer together: we have begun to share an understanding of that something. For instance, it is possible for one person to seize upon two words, "the Cross," speak them, and thereby evoke a whole world of meaning about Christianity in another person. Similarly, when one evokes the abstraction "courage" by referring to "a lion" (as in the expression "the courage of a lion"), he is, so to speak, getting a hold on the meaning of courage for himself or his reader or listener. (Whether in fact the lion actually possesses courage is another matter.)

The same is true of the simple act of designation. Percy is especially indebted to Gabriel Marcel for the approach he takes to words and their meaning. Marcel points out in "The Mystery of Being" that when we ask "What is that flower?" we want not a definition but a designation, such as "That flower is a lupine." Indeed, what Marcel calls "the interpretation by reduction" only frustrates us, unless we are philosophers sitting alone in our studies and asking the broadest of questions, such as "What is life?" No, we want to be given a name. Is that because we are infantile, because we still resort to pre-logical or superstitious thinking, and are thus prone to identify words with things? Or is it that, as Percy puts it, "our common existence is validated" when one person learns from another not only that a particular flower exists and has a name but that it exists for each of them, and that that state of existence can be jointly affirmed by two human beings through the use of words.

Marcel's way of expressing it is to say that one has moved from the metaphysics of *I think* (or name, or categorize, or come up with a formulation) to the metaphysics of *we are*. To go back to the title of Percy's essay, "Symbol as Need," symbolization is not something we do because of a biological "drive," a "need," but is an activity we have discovered in human society, a manner of looking at the world, then reaching out for company, so that where first there was one person, now there are two or more, and two or more who have, by virtue of their activity—the use of words in a certain way—moved a substantial distance closer together. The symbol carries people along.

PERCY continued his exploration of what a "symbol" means and what it can help us do for one another, and in



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June of 1956 he published an even more scholarly essay in an even more scholarly journal—“Symbol as Hermeneutic in Existentialism: A Possible Bridge from Empiricism,” in the quarterly *Philosophy & Phenomenological Research.* It is not a very long essay, and it is not easy to read. It is a statement to professional philosophers, mostly written in the technical language they use and find congenial. On the other hand, the essay offers no mere restatement of a previous essay, rendered in different words for a different audience; rather, it is a development of ideas pursued earlier—not only in the article “Symbol as Need” but also over the previous decade of the author’s life. All along, as Percy moved from a strictly scientific career (in the conventional definition) to a life dedicated to a diversity of speculative inquiries, he has tried hard not to give up what he once believed in exclusively—the value of the scientific method. Instead, he has added new ideas or values to old ones, and, when necessary, has tried to reconcile apparent incompatibilities. As a young doctor, he had quite naturally been an empiricist. Almost without thinking, he writes in this second essay, *one* subscribes to “the canons of induction-deduction.” They have to do with “data.” One makes hypotheses, comes up with inductions or deductions. One does tests in order to verify. One shows oneself able to predict. This is all very well when it is the physical world or the life cycle of plants and animals that is under scrutiny. Let man himself be the subject of “research,” and we have what are sometimes called the “human sciences”—and (in Percy’s words) “certain notorious difficulties.”

Percy examines these difficulties, and for a while anticipates himself as the novelist who can in a paragraph or two make his readers smile at the pretensions of various social scientists. There is what he calls the matter of “imperialism.” Some self-declared empiricists cling tenaciously to their words (often confused with actual “data”), and scoff at the words or concepts that others use: man is a “cultural unit;” he is “libido” exerting itself and being warded off, or channelled, or whatever; he is the sum of his “genetic traits” or the product of his “environment” as it exerts its power over him; he is a “social monad.” Clearly, the list is a long one. Nevertheless, for all the assurance, not to say arrogance, of such definitions, man remains elusive: “Sociological material resists fixed inductions.” Still, the best description offered

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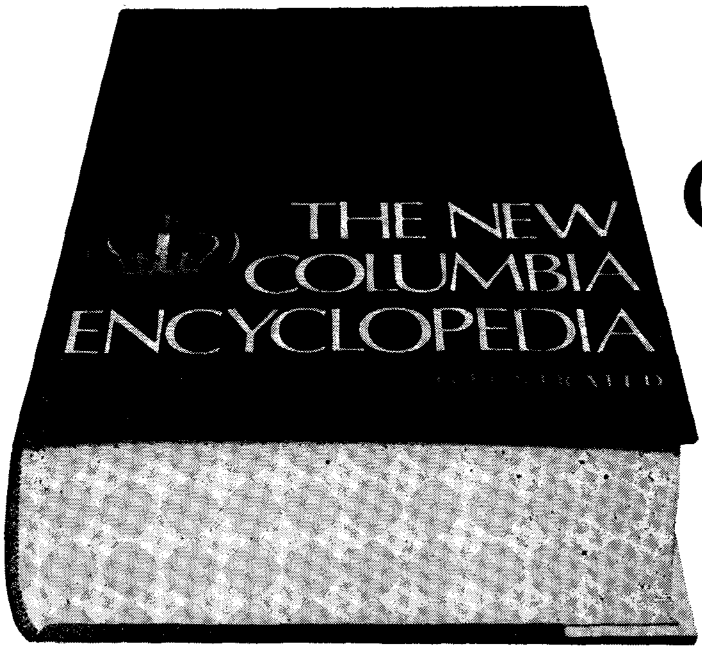

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by a really sensitive sociologist or psychologist results in what might be called a moment of "transcendence." For example, David Riesman's phrase "the *lonely crowd*" becomes wonderfully suggestive, and appreciative reviewers rightly call it poetic. Another David—Hume—would obviously have had trouble with that way of using words (at least by a man who is called a "scientist"). Percy would no doubt believe that Hume would be bothered by Riesman's expression, because Hume's empirical "method" and his philosophical tenets are quite inadequate when applied to man's life as it is lived by each and every one of us—something Riesman surely felt when he struggled to go beyond the particular observations he had made of Americans living in the nineteen-fifties, and did so by coming up not with something that is testable but with something that is nearer to the symbolic.

Of course, those who are determined to regard themselves as scientists at all costs can go through the motions of scientific elaboration, even when they learn nothing by doing so (and, indeed, may confuse a few issues). In this regard, Percy refers to smuggling—"the practice of smuggling in existential activities in a deterministic discipline." For example, psychoanalytic determinism, surely one of the most influential intellectual movements in this century, constantly explains contemporary behavior as derivative—the result of antecedent experiences. In our everyday lives, what we say or do is attributed to the outcome of a struggle within the mind: the id urges one thing; the superego has its say in the matter; and the ego is constantly working off impulses or mediating between internal demands and external realities, or, not least, coming up with ingenious "mechanisms of defense," which for a while cause things to simmer down. Such a state of tension (the basis for "the psychopathology of everyday life") is no surprise to the thousands who have regarded themselves as "neurotic" or "sick," and have taken themselves to a psychoanalyst. But for Percy it is indeed surprising, given the determinism of psychoanalytic theory, that a decision to seek help is ever made. How account for the *decision*, the *choice*, the act of *will*?

Needless to say, those who want to regard themselves as scientists and nothing else don't take to words like those three. How does one quantify them or fit them into an abstract, mechanistic scheme of forces and counterforces, drives and "defense

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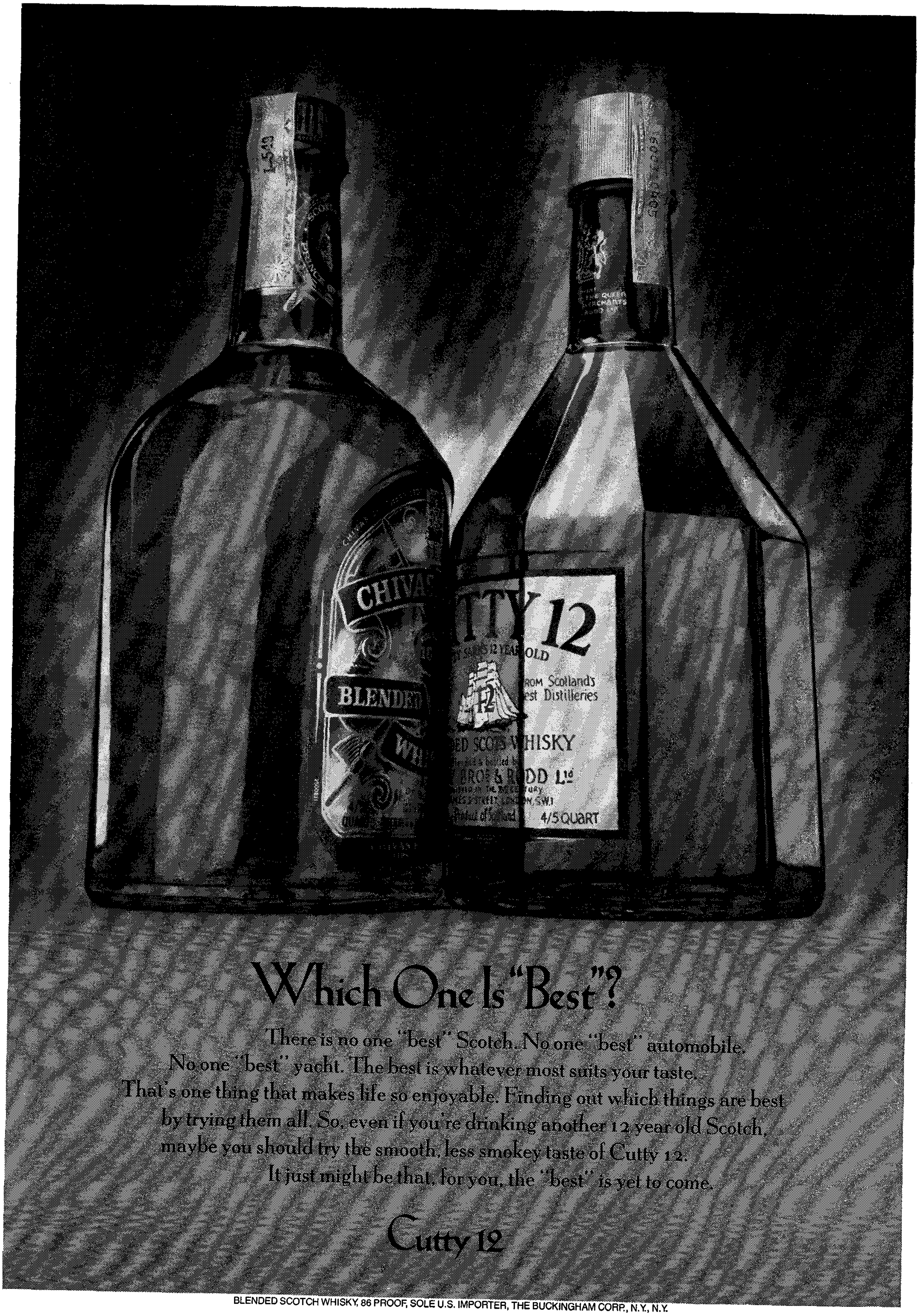
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mechanisms" designed to "push back" drives? Years after Percy's essay, certain psychoanalysts began to ask precisely the questions he did—notably, Avery D. Weisman, in "The Existential Core of Psychoanalysis"—but in the early nineteen-fifties, and to some extent even now, the "smuggling" has continued. The patient does get to the office, or does decide to do something unexpected but enormously significant, or does quite suddenly become "different"—and, rather than openly resort to words like "choice" or "will," or, even more suspect, "fate" or "destiny," psychiatrists often shrug and are grateful when all goes for the better (the patient's decisions, the patient's manner), and when it doesn't, speak of the "difficulties," often called the "unknowns," that still confront any science. To existentialists, the word is "mysteries," and they are irreducible; that is, they are not ultimately objects of classification and reduction—to atoms or molecules, to "libido quanta," to "mechanisms of defense," or to units or integers of any kind. Percy is quite comfortable with those mysteries; they lead, he knows, to other mysteries, and, however unacknowledged, persist in their obviousness and significance.

Especially important for Percy is what he and others drawn to what might be called, for lack of a better word, "existentialism" have termed "intersubjectivity." It is a word hard to pin down, as are many words favored by so-called existentialists. (Hence the annoyance of empirical-minded scientists.) What can be called the sphere of intersubjectivity is shared reflection: Marcel's *we are.* Put differently, intersubjectivity has to do with knowledge and meaning—insofar as both, in turn, have to do with individuals' directly or indirectly calling upon one another for assistance, and, not least, rejoicing together when the appeal is successful. Percy insists that the "intersubjective" aspect of social science is what many of its practitioners shun. They are determined at all costs to emulate the natural scientists, and the price eventually gets not just high but absurd: cultural traits are isolated and social forces quantified, and one reads the result as if the objects under analysis were rocks or trees, chemicals, or particles examined by means of an electron microscope.

As Percy goes about criticizing social scientists or acknowledging the vagueness of existential terminology, he generally speaks the language of the philosophers he is unquestionably addressing through an essay published in

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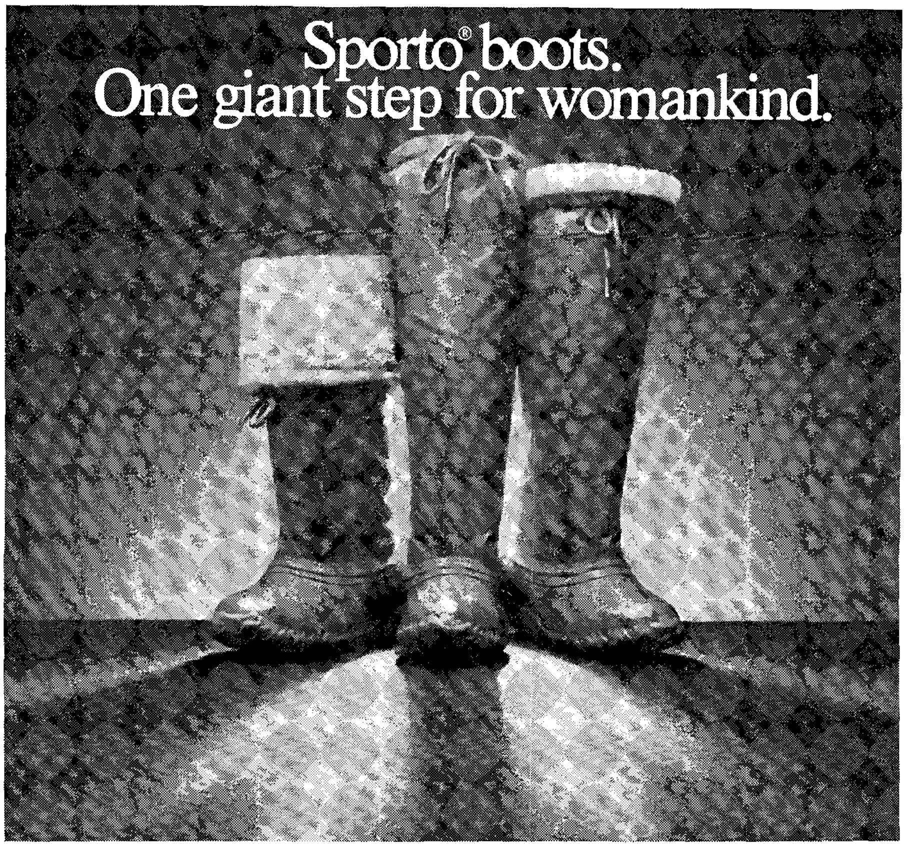

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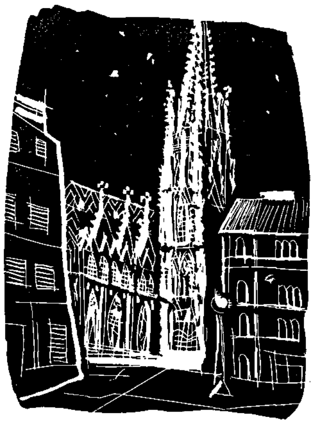
one of their journals: "As [James] Collins puts it, the task is to take account of Kierkegaard without surrendering to Kant. This is to be achieved, as far as the sciences of man are concerned, not by a precipitous search for a regional ontology, such as the ontologizing of the existentialia of the *Dasein*, but by an 'open' experiential empiricism which tacitly posits the world." Yet, ironically, the subject of language itself prompts Percy to write sometimes quite otherwise, regardless of his audience—to write in a nontechnical, lively, narrative vein. He is about to make the important point in his essay. He is about to indicate the possible "bridge" he has mentioned in the title. He is about to show that at a certain stage traditional, empirical methods simply won't work, and that the viewpoint of "existentialists," properly stated, becomes not only helpful but even subject to a kind of verification: experience as one takes notice of it in oneself and in others. He is about to show, as he did in his first essay, that a symbol is no elaborate reflex but a means by which people learn about something, calling upon other people in the process. He is about to show that a kind of "deliverance" takes place when symbols are used—but one that can be witnessed, almost recorded, and hence is not something "mystical" or elusive. Rather than explain himself at great theoretical length, he summons an example, perhaps out of his own experience as the father of a deaf child: "It is the very indispensability of the role which symbolization plays in cognition which prevents our seeing its unprecedented character. The most graphic warrant for its uniqueness and for the qualitative difference between the signal world and the symbol world is the unwitting testimony of blind deaf-mutes like Helen Keller and Laura Bridgman." In this regard, Helen Keller's experience is illuminating. At first, she could understand words only in a signal context—as instructions to do something. What her teacher, Miss Sullivan, could not make her understand was that the word water, for example, was not always a command to *do* something with water but also *meant*, denoted water. Then at last and in a sudden flash of insight, Helen understood that the gesture in her hand *meant* the water. It was an experience of tremendous excitement. Having learned that this "is" water, what she had to know immediately was *what everything else was!*

So it is that the mind is awakened. We begin looking around us, if not yet searching. And it *is* "we": "There is the 'I,' the consciousness which is confronted by the thing and which generates the symbol by which the conception is articulated. But there is also the 'you.' *Symbolization is of its very essence an intersubjectivity.*" In other words, we don't only come to terms with the world by adapting to signals of various kinds (the province of behavioral psychologists' study); we also gain what Percy calls "possession" of the world by using symbols, and that second kind of knowledge is existential, because what is comprehended has become part of us, *is* in us—does not require signals, however indirect or unobvious, but has been "made" by us, exactly as a poet comes up with his symbols, uses his words suggestively, to convey meaning. Percy believes that such mental activity cannot be further reduced; it is what uniquely characterizes human beings, and it is what he calls a "hermeneutic": a way of looking at and interpreting something—in this case the existential "facts" of our daily lives.



Drawing upon Kierkegaard and Marcel, Percy criticizes empiricists, idealists, and even some existentialists for the way they look at "consciousness." The point is not that "I am conscious of this chair" or that "there is consciousness of this chair" but that "this *is* a chair for you and me." For him, such a "joint act of designation and affirmation by symbol *is itself* the constituent act of consciousness." On the other hand, clearly there are dangers to that kind of "act." One part of it may come to outweigh the other: the object (the chair, for example) may be "designated" but not really "affirmed;" it may become "a picture-book entity." We can name things to pigeonhole them, rather than to acknowledge them to ourselves and to others. However, there is a great exception to all this: "The one thing in the world which by its very nature is not susceptible of a stable symbolic transformation is *myself!* I, who symbolize the world in order to know it,

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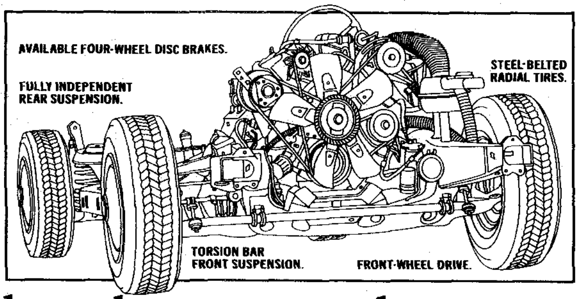
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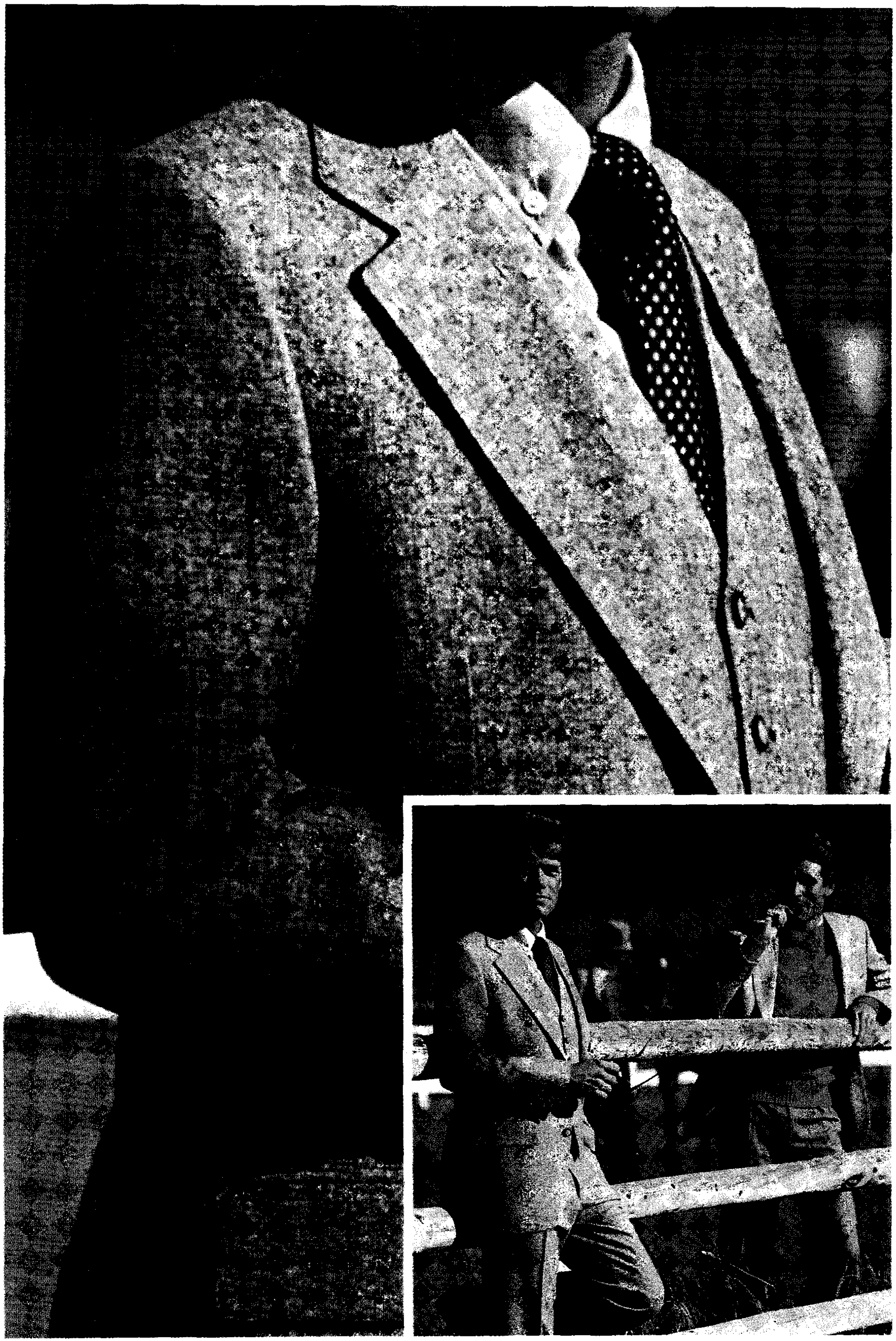

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am destined to remain forever unknown to myself."

Percy was writing as one who had steeped himself in the existentialist literature. He knew that for Sartre, when the self tries to treat itself as an object, something to be grasped, the result is a sense of "nothingness." For Marcel, there is "the aching wound of self." Or there are sad and desperate "impersonations"—a fall into "unauthenticity." Percy summarizes the existentialist's predicament: "This is a chair for you and me, that is a tree, everything is something, you are what you are, but *what am I*?" If the answer is elusive, is never really to be obtained this side of Heaven, the effort to find the answer goes on and on. Not only philosophers make such an attempt; we all do. And Percy, as he indicates how, writes vividly. He speaks of "zones"—a way, really, of getting specific about what has been called in the essay "the situation-in-which-we-find-ourselves." (Like many existentialists, he often feels driven to link up a number of words by hyphens into one long noun.) There is, for example, the "zone of the nought," in which new things are grabbed and devoured; goods are endlessly consumed. We crave a piece of furniture and a painting not because we really need them—not even because we are interested in them or curious about how they will "work" in our house—but in order to *have*, and, ultimately, in order to prove that we *are*: If I can lay my hands on that painting, then things will change—in Percy's words, "My life will be different, for my nothingness will be informed by the having of it." I feel empty deep down; I remember only too well the saying "Ashes to ashes;" but for a second or two I can stand up, make my bid, be known as the buyer of that object, be known, *be*. But, alas, once possessed, once in "the zone of my nought," the object loses its allure, its promise, and becomes of no consequence whatever; it "only participates in my nothingness." So it is that a week later I ignore what once I lusted after, couldn't take my eyes off. Likewise with "impersonations": we try to be this kind of person, that kind of person; we imitate So-and-So, pursue one "ideal" after another, and mold our behavior or appearance accordingly. Once we succeed, there is, again, restlessness, unease, dissatisfaction, boredom, the "anxiety" that Kierkegaard spoke of long ago and knew enough not to try to treat. He would not, of course, deny that other kinds of anxiety exist and can indeed be

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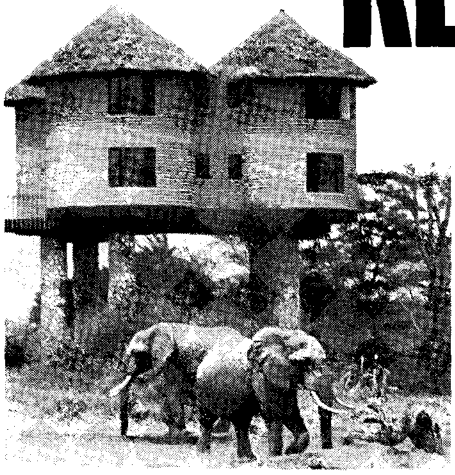

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fathomed empirically, and so, by exposure, robbed of the power that inscrutability provides.

There is also "the zone of the other," and it is interesting to contrast Sartre's way of looking at "the Thou" (as in Martin Buber's "I and Thou") with Percy's. Sartre—especially through his plays and novels—exerted a strong influence on Percy. But Sartre's existentialism is emphatically not Percy's. Sartre emphasizes the critical, sardonic, aggressive side of the "other," and he emphasizes the power that that other person possesses: he or she is not bound by my self-infatuation, the illusions I summon for myself, the tricks I pull on myself. Others regard us with honesty, and show us—through the glare in their eyes, Sartre's much-discussed "stare"—what we have been up to. For Percy, also, the "other" is the knower, but not always in the sense of one who criticizes, exposes, reveals dozens of blind spots, weak spots, and just *plain* spots—stains of disgrace that a given self has accumulated over the years. He sees the "other" as one who shares and affirms as well as notes various failures. He refers to "the communion of selves"—a term that Marcel might find agreeable. And in a devastating section Percy takes strong issue with Sartre's "nothingness as the prime reality"—an ironic feat, because, in a sense, Percy becomes Sartre's kind of Thou, or "other," to Sartre, in the interest of showing that Sartre's kind of Thou is not the only kind, the only judge of the nature of human experience.

Sartre's fictional characters again and again discover how empty they are, how "zero at the bone" (a phrase of Emily Dickinson's) life is for them. In "The Reprieve," Matthieu is walking on the Pont Neuf and suddenly has a moment of revelation: "Within me there is nothing, not even a wisp of smoke; there is no within. There is nothing. I am free." But Percy notes the man's pleasure, his self-delight, his virtual elation. At last, he does indeed have some sense of what kind of person he is: "He is something after all—Nothing!" Thereby Sartre (as Percy sees it) commits the same error he so severely condemns when it is made by others: this "nothing" that Matthieu finds in himself and proclaims is yet another of those many "impersonations" that Sartre has portrayed. Nevertheless, Sartre is, at least, struggling to find and then use words to describe what Percy calls "the uniqueness of human being." Empiricists, he charges, are, on the contrary, all too commonly engaged in an "obsessive

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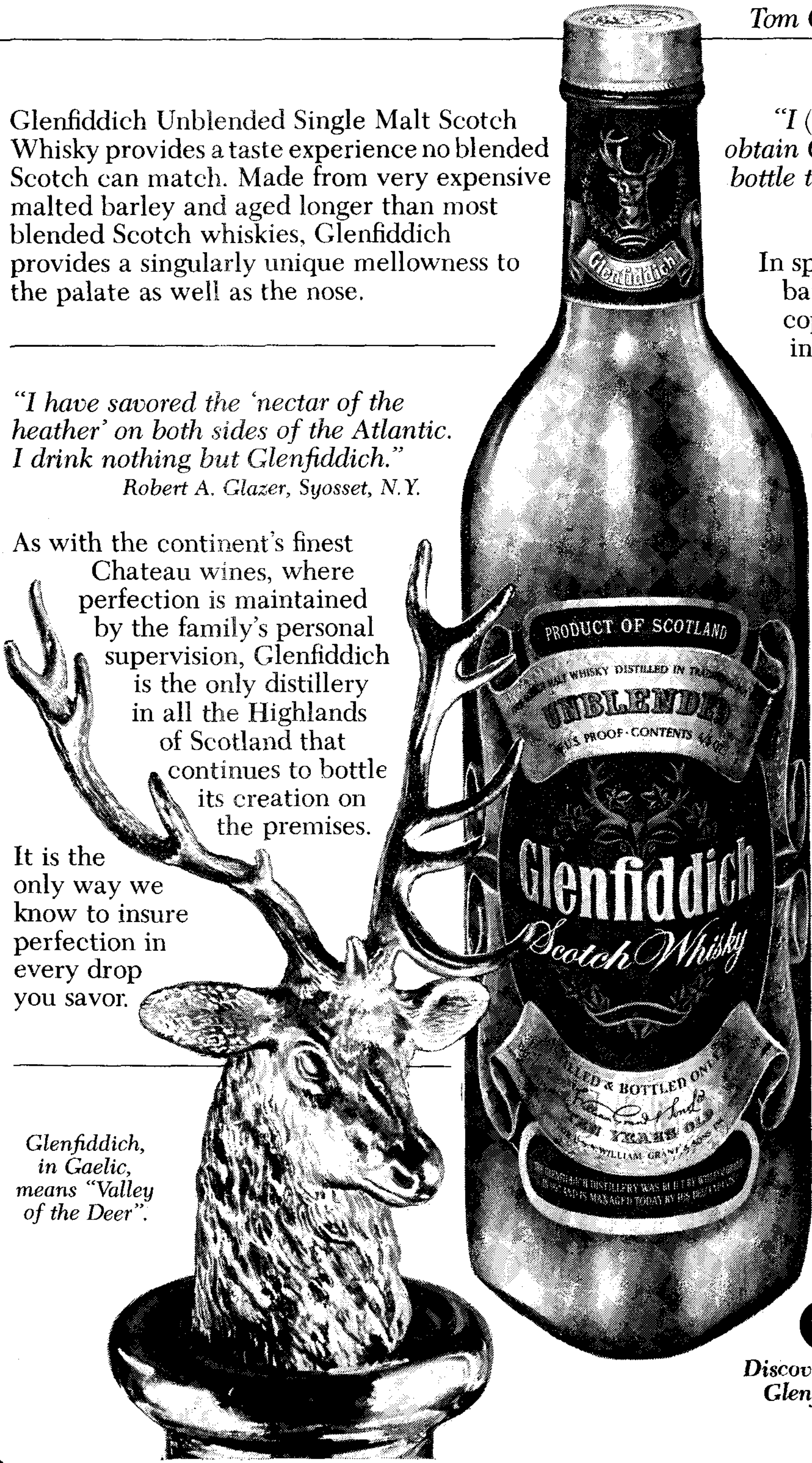

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Glenfiddich Highland Unblended, Single Malt Scotch Whiskey, 86 Proof, Bottled in Scotland. © William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10020, U.S.A., Sole Importers quest for reducibility and quantification." They have every right, he acknowledges, to eschew "final ontological constructions," but they contradict the direct observations that any parent can make of a young child, that any human being can make as he or she looks at any other human being, when they turn an individual into a "quantifiable integer," or the sum of a series of reflexes, and fail to take note of the "transcending reality," which can also be studied empirically—for instance, how and when and to what effect people use symbols, and, in so doing, what they tell one another, and reveal to a potential observer, about the nature of those most extraordinary creatures on this earth, themselves.

WITH that second essay, Percy had begun a philosophical career; other more or less technical essays would later be aimed at philosophers in various journals. But his next essay, published a few months later in the fall of 1956, appeared in *Partisan Review* under the title "The Man on the Train: Three Existential Modes," and it was clearly written as an article for the educated general public. (This essay and fourteen others were published as a book in 1975, with the title "The Message in the Bottle.") "The Man on the Train" was a crucial step in Percy's career: his writing comes across as both thoughtful and entertaining. "It is related," Percy observes in the first paragraph, "that when Kafka read his work aloud to his friends, they would all roar with laughter until tears came to their eyes," and perhaps some of his own readers, quoting parts of this article aloud, have experienced a similar reaction. Many of the images summoned up and the themes discussed in the fairly long and wide-ranging statement foreshadow his later interests as a novelist, though at the time he wrote the article, he has emphasized, he was not plotting out "The Moviegoer," "The Last Gentleman," "Love in the Ruins," or "Lancelot." Yet in the first of those novels there is a critical scene on a train; the second novel can be regarded as a major effort to deal fictionally with the "three modes" discussed in the article; and, as for the third, the article refers at one point to "love among the ruins," and the ruins themselves were almost certainly first described in the last line: "When the vines sprout in Madison Avenue and Radio City lies greening like an Incan temple in the jungle. . . ."

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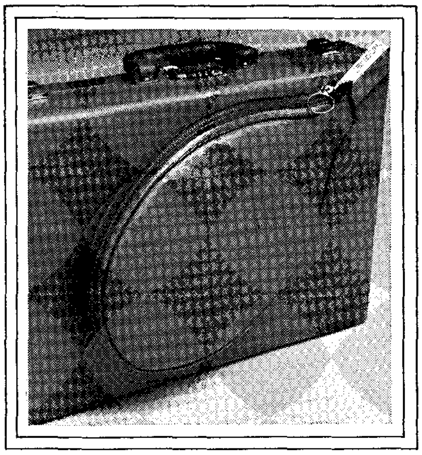

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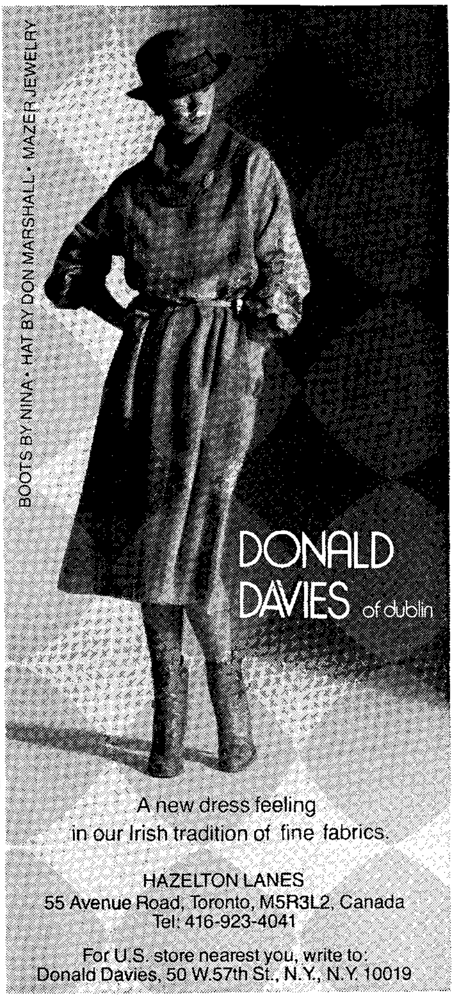
the nineteen-fifties; the existentialist term had been imported from Europe and was soon being tried on by just about everyone—the most fashionable thing around. Percy had been drawn to European existentialist writers for years, but he was clearly amused by the way the word "alienation" had become absorbed into America's culture. He wrote the article for *Partisan Review* in order to redeem, as best he could, an interesting and valuable notion from its ironic fate: alienation as the norm. Taking on countless critics in his first sentence, he insists that "there is no such thing, strictly speaking, as a literature of alienation." When a commuter is riding a train, Percy points out, and is reading a book about a commuter who is alienated and is riding a train, then the reader is by no means "the alienated commuter." The word, the symbol, a whole so-called literature have, it is true, conspired to make a difference in people's awareness—not that the awareness created by the reading of a book or two is necessarily redemptive. A person can be all too miserably aware of life's confinements of a certain kind without being alienated. Here is Percy's definition, along with a glimmer of his serious but never self-important manner of approaching issues: "I hasten to define what I mean by alienation, which has become almost as loose an epithet as existentialism (if you do not agree with me, it is probably because you are alienated). I mean that whereas one commuter may sit on the train and feel himself quite at home, seeing the passing scene as a series of meaningful projects full of signs which he reads without difficulty, another commuter, although he has no empirical reason for being so, although he has satisfied the same empirical needs as commuter A, is alienated. To say the least, he is bored; to say the most, he is in pure anxiety; he is horrified at his surroundings—he might as well be passing through a lunar landscape and the signs he sees are absurd or at least ambiguous."

The alienated man as Percy defines him is not the stylish reader who pats himself on the back and says, "I am alienated—one more distinction that makes me no member of the mob." Percy's alienated man is the one who has made every possible effort to become his own person and go along with the "enlightenment" of his age. Why is he alienated, then? Percy has no all-inclusive answer, but he indicates that the most likely candidate for alienation is the person who has for a long time gone along with the prevailing mood and



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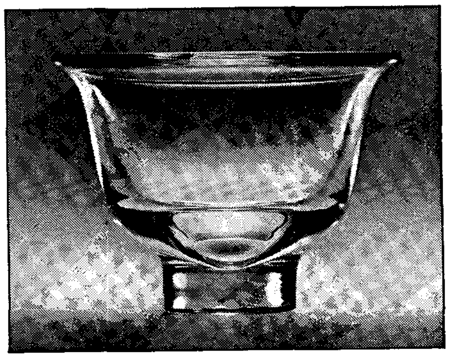

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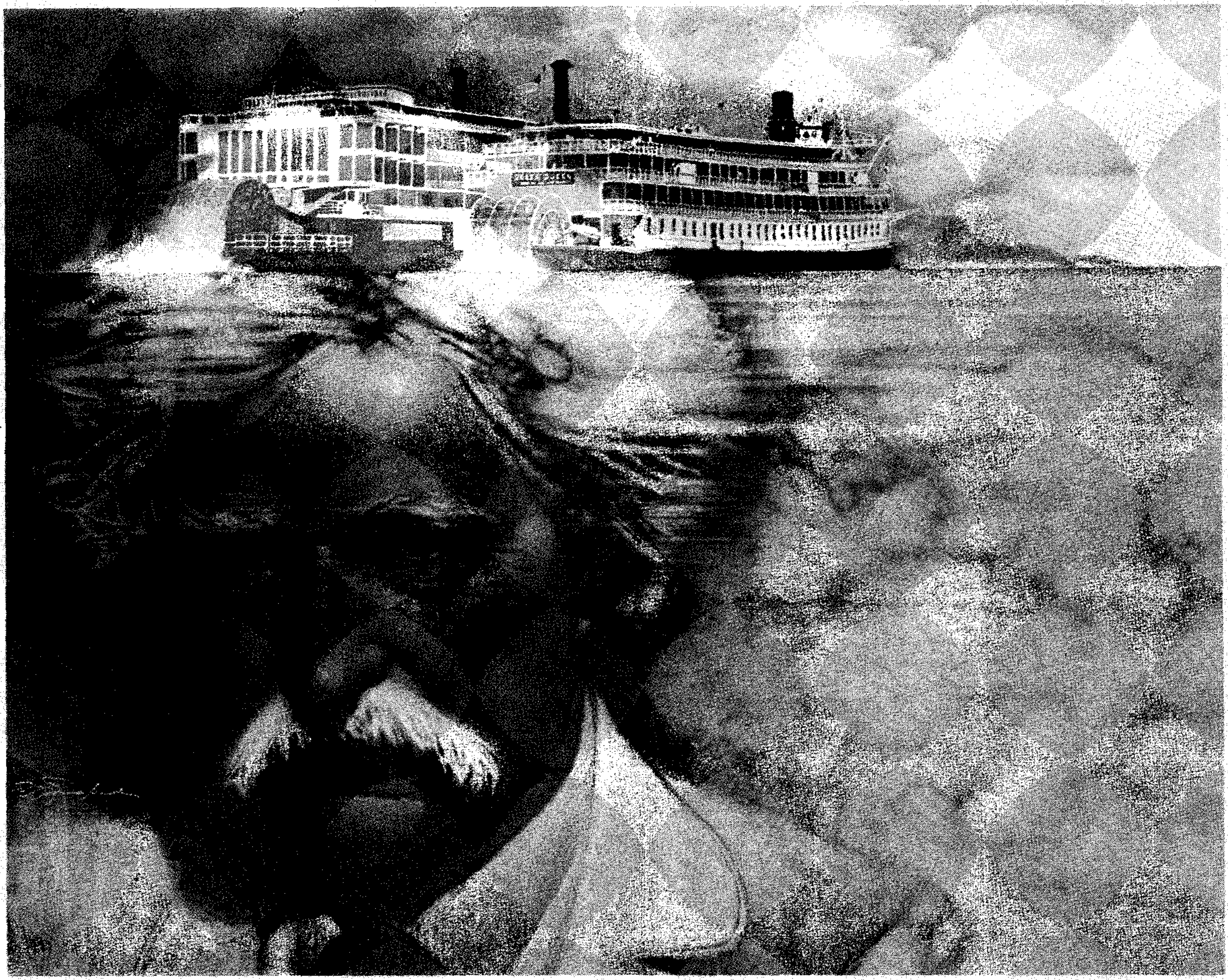
sensibility of twentieth-century civilization. He uses the term "objective-empirical" as an adjective to describe that civilization's dominant ideology: scientific, rational thinking, along with, of course, its various "applications," which result in concepts like "the mature personality" and "milieu therapy" and "sociocultural norms." For reasons that psychiatrists would call emotional but a man like Percy would consider philosophical or religious, a person wedded to that ideology can go through a shift of attitude—a reversal, really. What has caused anxiety now becomes a refuge from it. That is, assumptions are turned around, so that the alienated person almost welcomes disasters, unsettling surprises, even the possibility of an apocalyptic moment. Life as it is lived from day to day seems futile, purposeless, a tiring bore. No longer does it seem worthwhile to dig in, to call upon the familiar explanations. Habits that were once cheerfully followed now seem pointless. Beliefs that were once held almost automatically now seem laughable or wrongheaded. And worst of all, it seems to the alienated person, are those efforts on the part of the unalienated to "interpret" alienation—to refer to it as the outcome of one or another "process." Percy here distinguishes between the writer who presents or portrays alienation and the social scientists who, of all ironies, try to banish it as a "disease" with the very instrument that the victim is convinced has helped make things so painful in the first place: "It is just when the alienated commuter reads books on mental hygiene which abstract immanent goals from existence that he comes closest to despair."

Once again, Percy denies a wish to attack "the objective-empirical method": science, with all its "truth and beauty and fruitfulness." He is quick to point out that the European existentialists do this all too often—"while at the same time living very well" as a result of all that physicists and chemists, among others, have made possible. For Percy, the point is simply this: Alienation is a "mode," a way of coming to terms with the world; it takes place when a commonly accepted world view, such as the "objective-empirical" one, no longer feels persuasive. Then the individual turns away from principles that have been previously held true, if not sacred—indeed, discovers in them not a source of affirmation but of discontent.

The self that Percy is interested in exploring can find another way of registering its unease, though perhaps not its outright despair; namely, "rotation." Drawing on Kierkegaard especially, the author tries to indicate what rotation is like. Kierkegaard writes in "Either/Or" of "the rotation method" of avoiding what from childhood on we sense as "the ruinous character of boredom." He himself was a tireless observer of his fellow-Danes, of all Europeans; the spectacle of their plight never bored him. He observed people going through one rotation after another—"change in its boundless infinity." Illusion is the essence of rotation, which he describes rather vividly: "One tires of living in the country, and moves to the city; one tires of one's native land, and travels abroad; one is *europamüde* [a literary expression in the eighteen-forties meaning tired of Europe] and goes to America, and so on; finally one indulges in a sentimental hope of endless journeyings from star to star. Or the movement is different but still extensive. One tires of porcelain dishes and eats on silver; one tires of silver and turns to gold."

More "intensively," as Kierkegaard puts it, rotation is the method of the "prisoner in solitary confinement for life" who finds that "a spider may furnish him with much entertainment." Whoever one is, the challenge is clear: Be ingenious, lest the rotations go on and on to no real effect. Kierkegaard speaks of the importance of "arbitrariness"—a capacity for sudden shifts, a willingness to be shrewdly, imaginatively unconventional. "You go to see the middle of a play, you read the third part of a book," he writes. "By this means you insure yourself a very different kind of enjoyment from that which the author has been so kind as to plan for you." The world is full of the accidental; one is more alive to the world when one seeks and welcomes abrupt surprises. By being "arbitrary," one encourages the unexpected to happen, and is thereby in closer touch with things than if one remained inertly under the spell of "everydayness."

That word comes up repeatedly in Percy's article, and Kierkegaard well knew how to describe the phenomenon of everydayness. So did Heidegger: his *Alltäglichkeit*—an absorption in life's duties or routines which saps one's ability to look around, take notice of life's texture, gain a measure of philosophical



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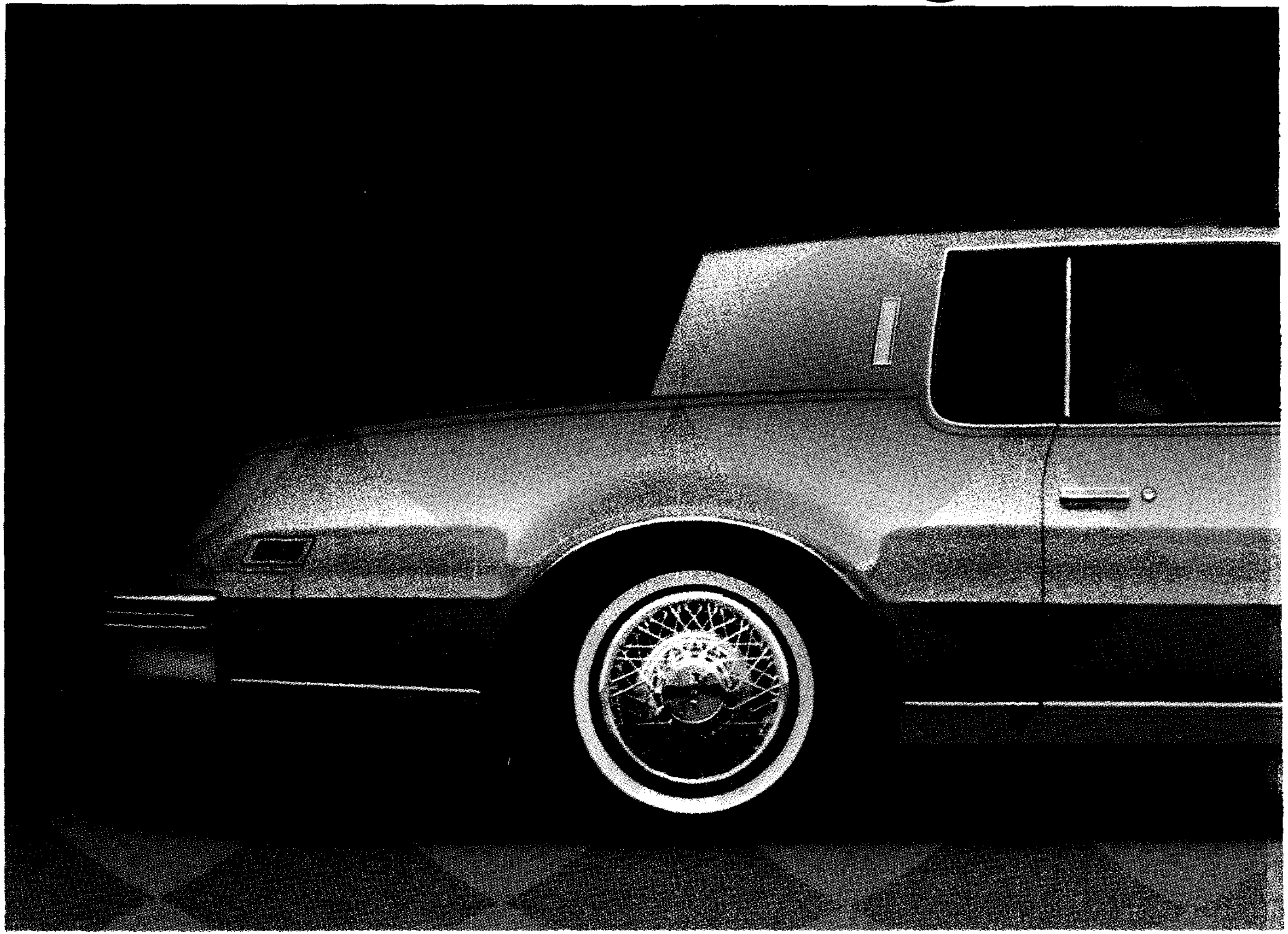

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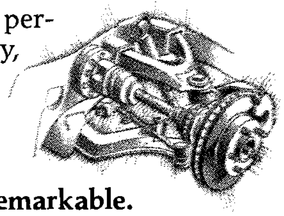

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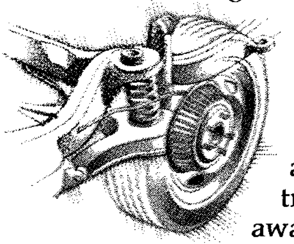

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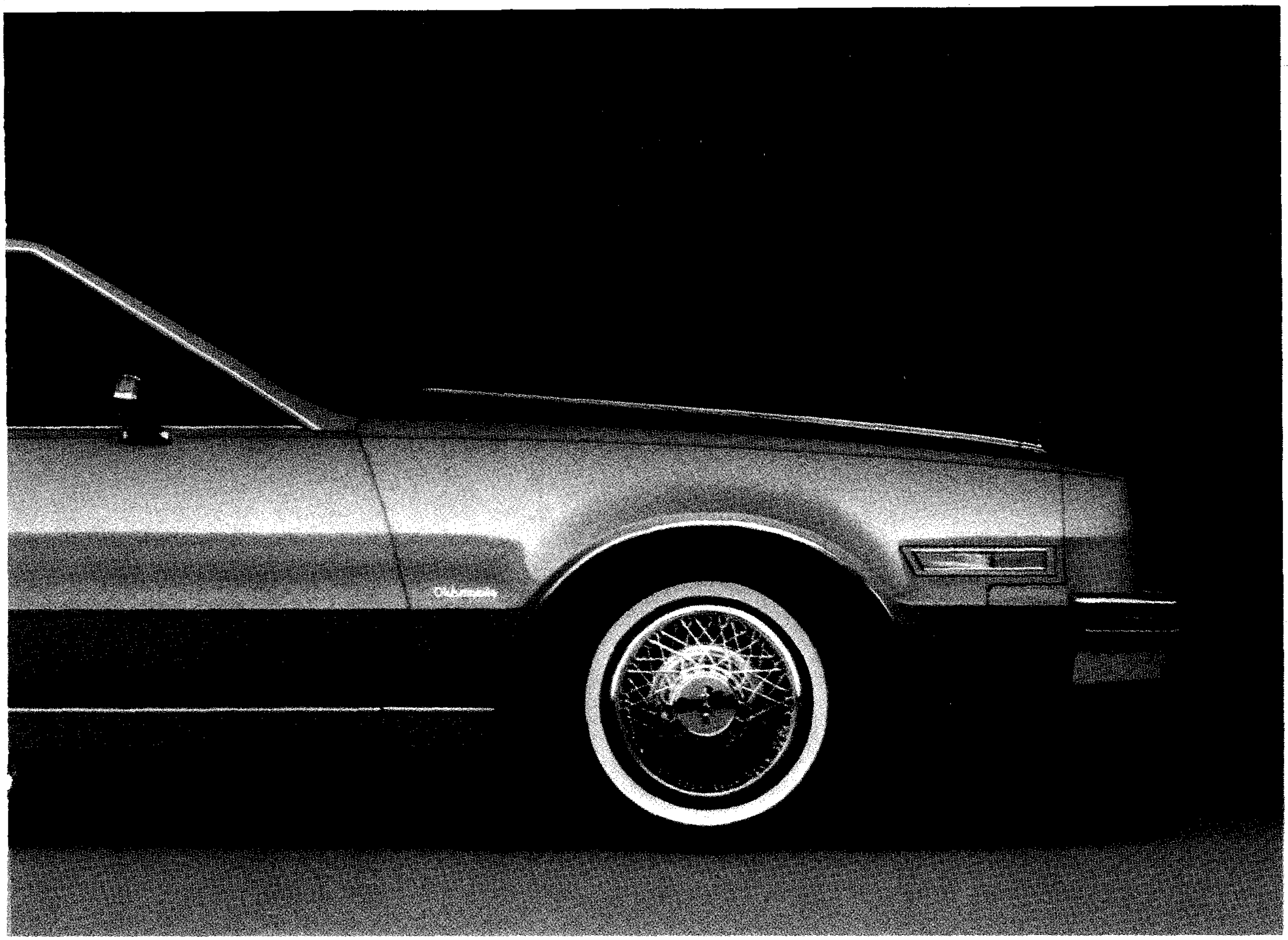

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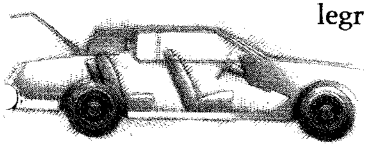

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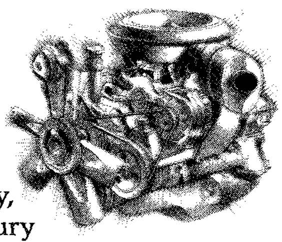

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**PRODUCT OF U.S.A.** · DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN · DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · THE SIR ROBERT BURNETT CO., BALTIMORE, MD. · 80 & 86 PROOF distance, and, in general, be responsive to the many subtleties that are waiting for the eye to notice them, the ear to listen to them, the mind to find them worthy of attention. The hero of "The Moviegoer" will tell us, "Everydayness is the enemy." Five years earlier, Percy is trying to take the measure of that everydayness, and to discover what those people who, one way or another, sense that something is wrong are prompted to do about it. Something is wrong, he suggests, because one is confined—not only from the world's possibilities but from oneself, as Roquentin was in Sartre's "Nausea." Sartre has his character finally see his hand—recognize it as part of himself—as if to indicate how cut off one can be: for years even a hand goes unnoticed. Usually, it is this way with respect to more than one's hands, as Percy suggests in this passage about the alienated commuter on the train: "Beyond all doubt he is in Metuchen, New Jersey, during the few seconds the train stops there, yet in what a strange sense is he there—he passes through without so much as leaving his breath behind. Even if this is the one-thousandth time he has stopped there, even if he knows a certain concrete pillar better than anything else in the world, yet he remains as total a stranger to Metuchen as if he had never been there."

As Percy tries to do justice to a whole philosophical literature, he feels compelled to become graphic, concrete, and increasingly he does so by providing illustrative examples that, in essence, are brief but suggestive incidents, almost ideas for a short story: "Suppose the eight-fifteen breaks down between Mount Vernon and New Rochelle, breaks down beside a yellow cottage with a certain lobular stain on the wall which the commuter knows as well as he knows the face of his wife. Suppose he takes a stroll along the right-of-way while the crew is at work. To his astonishment he hears someone speak to him; it is a man standing on the porch of the yellow house. They talk and the man offers to take him the rest of the way in his car. The commuter steps into the man's back yard and enters the house. This trivial event, which is of no significance objectively-empirically, is of considerable significance aesthetically-existentially. A zone-crossing has taken place. It is of extraordinary interest to the commuter that he may step *out* of the New York Central right-of-way and into the yellow house. It is of extraordinary interest to stand in the kitchen and hear from the owner of the house

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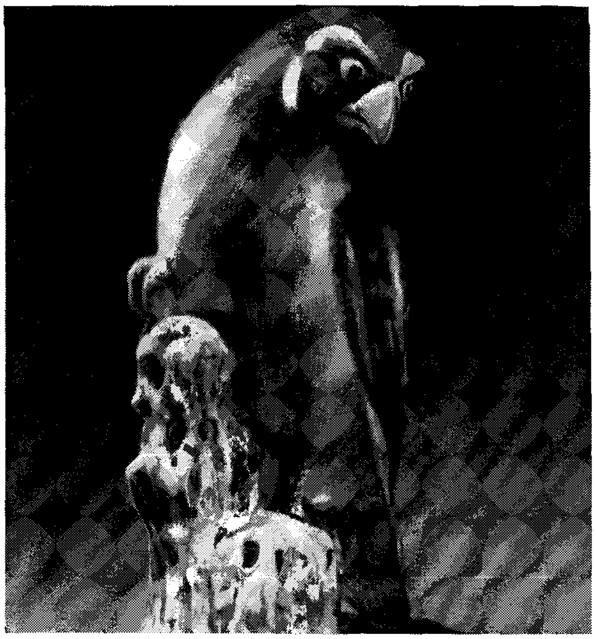

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who he is, how he came to build the house, etc."

Why are we blind to so much? It is in our nature to be so. Kierkegaard traces the phenomenon back to Adam and Eve: "The gods were bored, and so they created man. Adam was bored because he was alone, and so Eve was created. Thus boredom entered the world, and increased in proportion to the increase of population. Adam was bored alone; then Adam and Eve were bored together; then Adam and Eve and Cain and Abel were bored *en famille;* then the population of the world increased, and the peoples were bored *en masse.*" Kierkegaard is, of course, being sly; he does not intend the boredom he mentions to explain all aspects of the doctrine of original sin. He is simply exercising the right of a poet, trying with a word, an image, to condense many ideas.

To Heidegger and other twentieth-century existentialist philosophers, man seems by nature unable to hold on to the "freedom" that he can grasp at certain moments. One must assume that even Shakespeare, who missed very little, knew long stretches of everydayness; only at intervals did he achieve the "authenticity" that Heidegger describes in "Being and Time": "If *Dasein* [the existing self] discovers the world in its own way and brings it close, if it discloses to itself its own authentic Being, then this discovery of the 'world' and this disclosure of *Dasein* are always accomplished as a cleaning-away of concealments and obscurities, as a breaking up of the disguises with which *Dasein* bars its own way." Perhaps Joyce and Proust—and, in a different way, James Agee—have wanted to document Heidegger's "average everydayness": the voices of others, the web of events and feelings that surrounds us but that our natures conspire to make us lose sight of. We live in the world but, as Heidegger remarks, fail to see it. "Ulysses," "Remembrance of Things Past," and "Let Us Now Praise Famous Men" are all difficult books to read, even as Heidegger's prose requires constant work. It is difficult to make people see into the nature of "life" as we live it, in contrast to telling them stories, entertaining them. Heidegger at one point denounces "dogmatic constructions" and categories; some say that he wants to go beyond, perhaps even do away with, the whole metaphysical tradition, from Plato to positivism. And rely on what? He would scorn the implicit "categorical" nature of that question. He would remind his interrogator of an observa-

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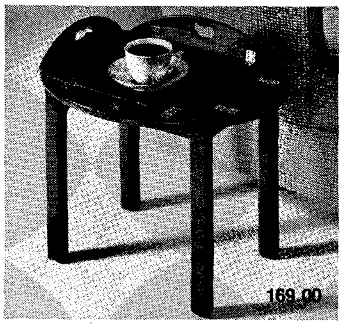

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tion in "Being and Time": "This cannot mean, however, that *Dasein* is to be construed in terms of some concrete possible idea of existence. At the outset of our analysis it is particularly important that *Dasein* should not be interpreted with the differentiated character of some definite way of existing, but that it should be uncovered in the undifferentiated character which it has proximally and for the most part."

For Heidegger, "proximally and for the most part" is another way of saying "average everydayness," that which any one of us can indirectly try to circumscribe (its power over one's life, over one's sense of oneself) through repeated questions, and that which a Proust or a Joyce tries to evoke by pushing the "limits" of the novel, or Agee by stretching the language of the essay, of social description, as far as possible—to the breaking point, some critics would say. Walker Evans gives us pictures of the Alabama tenant farmers and their children whom he and Agee met in 1936. He has stationed them, captured them in such a way that they are re-presented; first they were there, then they were approached—wrested, so to speak, from the flow or flux of their everydayness. That does not mean they came close to seeing themselves as Evans saw them. He has given "them" (in the form of a moment of truth about their lives) to "us," with enough accuracy and power, it is hoped, to make "us" regard ourselves—to a degree, at least—as he regarded "them." Then, there is Agee, wrestling on page after page (and with despair, and with a complexity and density of language that only Heidegger could appreciate) against a Goliath of an adversary that no David will ever really bring down—only take the measure of, so that others may know what they, too, have to

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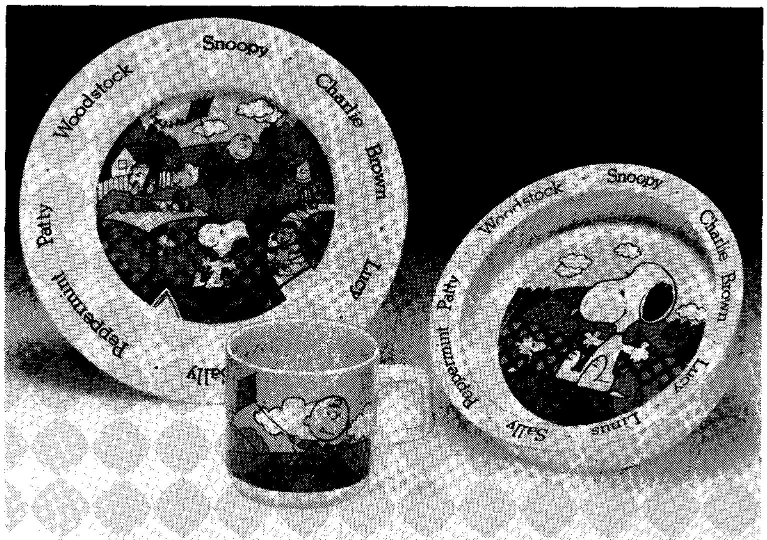
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face as they move on from one sunrise to another.

Agee was not writing sociology, even if booksellers put his book in that category and readers do likewise; rather, he was knowingly (hence with conscious pain and frustration) trying to make what Heidegger called an "ontological inquiry," to find out the "how" rather than the "what." Social scientists want to circumscribe a given "what": the mind and its structure, or society and its structure, or the like. For the kind of philosopher that Heidegger was (or the kind of writer that Agee was, or Proust, or Joyce, or, less ambitiously, perhaps, Percy), the subject of exploration is sö enormous that one is hard put to it to know where to begin—or end. The issue is "how." Man has a mind and belongs to a society—but how does he live out his span of existence? Heidegger put the problem this way: "What we have primarily in mind in the expression of 'everydayness' is a definite 'how' of existence by which *Dasein* is dominated through and through 'for life.' " If everyone is more or less blind, more or less out of touch with so very much that really matters, then novelists or essayists or philosophers must be similarly "dominated." They, like everyone else, only at certain moments "break through," free themselves of the routines, come into some contact with themselves, regard the world with awe or wonder or real interest, rather than take it for granted while the foot presses on the accelerator, the radio blares forth, and, maybe, the mind has rapid-fire fantasies, none of which it will remember five minutes later, when the car stops and there is "business" or an "errand" to do. As a result, when they use words they are often behaving like everyone else: they do their job, go along with things as they are, rather than try hard to survey and challenge them through questions and close attention, and so the reader gets from the writer the stuff of yet another unsurprising fantasy, gets something quickly and easily absorbed into a complacent or hurried or all too exhausting life.

The man whom Percy puts on a commuter train is the man he has been reading about in "Either/Or" or "Being and Time." The article is meant to show how writers of movie scripts or novels at least struggle to obtain moments of partial liberation for their characters, and, by extension, for the moviegoers or readers, who may be brought up short, jolted, made to *think—for a while, anyway—about* themselves and their lives. Percy keeps

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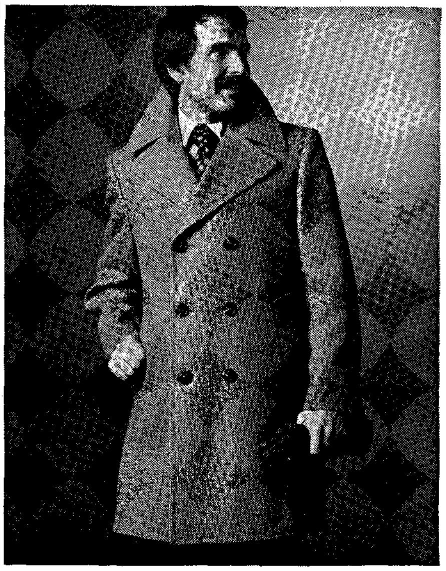

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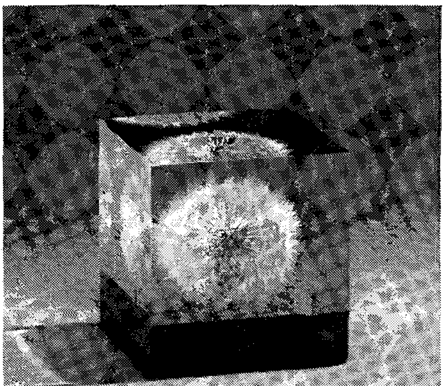

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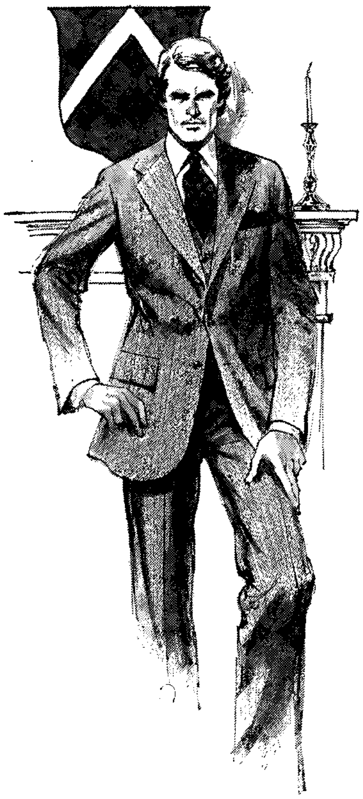
trying to illustrate alienation and rotation—as if he hopes that the reader will experience a rotation of sorts as he reads "The Man on the Train." The article is a blend of philosophical speculation, social commentary, and literary criticism. "Travelers in Sweden report two national traits: boredom and love of the North country—alienation and rotation," he writes, as a social commentary. But it didn't work when Swedish planners, of which there are no doubt many, began to worry about such a "recreational need," and so provided wooded areas near residential neighborhoods of Stockholm, and set aside stretches of the North country for hiking: "There occurred a sudden increase of Swedish tourists in quaint out-of-the-way *English* villages." And on to literature: "The road is better than the inn, said Cervantes—and by this he meant that rotation is better than the alienation of everydayness." Percy is especially drawn to Huck Finn's adventures. He loves Huck on the Mississippi River. The boy is on water, "the mobile element." He is adrift, "the random on the mobile." And, finally, he is on a river that provides a special bonus to those who care to stop and think about their situation: being between states. Huck was not in Illinois and not in Missouri "but in a privileged zone between the two." It is a telling rotation: not extreme—a raft on the ocean would be too remote from everyone's experience—and yet not altogether familiar, like a raft on a local pond or river. Percy delights in "the . . . businessman [who] sits reading his paper, immured in everydayness, while not two hundred yards away Huck slips by in the darkness." What has happened, existentially, is that "Huck has his cake and eats it: he wins pure possibility without losing access to actualization."

The Western as a literary genre, referred to in the writing of the undergraduate Percy, gets further study in "The Man on the Train." The Western movie is "an exercise in rotation stripped of every irrelevant trait." The cowboy who comes from nowhere, dropping off by stagecoach, is the outsider, the stranger, the man of mystery. In Percy's wonderful rhetorical question, "Who is he, this Gary Cooper person who manages so well to betray nothing of himself whatsoever, who is he but I myself, the locus of pure possibility?" Others in the Western are all too familiar—"the loyal but inept friend, the town comic, the greedy rancher, the craven barber." But the main character, Gary Cooper or John Wayne, is either no one or what Percy



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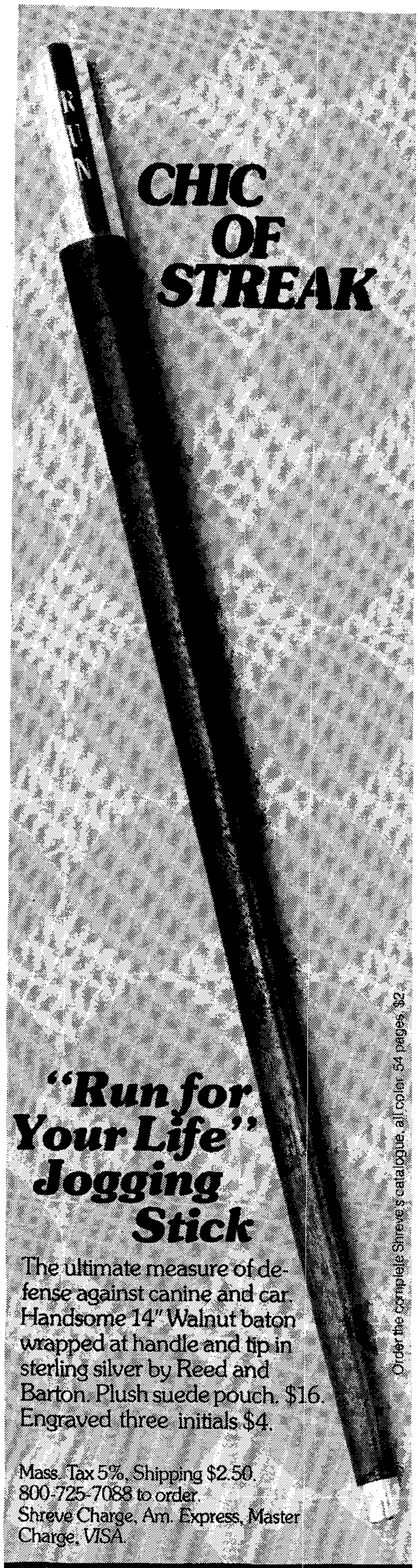

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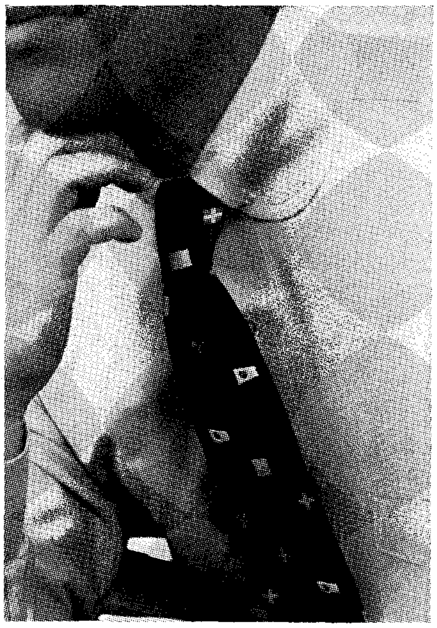
"But what of the movie-goer?" Percy asks. We watch those Westerns, are held to our seats by what Cooper and Wayne do. What happens, however, when for a second or two we imagine ourselves in their shoes, or try to imitate their marvellously perfect gestures? In no time, we realize that art and amusement and diversion are not life, and that the heroes' apparent lack of anxiety or fear is both misleading and revealing: no human being lives as they do, psychologically. Still, for all their apparent lack of the human limitations the rest of us have, they possess an ability to get to the heart of things—a canniness and daring of mind and spirit (a kind of shrewdness Kierkegaard would have appreciated) which are really not beyond our reach but simply more or less pushed aside by the routines of life. Indeed, at any moment, and with far less exertion or melodrama, we can approach Gary Cooper's wise and apparently singular openness. When a Western ends, the hero has, of course, freed the various victims—the insulted, the intimidated, the injured, the innocent, the merely acquiescent—and they are standing there in the town square, for a moment having received a gift of sorts. Meanwhile, the hero rides off; or he stands there, all lights on his face—the benefactor. What happens the next day, though? The Lone Ranger is gone, tending to another town; everydayness slips back upon those he helped so much.

Sometimes it turns out that with no help from anyone like the Lone Ranger, and with no accident or incident (amnesia, a war, a vacation trip) that provides a rotation, we manage to find relief from everydayness, even confront it more decisively than ever before. Percy calls the mode "repetition," and gives examples: "[Thomas] Wolfe, lying in his berth while the train passes by night through lonely little midwestern towns, is alienation re-presented and so reversed. He may be lost and by the wind grieved but he is withal triumphant." The rider (and reader) is not finding a rotation in his train ride; he could, if he wished, get off, enter one of those Midwestern cities, and manage to find a distracting scene for himself. Instead, there is "a deliberate quest for the very thing rotation set out at any cost to avoid." The rider looks inward, seeks out his past, questions and examines himself: what was "it" like, what was *I* like, back then—and how did I come to live the kind of life I now



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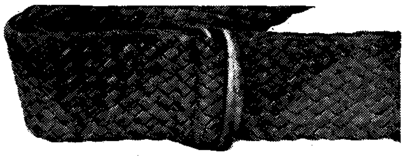

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live, and how did I become this person I now am?

Percy cautions that such a "return" can be "aesthetic"—one of those "interesting" experiences that people mention—or, alternatively, it can become a "passionate quest," in which, at all costs, the person wants to explore his being, the roots of his character. "Remembrance of Things Past" and "Brideshead Revisited" are examples that Percy offers, though he does not in either instance judge the quality of repetition rendered by the novelist: whether it is a matter of mere curiosity or something more solemn and important. He also mentions "East of Eden" ("Steinbeck leaves the wheel of rotation, the wayward bus, and with a great flourish turns back to Salinas and the past") and J. P. Marquand's "Point of No Return," which portrays "suburban alienation." The Marquand hero does not find a new life, free of all the dreary little moments he (along with everyone else) has to face day after day. He becomes resigned to his life, which to all appearances is no different. The point is that he has reviewed his past with seriousness and care.

BETWEEN 1958 and 1961, Percy published seven major philosophical essays, and also a number of book reviews and articles for *The Commonweal* (as it was called then) and *America*. In "The Loss of the Creature," which appeared in the University of Houston *Forum* in the fall of 1958, he tried to tie together his more formal philosophical essays—they are essays on phenomenology—and the kind of narrative social scrutiny, with an existential tone to it, that characterized "The Man on the Train." "The Loss of the Creature" is a delight to read—possibly the best writing that Percy had done so far. "Every explorer names his island Formosa, beautiful," he begins. But next come the rest of us, visitors. The danger is that we won't on our own look at that island and ally ourselves with its discoverer by joining in a conversation: I, too, looked, and I was also struck by beauty, and so I speak to you in affirmation. Rather, before we set out we read that the explorer said this and he said that; and when we arrive we don't ready ourselves for a possible alliance but instead have in our minds what we are supposed to see. In a sense, the "symbol" Percy had written about earlier becomes all too effective—indeed, stifling. The explorer wrote to tell us something: I saw the island, and it was so beautiful that

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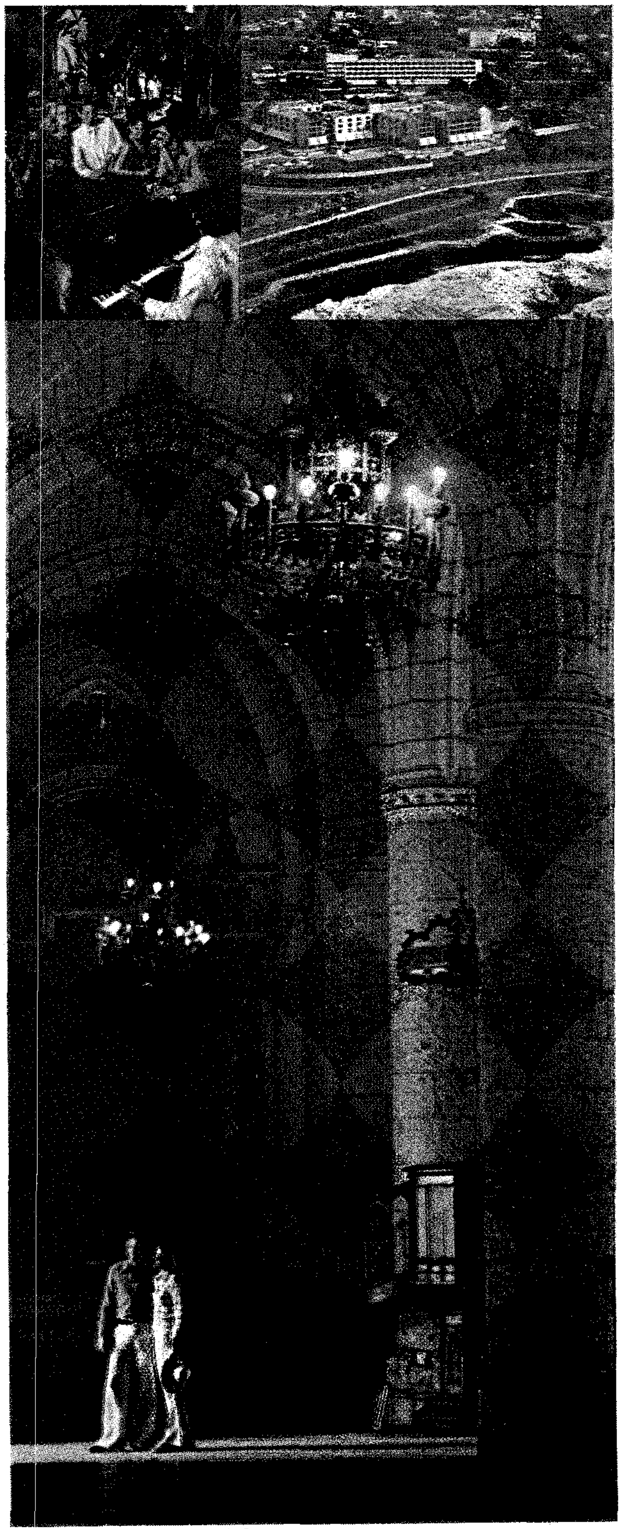

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I have decided to call it Formosa—beautiful. When we go there, he may have hoped, we will be enough kindled by the message he has given us to look intently and see for ourselves. But we don't; we see what we believe we ought to see—his version of the island—and, as we travel across the island, the word, *his* word, buzzes in our ears: beautiful, just beautiful.

Nearer to us, there is the Grand Canyon, an island of the "beautiful" or the "panoramic" surrounded by stretches of desert. When the doctor who went to New Mexico from Mississippi wrote his essay, he had not forgotten what he saw at the Grand Canyon National Park: tourists flocking to the place, all too sure of what they would see—their certainty based on the postcards, the geography books, the travel folders, the documentaries they had already seen—and ready to go along instantly, and say it *is* a "grand" canyon. The next step, of course, is the camera: it goes and goes, recording the scene, recording the presence of So-and-So at the scene. Before we arrive, we have a firm notion of what to expect, and now we will have permanent evidence: we go and dutifully record the sight. Lost in all this, Percy insists, is nothing less than the Grand Canyon. The tourist doesn't dare let himself study the Grand Canyon on his own, come to any ideas about nature, time, the elements, God's will, man's fate. He may not even permit himself a particular, idiosyncratic view—a function of where he stands, the weather that day, the season of the year, his eyesight, his mood, his age, and on and on. For him, the chances are high that there is *a* view, and either he has seen it and exclaimed his satisfaction or he has failed to do so, in which case he is not challenged to find another view but disappointed: the clouds or the rain "ruined" things. So with the guides or the forest rangers—they see the Grand Canyon every morning, every afternoon, yet for all they may really see they could be working amid the canyons of Manhattan. They have work to do, people to escort, paths to keep clear, controls to exert—and that is that.

For Percy, the problem, again, is "everydayness." As he did in "The Man on the Train," he wants to suggest ways a person can actually come face to face with the Grand Canyon, "recover" it—avoid at least for a time the beaten track of everydayness. Once more, Kierkegaard's "Either/Or" is summoned; Percy describes a "dialectical movement," which is the Danish

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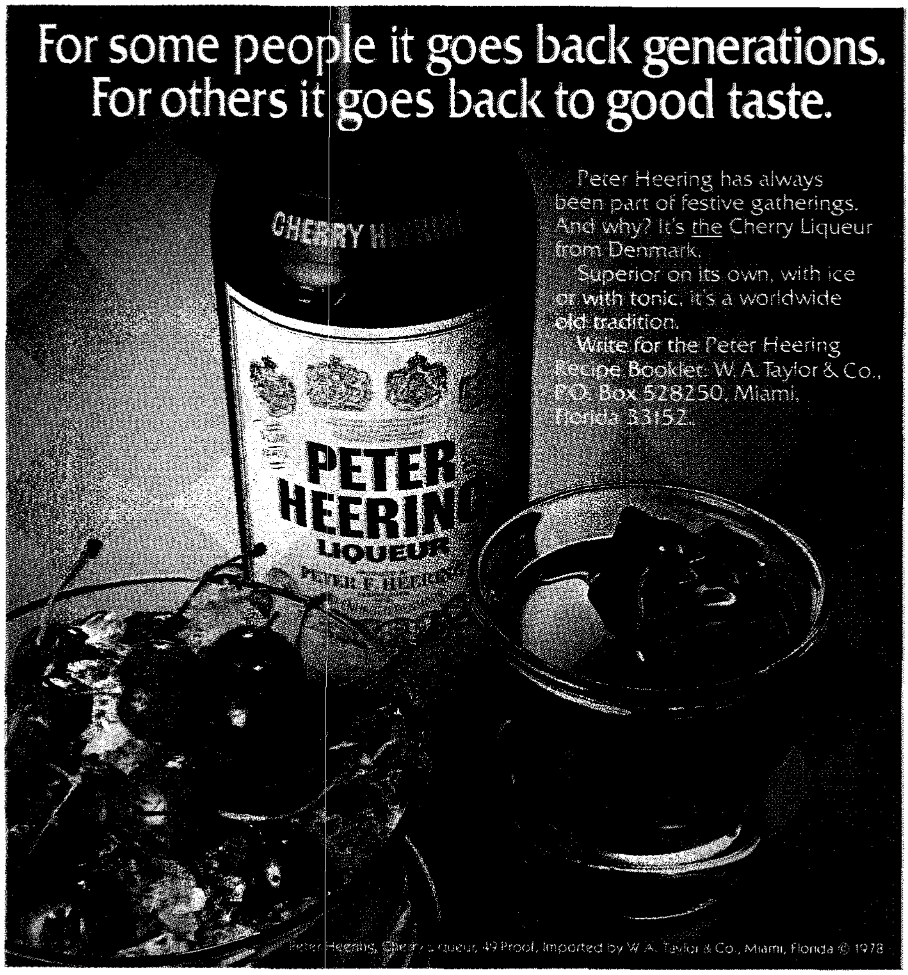
theologian's. One approaches the Grand Canyon at an odd time, or in an odd way. One is aesthetically ingenious, Kierkegaard might say. For someone seeing it alone early in the morning, or at night under a full moon, the Grand Canyon may not quite be what it is for those brought to it en masse along the approved paths and at the regular hours. Of course, an insistent refusal to go along with conformist postures, as a tourist or in other respects, can itself become a predictable routine that forecloses independent observation or judgment, so no one is safe from everydayness, and everyone must be ingenious: "After a lifetime of avoiding the beaten track and guided tours, a man may deliberately seek out the most beaten track of all, the most commonplace tour imaginable: he may visit the Canyon by a Greyhound tour in the company of a party from Terre Haute—just as a man who has lived in New York all his life may visit the Statue of Liberty. . . . The thing is recovered from familiarity by means of an exercise in familiarity."

If only one might recover one's "sovereignty;" that is what Percy sees as being at stake—the freedom that Heidegger declares to be ours by virtue of our being human. Men or women who see only what postcards or fads or social pressures dictate are slaves. An accident, a tragedy, a surprise of some kind can bequeath at least a moment of freedom—the breath of fresh air, the sense of discovery, the feeling that the world is not quite as set and predictable as it sometimes seems. Often, however, even the most worldly, alert, and assertively independent people become victims; in Percy's words, they suffer "a radical loss of sovereignty." He is a gentle but determined satirist as he portrays these people—on a safari, on a trip deep into Mexico. Far be it from them to stumble upon the mob of tourists who visit the Grand Canyon, the Carlsbad Caverns, the Empire State Building, or Niagara Falls. They are adventurers, and they seek out the exotic. They thrill to the sight of a valley not even shown on the map. They take risks by driving on rocky mountain roads. A religious festival in a strange setting has them spellbound; afterward, they discuss the "implications" of what they "experienced."

Perhaps these adventurers have read Kierkegaard and put in their difficult moments with Heidegger. They are not remiss in making an "application" of psychoanalytic theory to the "native ritual" they may have encountered in South America or Africa. Their ques-



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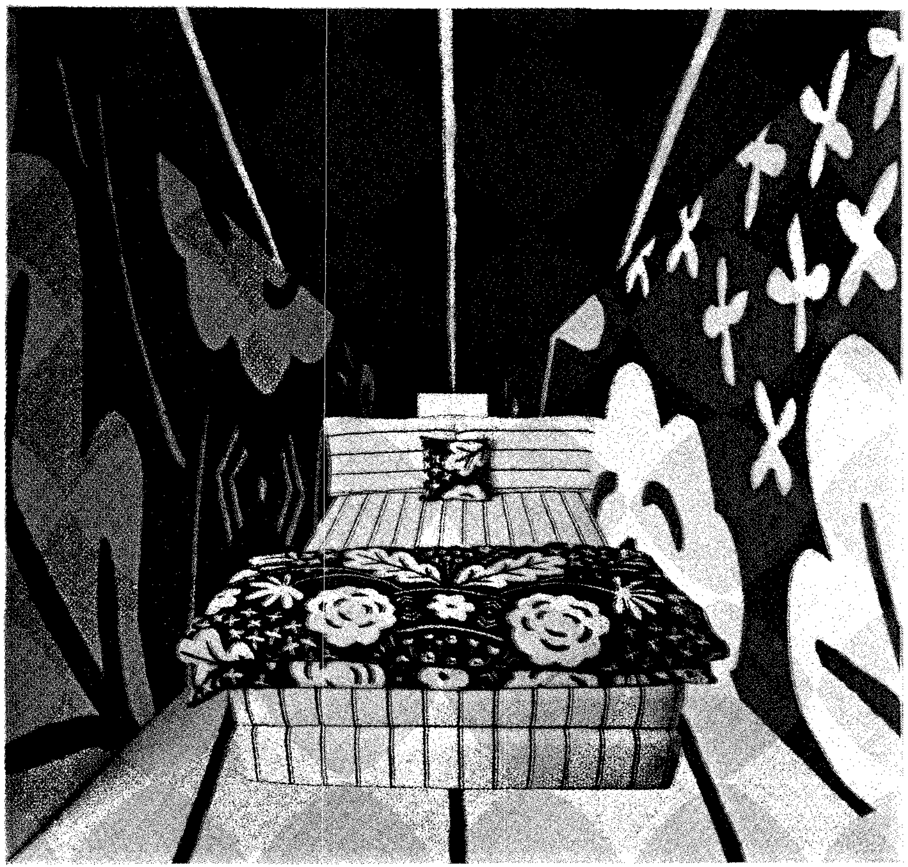

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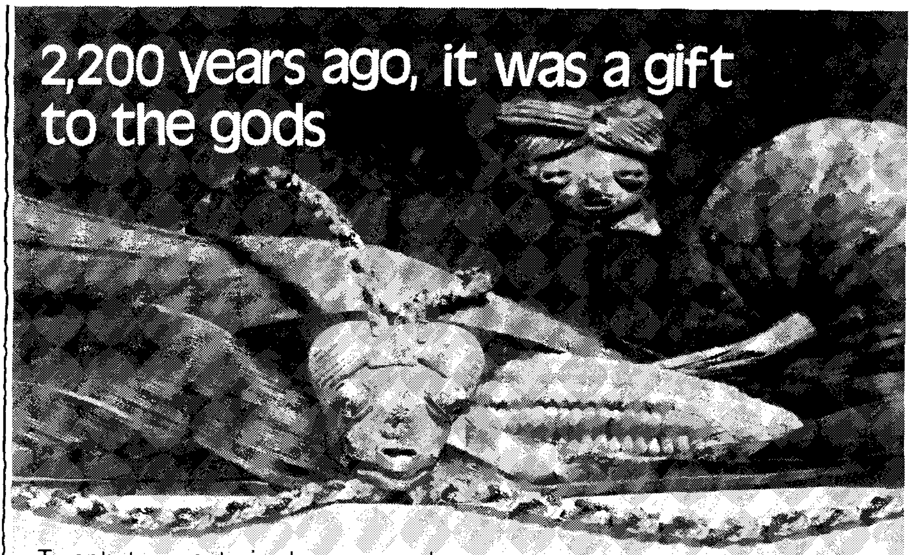
tions are Sartre's or Camus's; indeed, they know Camus's writing far better than the Bible or the Book of Common Prayer. If there is injustice, they are quick to spot it. If there is ignorance or one or two superstitions, the fact does not escape them. If a new and somewhat impenetrable world view is there, they stop and reflect, and even take careful notes—not because they want to keep a diary but because they know an ethnologist back in the United States; he lives in Cambridge or New Haven or Palo Alto, and he would be "absolutely fascinated" by what goes on "out there," which for the people themselves, so versed in Camus, is very much a "here," a place where an "existential encounter" has occurred. Unfortunately, the very "higher consciousness" that the people Percy describes have cultivated works to undercut the "experience" they claim to seek. They can't make a move without having in mind an "expert"—ethnologist or cultural anthropologist or whoever it may be. They look to their "expert" as thousands of visitors to the Grand Canyon look to postcards before and after they glimpse the "view." From the expert will flow sanction: you are right, this is an extraordinary discovery you have made, and I will tell you why. So it is that "theorists and planners," as Percy refers to them, gain so much authority. The rest of us are almost desperate to surrender our right to structure the world, our right to make plans: "A poor man may envy the rich man, but the sightseer does not envy the expert. When a caste system becomes absolute, envy disappears." Even the most cultivated become consumers in a special sense—consumers who are in an instant ready to obey "a class of privileged knowers," who, in turn, have *their* experts to worry about. The result, in the eyes of a religious person like the author, is secular piety everywhere.

Percy doesn't stop there. He wants to analyze more than the "dynamics" and varieties of tourism. The second part of the article—perhaps its more valuable part—ventures into what might be called educational criticism. Yet the very "need" to use such a phrase may well indicate anxiety or fear: Dare one simply respond to Percy's remarks, or ought they to be nervously made abstract, given the "elevation" and "approval" that go with calling them educational criticism? In any event, well before the nineteen-sixties, when our schools and colleges were thoroughly examined and so often found wanting in one respect or an-



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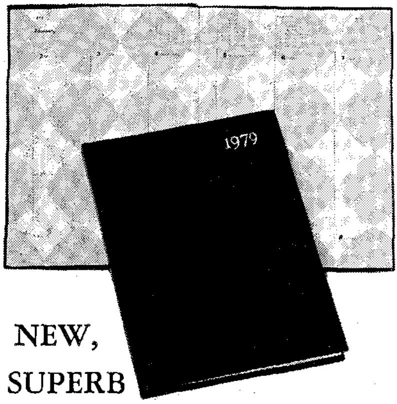
other, Percy made this comment: "A young Falkland Islander walking along a beach and spying a dead dogfish and going to work on it with his jackknife has, in a fashion wholly unprovided in modern educational theory, a great advantage over the Scarsdale high-school pupil who finds the dogfish on his laboratory desk. Similarly the citizen of Huxley's 'Brave New World' who stumbles across a volume of Shakespeare in some vine-grown ruins and squats on a potsherd to read it is in a fairer way of getting at a sonnet than the Harvard sophomore taking English Poetry II."

Why so? As students come to terms with something called a "curriculum," they become consumers—tourists, of sorts. They go from one scene (called a "course") to another, and they are constantly told what to think, what to say, what the "right" answer to the "right" question is. Books and "audio-visual equipment" that are meant to transmit a play or a sonnet of Shakespeare's become much more: there are introductions and explanations, and teachers who use them, and give tests to find out whether readers have got the "point" or understood the "theme," and on it goes. As for that dogfish in the Scarsdale high school—or at Sarah Lawrence College, to use another of Percy's examples—by the time the student has been given a "specimen" of dogfish, then told what to look for and how to find it and what the "exercise" (if it can be called that) means, a "spoliation of the dogfish by theory" has been committed. The "specimen" has been comprehended as a rather pedantic version of the reality: *Squalus acanthias*, the dogfish. Percy sees the student as encouraged to shift "from concrete thing to theory;" the result is what Alfred North Whitehead calls "the fallacy of misplaced concreteness." An abstraction becomes mistaken for the real. The dogfish is seen categorically or hierarchically—Species A on Phylogenetic Chart B. "Through no fault of zoology instructors," Percy adds, "it is nevertheless a fact that the zoology laboratory at Sarah Lawrence College is one of the few places in the world where it is all but impossible to see a dogfish."

The answer, he makes clear, is not a revised curriculum, or a different mixture of age groups or instructional methods. Nor will Shakespeare's sonnets be appreciated directly and in each person's particular way by yet another "with-it" exegesis. Here is an essayist, a philosophical "thinker," become practical: "I wish to propose



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the following educational technique which should prove equally effective for Harvard and Shreveport High School. I propose that English poetry and biology should be taught as usual, but that at irregular intervals, poetry students should find dogfishes on their desks and biology students should find Shakespeare sonnets on their dissecting boards. I am serious in declaring that a Sarah Lawrence English major who began poking about in a dogfish with a bobby pin would learn more in thirty minutes than a biology major in a whole semester; and that the latter upon reading on her dissecting board

> That time of year thou mayst in me behold
> When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
> Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
> Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang

might catch fire at the beauty of it.”

IN the autumn of 1959, another article of Percy's appeared, in *Thought*, but this one, “The Message in the Bottle,” was a parable rather than an analytical essay. Heidegger once used the word “*Geworfenheit*”—the condition of being a castaway—to describe man's existence. Percy was anxious to escape what he knew to be the hazards of the theoretical essay whose subject matter is man himself and his situation, or “condition.” He decided, as an alternative, to pick up Heidegger's image and use it to tell a story about a man who has lost his memory after a shipwreck and is now on an island. Quite readily he settles in, so to speak, and begins living a life. He is no Robinson Crusoe, however. The island is inhabited, and has what we would call a well-integrated culture. There is a university. Industry flourishes. Artists, writers, and scholars are very much in evidence. The castaway is welcomed, and he rather quickly marries, fathers children, gets a job, starts cultivating hobbies. He becomes, as Percy puts it, “a useful member of the community.” As such, the man is no longer regarded as an outsider or a castaway. He is, as the phrase goes, “one of us.”

But something in him prompts curiosity, so he takes long walks on the beach. There he comes across bottles, many of them, washed up by the waves. The bottles are corked, and inside each is a piece of paper with a message written on it. The messages at first seem unrelated and inexplicable;

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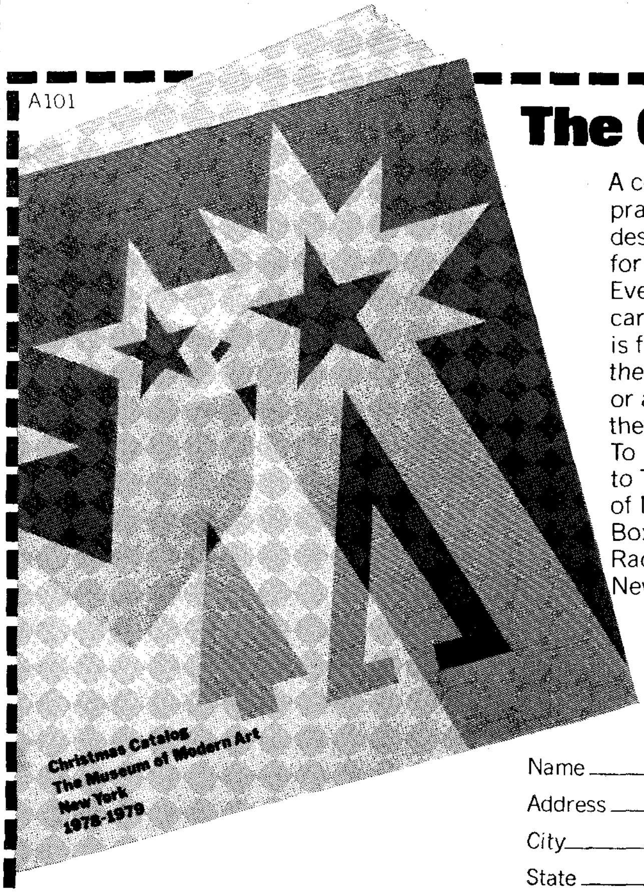

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they assert facts and narrate bits of history. The man is puzzled, but he is also conscientious. He shows what he has found to others, and, in the hope of finding clues, they set about sorting out the various messages. Perhaps in time, they tell one another, a discovery will be made; in today's language, such a discovery would be referred to as the existence of a "meaningful, relevant pattern." Through the man, his friends, and the messages they are examining, Percy has an interesting opportunity to deal with broad subjects like the nature of science, the nature of religious faith, and the use of language to convey knowledge. He can make a list of statements and have his castaway distinguish among them. He can tell a story that at the same time helps clarify certain scientific, linguistic, and philosophical issues that have been preoccupying him for a long time. In an amusing footnote, he tells the reader that "some of the bottles must have been launched by Rudolf Carnap, since the sentences are identical with those he uses in the article, 'Formal and Factual Science,' [from] 'Readings in the Philosophy of Science.' "

There are twenty messages in all—sentences like "Lead melts at 330 degrees," and "2 + 2 = 4," and "Chicago, a city, is on Lake Michigan," and "Chicago is on the Hudson River or Chicago is not on the Hudson River," and "Jane will arrive tomorrow," and "Truth is beauty," and "There is fresh water in the next cove," and "In 1943 the Russians murdered 10,000 Polish officers in the Katyn forest," and "Being comprises essence and existence," and "The Atman (Self) is the Brahman," and "A war party is approaching from Bora Bora." The castaway, nudged by the author, sets to work. Some sentences, he concludes, contain empirical facts that have been discovered through observation: "Lead melts at 330 degrees." Other sentences refer to aspects of what is called "reality": "2 + 2 = 4," or "Chicago is on the Hudson River or Chicago is not on the Hudson River."

But there is yet another way of dividing up the sentences—a way that the castaway feels makes more sense to him in his situation, because, though he is no longer considered a castaway by others, he has not forgotten that one day he found himself on a strange island, and he has still not discovered where he came from or where he may someday be going. In one group he puts "those sentences which are the result of a very special kind of human

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activity, an activity which the castaway, an ordinary fellow, attributes alike to scientists, scholars, poets, and philosophers." Those are the people who for varying lengths of time stop going about "living" in order to learn something and express it—"in order to discover underlying constancies amid the flux of phenomena, in order to take exact measurements, in order to make precise inductions and deductions, in order to arrange words or sounds or colors to express universal human experience."

Such people pursue knowledge in its broadest sense: they want to know the world, understand what is happening around them, whether they are sculptors or nuclear physicists or philosophers. The German word "*Wissenschaft*"—"knowledge"—provides an umbrella for their activity, and for a number of the messages the castaway has examined. In a different category are the messages that directly pertain to a particular person's situation: "There is fresh water in the next cove" and "A war party is approaching from Bora Bora." They have to do with the life of the islander. Is he thirsty? Well, then, he need not be. Is he afraid? Well, then, he has good reason to be. For Percy and his islander, those messages are "news": they have to do with their—and, more abstractly, the existentialist philosopher's—"concrete predicament."

The essence of the castaway's predicament is this: he is totally unaware of his origins and his destiny, and he wants to know about both. He is not "objective" in this desire. True, he can sometimes be interested in knowledge for its own sake, but as a castaway he has his own reason, tied to his situation, for obtaining certain information. Percy's handling of such "news" is delightful. For a moment, he leaves aside his castaway and connects pieces of news to situations others have found themselves in:

> "Mackerel Here!" ("Malinowski's Trobriand Island fisherman announcing a strike to his fellows"); "The market is up $2.00" ("I am in the market"); "Eisenhower is elected!" ("I voted for Stevenson").

Needless to say, news has its own importance. It cannot be evaluated by the criteria of "science," of "objective knowledge;" it is, rather, information connected to a person's "condition." Thirsty as can be, I consider news of the presence of water nearby the most important information in the world. If I have just drunk my fill of

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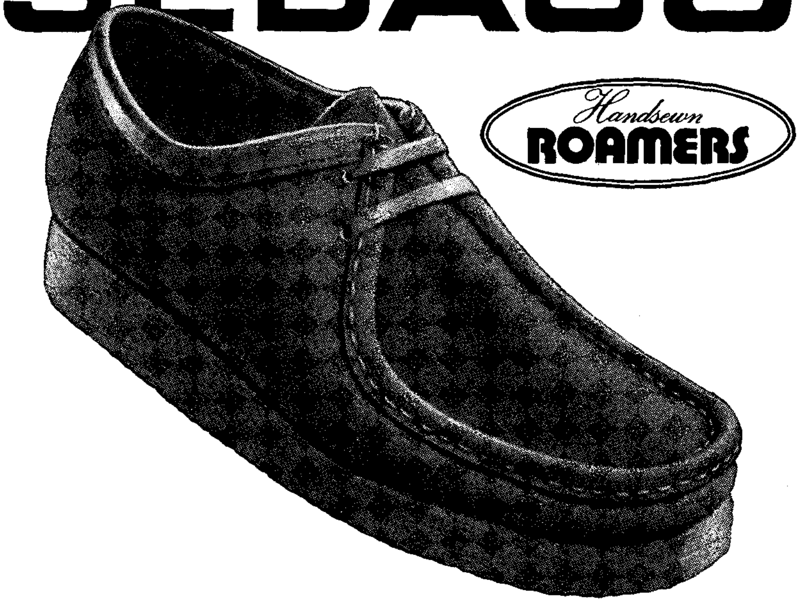

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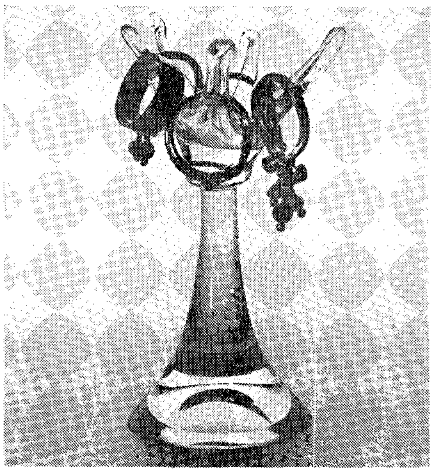

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water when I hear that news, I ignore it.

Of course, it matters that the bearer of news be believable—have a reputation, speak sense, present himself in a way that doesn't immediately make others conclude that he is a liar, or fooling, or a touch out of his mind. It also matters that the news be sensible. If a man brings as news something I know to be absurd or impossible—General Grant is approaching Vicksburg, Mississippi, in late autumn of the year *1973 with five million Union soldiers*—I wouldn't really get excited even if I lived in that city and worked for the police there. Yet a certain degree of vagueness, even mystery, is tolerable, depending upon which person in which concrete situation is approached by whom with what message or piece of news. Here is an aside Percy makes—in a brief move from the island back to his "man on the train":

> Two men are riding a commuter's train. One is, as the expression goes, fat, dumb, and happy. Though he lives the most meaningless sort of life, a trivial routine of meals, work, gossip, television, and sleep, he nevertheless feels quite content with himself and is at home in the world. The other commuter, who lives the same kind of life, feels quite lost to himself. He knows that something is dreadfully wrong. More than that, he is in anxiety; he suffers acutely, yet he does not know why. What is wrong? Does he not have all the goods of life?
>
> If now a stranger approaches the first commuter, takes him aside, and says to him earnestly: "My friend, I know your predicament; come with me; I have news *of the utmost importance for you*"—then the commuter will reject the communication out of hand. For he is in no predicament, or if he is, he does not know it, and so the communication strikes him as nonsense.
>
> The second commuter might very well heed the stranger's "Come!" At least he will take it seriously. Indeed it may well be that he has been waiting all his life to hear this "Come!"

All of this—the difference between objective knowledge and news, and the way either is tied to the particular life of a person (the man in the laboratory, the castaway, the contented commuter, the "alienated" one)—has for centuries been at the heart of philosophical inquiry. For St. Thomas Aquinas, "the act of faith consists essentially in knowledge and there we find its formal or specific perfection." And others of us, less assertively, go along: *prove* that God exists; *show me* how you came to hold this faith of yours; I want the evidence; I'm no atheist, just an agnostic who wants a good, logical argument made. For Kierkegaard, however, the situation was quite different:

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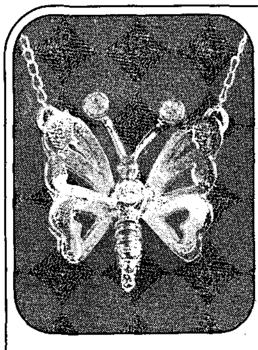

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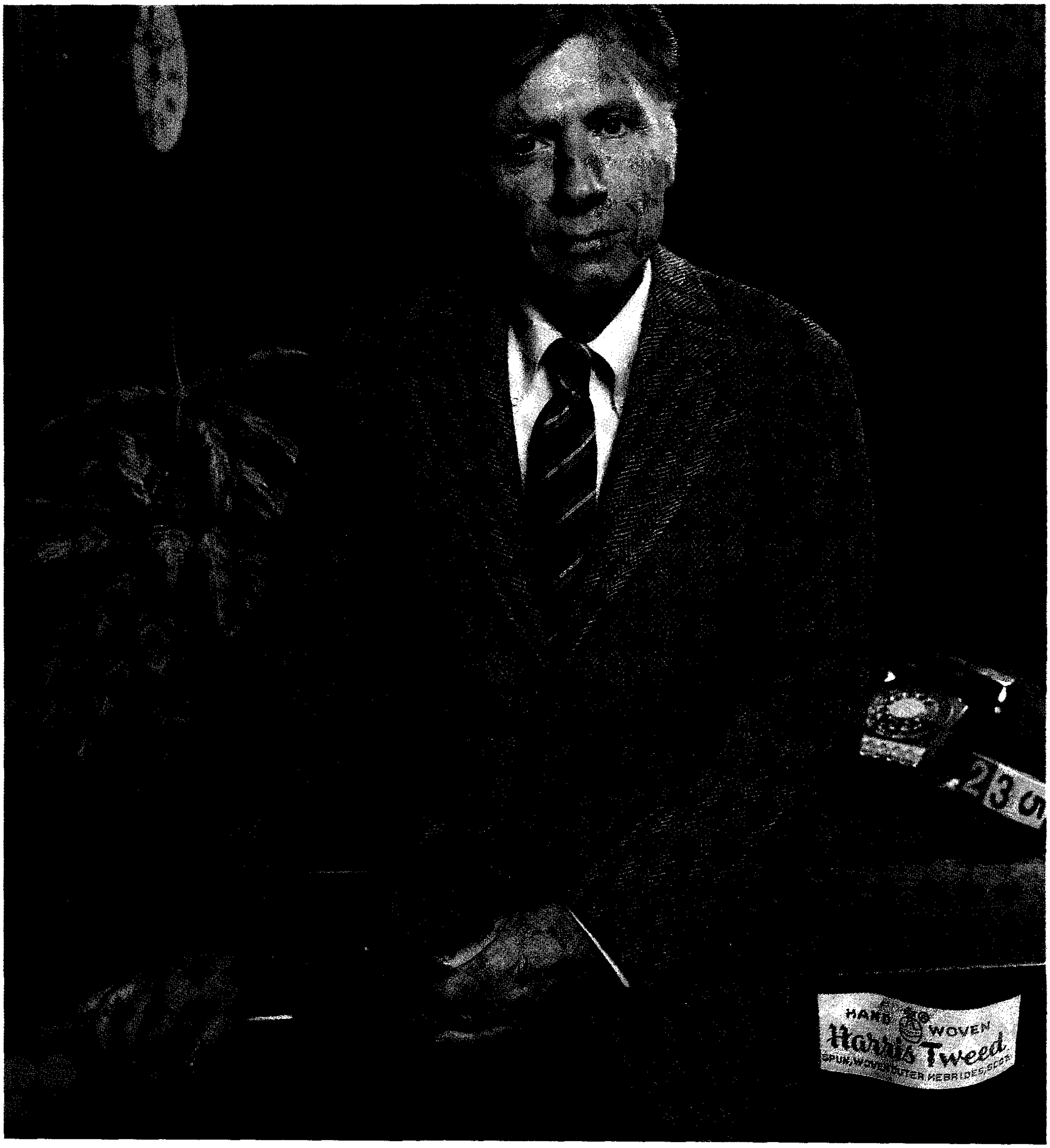
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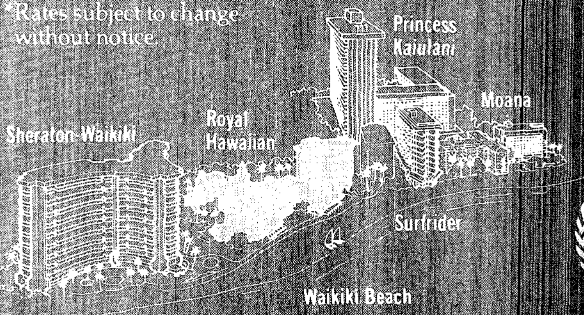

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"Faith is not a form of knowledge; for all knowledge is either knowledge of the eternal, excluding the temporal and the historical as indifferent, or it is pure historical knowledge."

Kierkegaard's "knowledge of the eternal" is for him a distinct category, not subject to the verification of logic or analysis. For many who live on the castaway's island, historical knowledge is all they have ever sought or will ever require. Percy takes pains not to equate such people with his "fat, dumb, and happy" train rider. Nor is he writing in the apologetic tradition; he does not, for example, want to proclaim the Christian "message"—Christ's "good news," brought here for all who would like to hear and rejoice in it. Rather, he wants to demonstrate that for a castaway, a man who is a stranger in the world, however "integrated" he is into however "developed" a culture, there is a hunger for a certain kind of news, and that Kierkegaard was correct in disavowing the hope that one or another kind of "knowledge" (Hegel's, Kant's, anyone's) would satisfy such hunger. The only moralistic remark in Percy's article is this, said of the castaway: "He should be what he is and not pretend to be somebody else." Despair, sometimes cloaked in elation or indifference, is the price that a castaway pays for denying his situation: I may have come here under strange circumstances, but so what—there is a wonderful party tomorrow! The castaway is a seeker: "To be a castaway is to search for news from across the seas." No news from a nearby laboratory or from a sharp reporter who lives in the next town on the island will suffice.

For Percy, the Christian faith is the news from across the seas which a castaway craves. It is, however, news that the castaway may not always find believable. It does require an act of faith: *Credo quia absurdum est*, which in Kierkegaard's words is an embrace of "the Absolute Paradox." It is Percy's intention in this essay, for all the affection he feels toward Kierkegaard, and the debt he owes him, to take issue with that phrase of his as well as this sentence from "Philosophical Fragments": "No knowledge can have for its object the absurdity that the eternal is the historical." Percy believes that Kierkegaard's very use of the word "absurdity" was a needless bow to the Hegelian—or, in our time, the "scientific"—view of things. Percy, it has to be said repeatedly, is not at all eager to launch an assault against science. If there is a "wasteland" that he wants

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to criticize, one doubts he will ever criticize it by resorting to a "counter-culture." For him, a poet consumed by Blake's vision is also a man in jeopardy, even as the man on the train is: tempted by pride and self-centeredness, and inevitably capable of hurting his fellow-man. That is to say, Percy has a Christian's view of human nature. He is also anxious to show that there are some questions "science" was never meant to answer. Jaspers saw man as one shipwrecked, and Heidegger used the image of the castaway. Such a situation generates a hunger for news, and so when it arrives, brought by a Christ, it is not at all "absurd" or "paradoxical" in nature but right to the point; in the Quaker phrase, it is news that "speaks to the condition" of the castaway.

Percy conceives such news to be exactly what Kierkegaard, in "The Present Age," described when he made reference to "this little advertisement, this *nota bene* on a page of universal history—'We have believed that in such and such a year God appeared among us in the humble figure of a servant, that he lived and taught in our community, and finally died.' " Christ's "good news" happens to be the "message in the bottle" that Percy finds most responsive to his situation. But he wrote the article not so much to indicate his own religious beliefs as to show through an extended image (the parable) what it is that separates the philosophers who have influenced him (the so-called existentialists, not all of whom have been Christians, like Marcel, or Jews, like Buber) from the assorted behaviorists, logical positivists, empiricists, semanticists, and philosophical idealists (from Kant on down) who have been so influential in recent Western history. Not for a moment does he want to forsake the "science" these value so highly. It is, quite simply, a matter of saying this: I have something to search for outside the laboratory or the seminar room, and, without hard feelings, I am going to search.

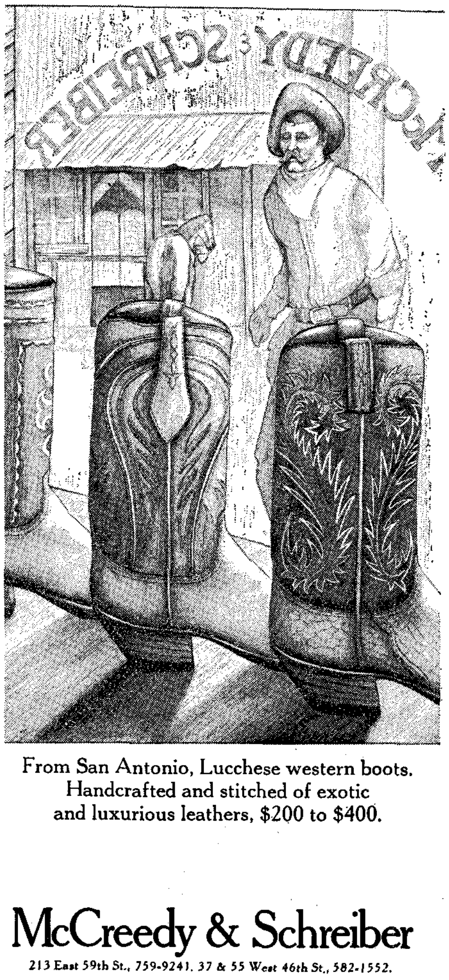
—ROBERT COLES

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

In interviews across the country, The New York Times found that the "throw-away society" of the late 1960's and early 1970's is being replaced, in many cases, by a new ethic of economy. People are driving cars longer and wearing clothes more often, planting their own gardens and fixing their own plumbing.—*The Times.*

And spending less on suntan lotion.



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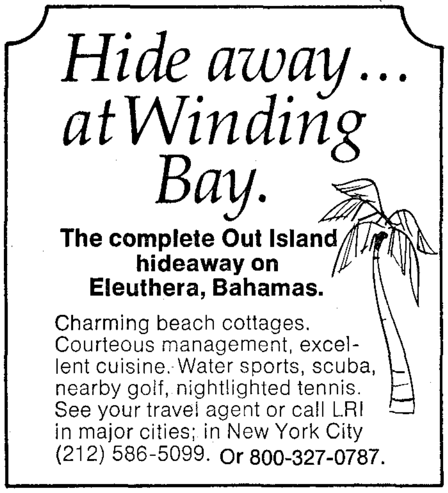

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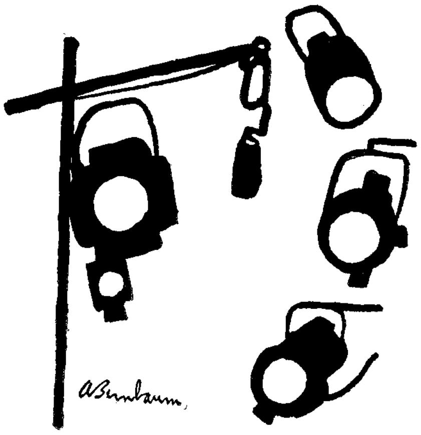
THE THEATRE

## OUT OF THE PAST

A MAN whose parents were born as slaves stood on the stage of the Ambassador Theatre on the evening of September 20th, after the opening of "Eubie!," and in a powerful voice thanked all those who had helped bring the show into existence, told a few jokes at his wife's expense, and acknowledged the repeated cheers of the audience with his hands clasped over his head in a boxer's traditional gesture of victory. This jaunty figure was, of course, the man for whom the show is named—Eubie Blake himself, who at ninety-five is surely the oldest composer ever to have a show on Broadway. Not that Eubie (nobody calls him Mr. Blake, and his baptismal "James Hubert" was abandoned in childhood) is a stranger to Broadway; his revue "Shuffle Along" was one of the Broadway hits of 1921, and some of the music in the present revue was written as long ago as 1899. "Eubie!" has been skillfully plucked from the dozens of songs that Eubie and an assortment of lyricists, including Noble Sissle, hammered out in workmanlike Tin Pan Alley fashion over the decades—such songs as "I'm Just Wild About Harry," "There's a Million Little Cupids in the Sky," "Weary," and "Goodnight Angeline"—and from their titles alone it is easy to deduce that the show will prove an old-fashioned one. No harm in that! On the contrary, any production that marches swiftly and with unabated zest from one eye-dazzling song-and-dance number to the next has nothing to fear from the accusation that it is out of the past. Time passing is the best of critics; trash vanishes with a welcome celerity, and what is of value survives, diamond-bright, diamond-hard, indestructible.

The cast of "Eubie!" consists of twelve gifted young singers and dancers; in alphabetical order, they are Ethel Beatty, Terry Burrell, Leslie Dockery, Lynnie Godfrey, Gregory Hines, Maurice Hines, Mel Johnson, Jr., Lonnie McNeil, Janet Powell, Marion Ramsey, Alaina Reed, and Jeffery V. Thompson. (The Hines brothers are especially to be praised for their whirling-dervish-like dancing.) Nine musicians accompany them, embowered in turn-of-the-century scenery designed by Karl Eigsti. The costumes have been designed by Bernard Johnson, and the lighting is by William Mintzer. Credit for the choreography is shared by Henry LeTang and Billy Wilson, and the production has been directed by Julianne Boyd. "Eubie!" is what is known in the trade as an "audience" show, which is a perfectly good thing for a show to be. On its way here, it ran for thirteen weeks in Philadelphia; I predict that it will run for many a merry month at the Ambassador.

GOGOL'S "The Inspector General," which the prankish nanny-scholar Nabokov described as the greatest Russian play ever written, is being given an exceptionally energetic and amusing production at the Circle in the Square. Its director, Liviu Ciulei, who offered us his version of Wedekind's "Spring Awakening" earlier this year, shares with his fellow-director and fellow-Rumanian Andrei Serban a penchant for tampering with plays—not so much with their texts as with their presentation, adding visual gags, aural gags, and other bits of mischief-making stage business that have their origin not in the author's mind but in that of the director. (One thinks of the arbitrary school fence in "Spring Awakening," and of poor Irene Worth loping round and round the dismantled drawing room—I almost wrote "corral"—in Serban's recent bizarre interpretation of "The Cherry Orchard.") The first few minutes of the present production of "The Inspector General" amount to a self-indulgent Ciulei mime show. A chittering magpie of a parlormaid is also a Ciulei invention; she brings down the house with her peculiar warblings, but she cannot be found in Gogol's text. One drawback to this lowfalutin fooling around is that it markedly increases the duration of the play and makes us impatient for it to end; another drawback is that the rambunctious, burlesque style of acting that Ciulei has adopted directly contradicts Gogol's intentions. In some notes to actors, Gogol wrote that the mayor in the play behaves with dignity: "He is quite serious-minded; even tends to moralize; speaks neither loudly nor softly, neither very much nor very little." Ciulei's mayor roars and rants and stamps his feet, and, like the rest of the cast, seeks to achieve a cranky Dickensian presence, larger than life-size. Still, and rather to my surprise, I forgave Ciulei his excesses, for the play is a wonder—is as nearly flawless as a play can be—and Ciulei unquestionably brings out its humor and irony.



Max Wright plays with much charm the role of Khlestakov, the impecunious young man whom the officials of the village mistake for an inspector general; in his thirties, Wright is a trifle old for the part—Gogol describes the young man as being twenty-three or so—but he ably conveys a boyish ingenuousness in the very act of taking unscrupulous advantage of every ninny in sight. As Ossip, Khlestakov's ancient, slovenly servant, Bob Balaban continually threatens to steal the show. Theodore Bikel is the perhaps overly noisy mayor, Helen Burns is admirable as his wife, and Christine Estabrook is shrewd and virginal as his daughter. I mustn't omit to praise Renee Lippin as the parlormaid, Kenneth Welsh as the village postmaster, Thomas Toner as a judge, and Arnold Soboloff as a superintendent of schools. The pleasing set, which consists mostly of a double-S-shaped stairway and balcony, is by Karen Schulz; the lighting is by F. Mitchell Dana; and the sensationally attractive costumes are by William Ivey Long. The translation, by Betsy Hulick, struck me (who have no Russian beyond "*da*") as merely serviceable.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Luis lasted four batters. Ron LeFlare and Lou Whitaker singled, Rusty Staub walked and Jason Thompson—who had four RBIs in August, four in September and one homer since July 26—smashed a blast off a poet high in the upper deck for his grand slam.—*Boston Globe.*

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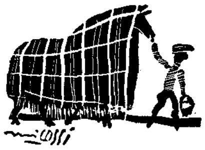
# THE RACE TRACK

## *Ten Straight for Mac*



STARTING with the Lawrence Realization Stakes a couple of Sundays ago, and ending with the Ruffian Handicap last Saturday, Belmont had a big week. Jerome M. Torsney's Mac Diarmida is the best horse over turf courses out this season. The sturdy bay colt galloped in three and a half lengths ahead of Mrs. Stephen C. Clark, Jr.,'s Native Courier in the eighty-sixth running of the $54,950 Lawrence, for three-year-olds, at a mile and a half, on the grass. It was the tenth consecutive victory for the son of Minnesota Mac and Flying Tammie. Nine ran, and Cruguet rated Mac Diarmida off the early pace of Native Courier, who did the first quarter in 23⅘ seconds, the half in 48⅗, and six furlongs in 1:13⅕. Cruguet moved up at the far turn, and lay half a length back to the head of the stretch. Although Mac edged on Native Courier, they did not touch, and Mac went on to pass the post going away. Darby Dan Farm's Robin's Song was third, and Double Eagle Stable's April Axe was fourth. The time was 2:27⅕. Mac, the favorite in the betting, paid $3. His share of the purse was $32,970, which brings his earnings for 1978 to $254,859. His trainer, Scotty Schulhofer, has big plans for him. His next start will be in the $125,000 Man o' War Stakes, at a mile and a half, at Belmont on October 7th. Then, two weeks later, there's the $200,000 Turf Classic, at the same distance, at Aqueduct. On Wednesday, Joseph M. Roebling started his Palm Hut, the winner of the Schuylerville and the Spinaway at Saratoga, in the $104,000 Matron Stakes, for two-year-old fillies—the prep for the $100,000 Frizette on October 2nd, which will feature Secretariat's speedy daughter Terlingua. Roebling also started Fall Aspen, who had won the Astarita at Belmont two weeks earlier. It was a sound move, for Fall Aspen made every post a winning one, coming in nine lengths to the good in 1:23⅘ for the seven furlongs. Craig Cullinan, Jr.,'s Fair Advantage was second, half a length in front of C. V. Whitney's Island Kitty, with Palm Hut six lengths farther back in fourth place.

Buckfinder, a four-year-old half brother to Ruffian who has recently been syndicated, nosed out Dr. Patches in the inaugural running of the $52,550 seven-furlong Celanese Cup Handicap on Friday.

The Greentree Stable's steadily improving Late Bloomer, coming up fast along the rails in the stretch, caught top-weighted and heavily backed Pearl Necklace, who'd led most of the way, and beat her by a length and a half in the Ruffian on Saturday. Tempest Queen was third. The time for the mile and a furlong was an impressive 1:47. Nine of the leading fillies and mares ran in this memorial to the Locust Hill Farm's gallant filly, who suffered a tragic mishap in a match race at Belmont three years ago and is buried in the infield. It was a lively, well-run contest from the break. Late Bloomer, winner of her last four starts, including the Delaware Handicap, carried 122 pounds—two less than Pearl Necklace. Velasquez, who rode her, said after the race that he was always where he wanted to be, and that he had let his mount relax until he was ready to make his move.

OUT Chicago way, Vasquez steered Sensitive Prince to a track record in the $122,800 Hawthorne Derby on Saturday. He covered the mile and a sixteenth in 1:39⅗, beating Gordie H. by four and a quarter lengths, with Esop's Foibles two and a quarter lengths farther back.

PRICES were generally higher at Keeneland's annual autumn thoroughbred-yearling sale at Lexington, Kentucky, the week before last. Tops at the opening session on September 12th was the $135,000 that Mike Rutherford, a Texas breeder, gave for a Kentucky filly by Ice Capade out of Gayway, by Sir Gaylord, after a lively duel with Tom Gentry, a Kentucky horseman. It turned out to be the highest figure for a filly during the week. The top price for a colt during the week was the $142,000 paid by Ken Opstein for a son of Protagonist out of No Need Askin, by Reflected Glory. Protagonist, you may remember, was the champion two-year-old colt of 1973. —AUDAX MINOR

•

This is the desk and the panel that a woman navigator would be required to man.—*Photo caption in the Bangor (Maine) Daily News.*

To *what*?

# THE CURRENT CINEMA

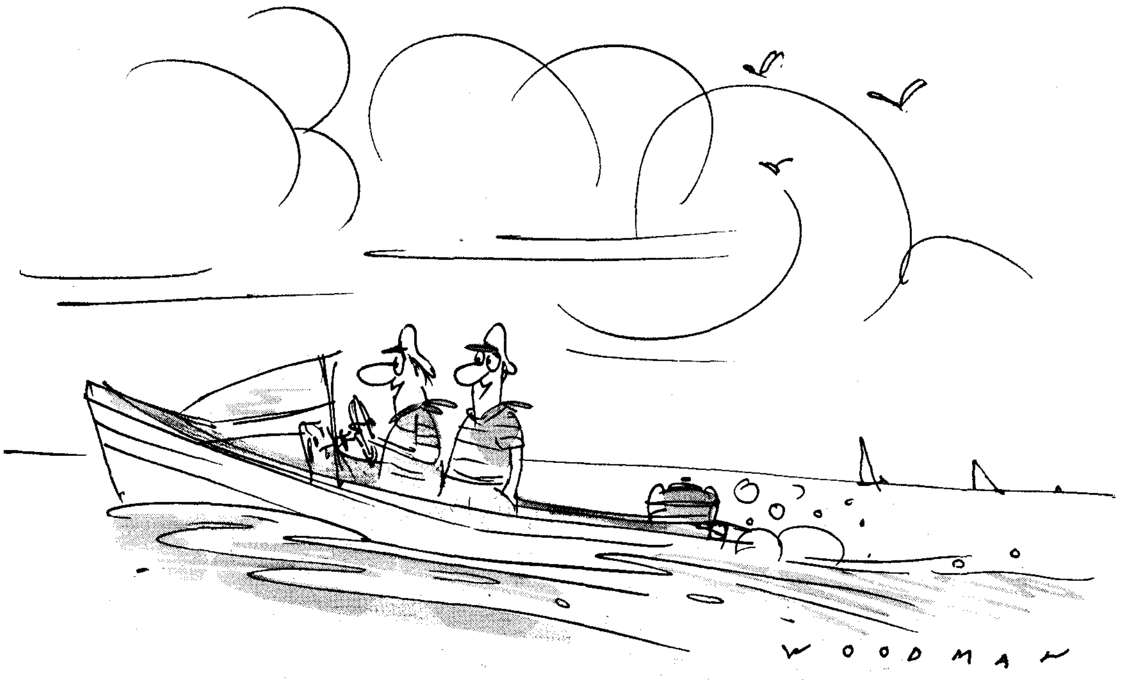
## *Forty-eight Characters in Search of a Director*

WHY is there a pastel haze in the interiors of "A Wedding"? The film is so soft-focus it's always on the verge of a dissolve, but with no other image coming in. Robert Altman's movies have been showing less attention to visual style for several years now, but this is the only one that opens like a blurry segment of "Masterpiece Theatre." The film takes place during one day, starting with a family-only Episcopal-church wedding and then moving from the church to the reception at the groom's family mansion, in a North Shore suburb of Chicago. The dusty murkiness in the church could be taken for clouds of incense, but what is it that's fogging up the atmosphere at the reception? Is the cinematographer, Charles Rosher, playing around with "flashing" techniques—with pre-exposed or post-exposed film? (The results look more like re-used film.) There's no depth in the imagery, and the film is lighted like a twenty-year-old issue of *House & Garden*. With forty-eight characters scrambling in and out of the rooms, it's a soft jumble. It takes most of the movie to spot the actors who are listed and to figure out who they're playing and what their relationships to each other are. This sorting-out process is about all you get to occupy your mind. When the picture is over, you still may not be too sure about a few of them. (The only reason for the proliferation of characters seems to be to double the ante on "Nashville," which had twenty-four.) This picture is intended as a satirical farce, but the haze is like a scrim—it keeps you from getting a clear look at the characters. And their movements aren't timed and choreographed for farce; Altman merely reproduces the confusion of a household during a party that's going to pieces.

There's no way *into* the movie; it's like a busted bag of marbles—people are running every way at once. It's a succession of short scenes in which family members, servants, security guards, caterers, musicians, and wedding staff reveal their secrets—generally nasty—and/or make fools of themselves. The revelations are a standard set of scandals, foibles, sexual oddities, and addictions, with incest, epilepsy, nymphomania, and interracial love all treated pretty much on the same level. Then, toward the end, the storytelling method changes to a fast, overloaded narrative and finally to a rapid series of dramatic parallels and reversals. But the editing keeps stopping the picture cold; the film doesn't move forward, it hobbles about. And so we don't experience those last events as the fulfillment of the earlier scenes. "Nashville" was crowded, but it built into a shape, like an acrobats' pyramid. "A Wedding" stays flat and disorderly. And with all the talk—a constant battery of idle, compulsive babble—the dialogue lacks the crackling liveness of typical Altman overheards; it has an inert tone, and the sound level keeps changing. If there's any clear emotion that comes through the film, it's the director's impatience—perhaps even indifference. Actors seem to have become his only real collaborators, and they're running loose here.

Altman hasn't really recharged since "Nashville." In "Buffalo Bill and the Indians," he didn't appear to have the will or the strength to fuse the vignettes. There were concepts there (the lampoon of show-business celebrity, the contrast between the white man with his unsureness and the Indian with his primal spiritual power), but they didn't come together and turn into something else—a mood, a vision. The film's Buffalo Bill (Paul Newman) didn't have the star dynamism to make us feel that he was the big lie we wanted. The role needed a strutter, a man with the stature of a fraudulent folk hero. (Newman is good at small blowhards who reveal the needs behind their transparent lies.) And the Wild West show itself didn't travel—it was stationary—and so it seemed disconnected, off by itself, in a mournful, metaphorical realm. When Altman succeeds, he magically pulls a picture out of his hat. When he fails, it looks as if he never had anything in that hat. Yet it's likely that he was close to something big in "Buffalo Bill," and that somehow it was lost in the editing process. The movie seems to dribble away, scene by scene.

After that, Altman made "3 Women," a smaller failure. He had earlier switched from beautiful, vital, often dazzling cinematography (generally by Vilmos Zsigmond) to the serviceable cinematography of "California Split" and "Nashville;" in "3 Women," a dream film, he employed a consciously rhapsodic style, and the whole film is smooth, graceful. But he lingers on his own artistry. He seems to love setting the scenes (he's great at it), but he doesn't get much action going, and he holds on to those flowing scenes after whatever action there is is over. "3 Women" might have been a success if it had been "2 Girls," because almost everything to do with Shelley Duvall and Sissy Spacek in the first hour had affection and humor. You could feel his love of these actresses (and the assurance they drew from it),



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and he showed his feeling for the comic beauty in pop and trash and kitsch (a feeling he shares with Godard); it was lovely, fresh sociological comedy about two working girls from Texas. But the paintings under the titles and the electronic score gave intimations of aesthetic howlers to come, and they arrived with a Jungian thud after Sissy Spacek's suicide attempt and her dream within the larger dream structure—a mistake so mood-shattering that one never regained confidence that the director knew what he was doing. The film was stunted by the archetypal female mysticism of the second hour; it was an act of devotion to sit through it. Still, both "Buffalo Bill" and "3 Women" were honest, risk-taking failures, and you could see a major filmmaker at work in them. With "A Wedding," you can't. It's as if Altman had set out to prove that those who couldn't see the innovative greatness of his earlier films were right. It seems to have been made by an Altman imitator.

"A Wedding," which opened the New York Film Festival on September 22nd and began its theatrical run the next day, isn't as listless as Altman's last two films; it has a tittering countercultural tone, and there are laughs in it. But they're laughs of recognition of Altman's type of humor rather than of the accuracy of the jokes. Maybe Altman shouldn't have gone to the Midwest (where he comes from) to make this movie. He doesn't like the characters on the screen; he's taking potshots at them, but he doesn't show us what he's got against them. We can barely see what he's shooting *at;* he hasn't bothered to make the target exist. Probably Altman had an idea when he got involved in this project: probably he'd always hated these country-club Wasps—the kind of people Douglas Sirk made classy soap opera about in the fifties ("Magnificent Obsession," "All That Heaven Allows"). He must have meant to be savage. The musical score, with its pompous irony—the trumpets and fanfares that attend the empty vows of the promiscuous teen-agers and the arrival of the only guest who shows up for the reception (Bert Remsen, as a wedding aficionado)—suggests that he intended to point up what a mockery the monied classes' rituals are. But you can stay mad for only so long. Chances are that as Altman got closer to the subject he got bored with his own smoldering resentment. These people don't reach him now (they may even be his admirers); he's flailing away, half-

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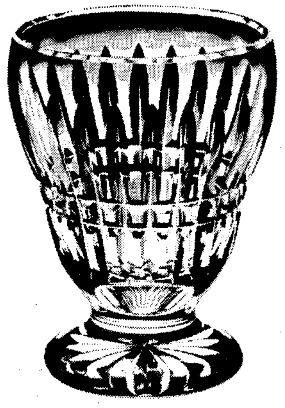

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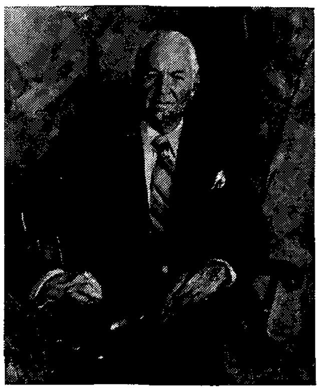

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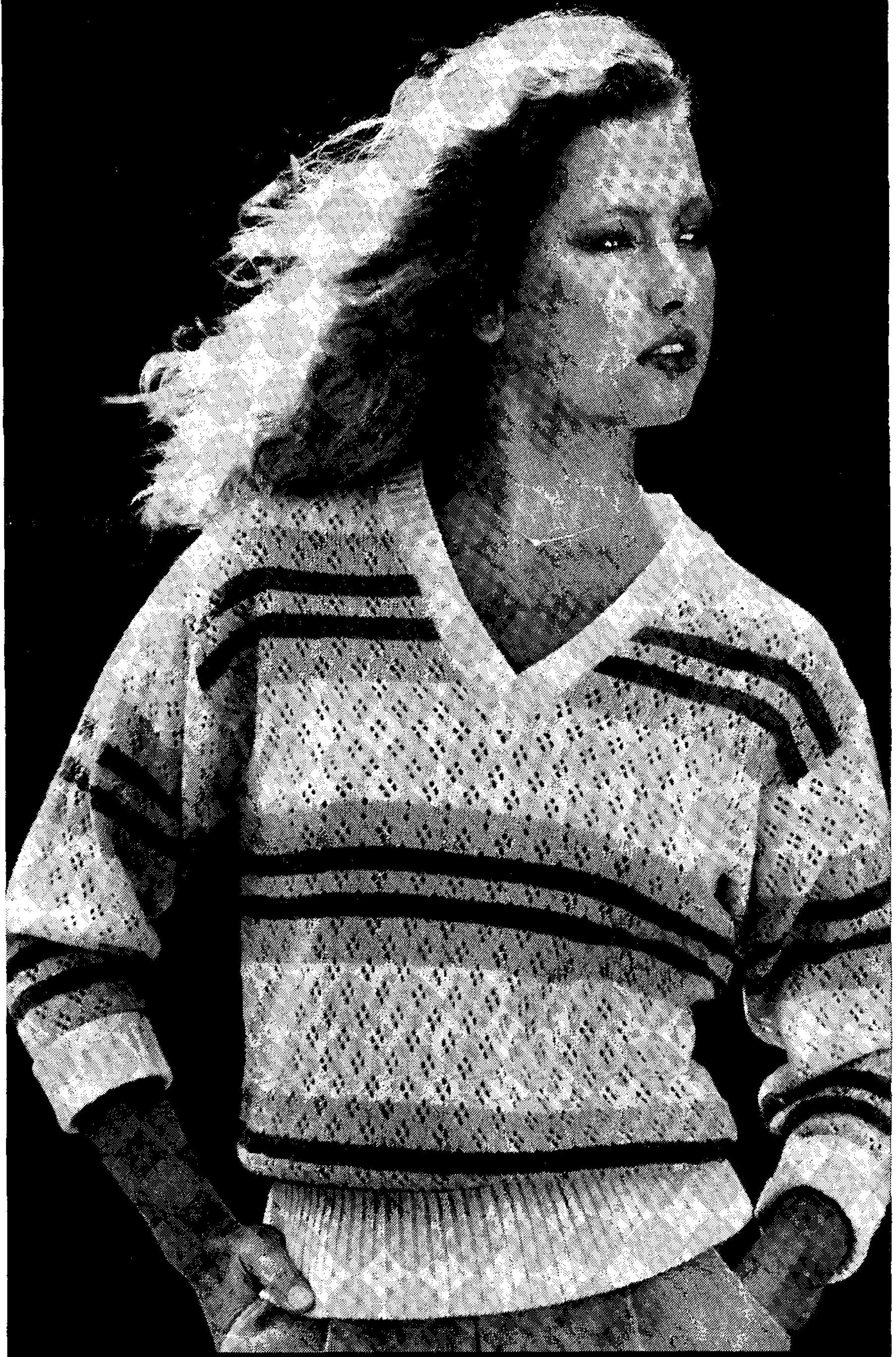
heartedly, at Babbitty shadows from the past.

The wedding is supposed to represent a union of new money with old money; it's the entrance into the Midwestern élite of a Louisville, Kentucky, girl whose father, once a truck driver, is now a big-time trucker. Yet the movie is singularly lacking in social nuances. It isn't clear what brought the mousy bride (the gifted young comedienne Amy Stryker) and the crumbum-stud groom (Desi Arnaz, Jr.) to the altar, and we don't have the chance to see how the socially untutored Southern family would be received in "society." We're given to understand that the Wasp suburbanites who were invited didn't come because they're so bigoted they have never accepted the groom's Italian father (Vittorio Gassman). The economic underpinnings are also slighted. People who have been to these affairs say that the presence of the guards makes you acutely conscious of all the reasons for their presence. But here, on an isolated estate, with no barrage of guests or gate-crashers, there's no visible necessity for the large security staff guarding the gifts and the premises, and the guards are used as bumbling fools in a series of messy low-comedy scenes. The only characters who are exempted from the film's contempt are the Italian father, who is spiritually still a foreigner, with his own culture; a black servant (Cedric Scott) of such distinction and noble bearing that he's clearly the superior of all the whites (has Robert Altman sunk to this cowardly sentimentality?); and the groom's grandmother (Lillian Gish). She's the only one in the film who has her own space—she keeps her dignity. (The cuts to her in bed often seem to be misplaced tributes to Miss Gish herself.) The film appears to be in awe of what this matriarch represents. Has Altman fallen into the trap of respecting *old* money? All the other money on the screen is bad money.

The movie has moments: a red-headed teen-age cousin of the bride (Mark R. Deming) talking about "The Fly" and about Ray Milland in "Frogs;" the bride's lopsided, slightly fiendish grin of triumph at having snared her stud, and the mixture of practicality and furtiveness which marks her as her mother's daughter; a romantic interlude between that mother (Carol Burnett) and the groom's uncle (Pat McCormick), who are like Shakespearean clown-lovers together. But the good bits slip away; they don't seem to count for anything. Though Pat Mc-

Creslan spoken here.



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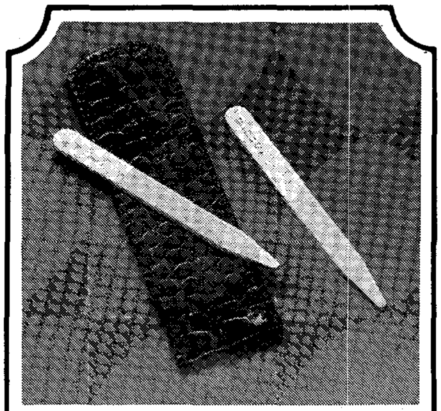

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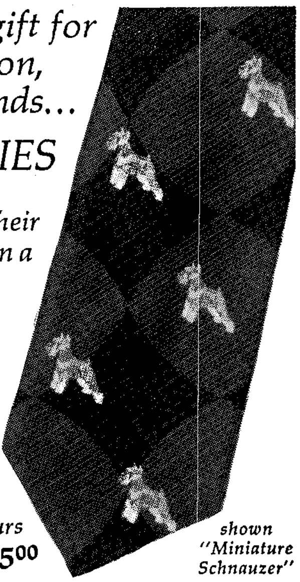

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Cormick's beatific quiet as he clutches Burnett to his capacious bosom stays in the memory, the film doesn't really set up the scene. If we had had a glimpse of the exact moment when he was smitten, then his gathering his beloved in his arms would be much funnier. Carol Burnett is more relaxed about acting for the big screen than she has been before, and she shows her gift—the quick, pure looks her face can shoot out, those precisely overdone emotions of happy surprise, helpless heat, second thoughts. Carol Burnett brings out the insanity within sane people better than anybody. She looks as if she's made of ordinary rubber, but when she tells off her nosy sister-in-law (Peggy Ann Garner), her screeching voice could kill. It's the director who muffles what could have been one of her best scenes: her confusion about which of her daughters she has just been told is pregnant by the groom. And it's clearly the director whose timing is off in the longer scenes, such as the one in which a family group watches while the bride's father (Paul Dooley) grills the bride's pregnant sister (Mia Farrow, looking like a teen-ager, and more blissfully fey than ever)—a teasing nymph who is mute and feeble-witted. All the way through, there are incidents and lines that are potentially funny but are flubbed. The script, by John Considine, Patricia Resnick, and Allan Nicholls (who are all in the film), and Altman, may not be bad—just unrealized. There's a running gag about the groom's family doctor (Howard Duff), who can't be around a young girl without copping a feel. But Duff doesn't have the manner of an impotent old lech, and instead of our registering his sneakiness out of the corner of an eye, so that we'd have to do a double take to be sure, we are given a full, dull view. The camera can't seem to stay away from the groom's beautiful, ravaged addict-mother (Nina Van Pallandt), tense and strung out until she gets her shot and then nodding off graciously, in her best hostessy manner; the closeups of her become little editorials on leisure-class decadence.

Surprisingly, the director gets almost nothing out of most of the "name" players. Geraldine Chaplin as the lesbian wedding coördinator, Lauren Hutton as the woman in charge of making a film record of the occasion, Ruth Nelson as the groom's great-aunt, and Vittorio Gassman and Howard Duff could all be eliminated without loss, and the elimination of Viveca Lindfors, who is a Swedish caterer twirling feverishly in blue chiffon, would be a defi-

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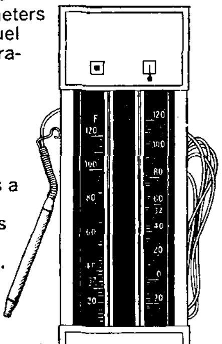

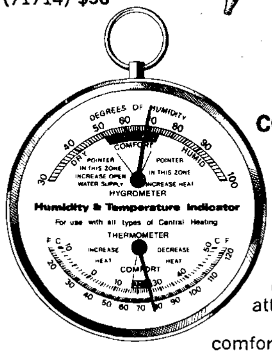

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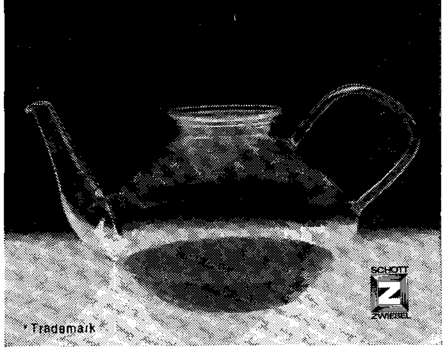

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nite gain. (Lindfors has now attained to such a state of bravura bad acting that her self-dramatizing womanliness gives women a bad name.)

The eccentricities of Altman's characters have usually been likable; their crotchets and buggy pretensions were tipoffs to other surprises they had in them. Here most of the forty-eight people are reduced to their eccentricities, and we're supposed to see that because they're American mercenaries that's all there is to them. Their heartlessness might be funny if it were stylized. But it isn't—it's just soggy and unconvincing. Altman has always had some bad-boy iconoclasm in him; there was a spunky, goading side to his work. The spunkiness is missing in "A Wedding."

It's possible that "Nashville" was a pivotal point for Altman—that since then his wanting to make movies has become more a nervous reflex than a creative drive. The way he works, his feelings come right through, and when he isn't fully engaged in a subject the film lacks mood and substance. "A Wedding" is flimsy. There's a great difference in texture between the work that Altman did with Vilmos Zsigmond as cinematographer and Lou Lombardo as editor (and Leon Ericksen as production designer) and what he's doing now. Their work together was really jazzy—it had a feeling for the possibilities in lighting and rhythm and design. And it didn't hurt when there was a writer's script—something with some layers in it—if only to depart from. Altman is depending too much now on the actors, and on himself. The actors do many charming things in "A Wedding," but the movie is bitter in a concealed, dry, facile way; the joking almost seems private. At the end, the people seem to have been chopped up, as if by a pixieish yet rancorous comedian.

MANY novelists have been influenced by the movies, but probably no "serious" novelist has absorbed into his writing what movie audiences want the way that Richard Price, the young author of "Bloodbrothers," has. (He was twenty-five when he wrote the book.) He describes the action—bam-pow—and tells the story through the dialogue; the effect is like that of a classic novel speeded up. It's a childish approach to the novel, but that of a TV-age child aware that he's competing with movies and TV for your attention and determined not to lose you for an instant. (Book reviewers responded with such praise as "It will tear your

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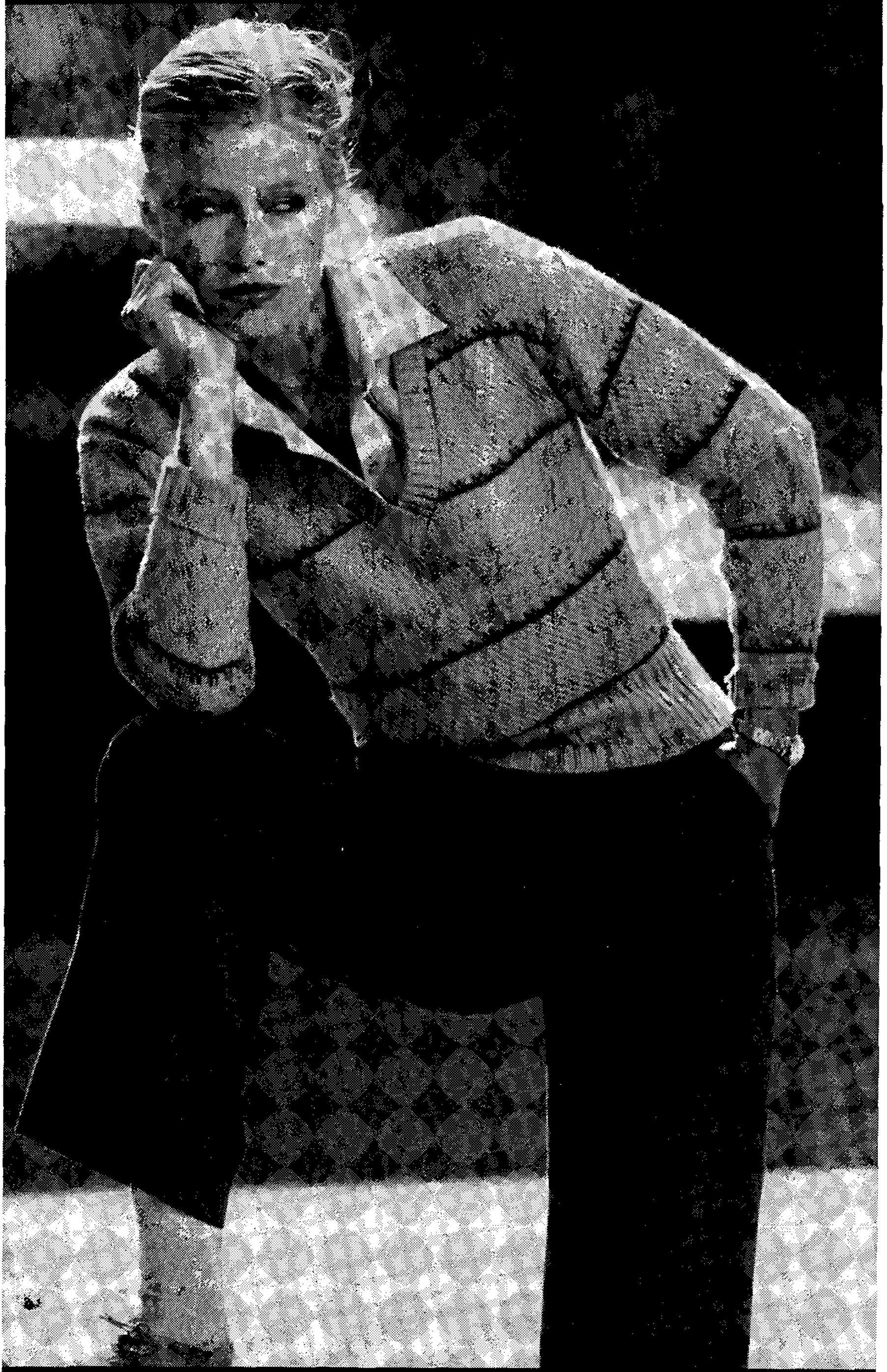

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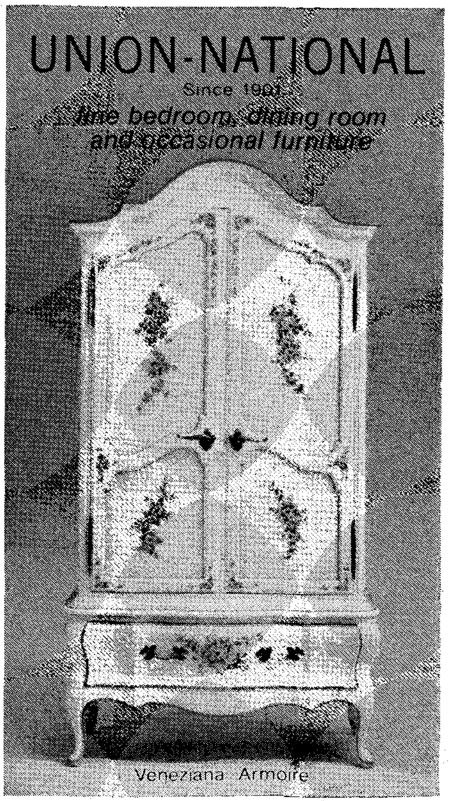
heart out" and " 'Bloodbrothers' is a kick in the spine.") He also writes fast and carelessly, as if, like a TV writer or a screenwriter, with other projects waiting, he was punching an inner time clock. But Price has a talent for profane humor, and that redeems almost everything—the passages repeated for emphasis, the textbook explanations, the characters who are developed and then lost sight of, the mixture of didacticism, sensationalism, and pathos. His story of a brawling Italian Catholic family living in Co-op City, in the Bronx, should have made a striking tragicomic movie; it practically *is* a movie. But it was adapted by the wrong screenwriter (Walter Newman), directed by the wrong director (Robert Mulligan), and miscast in every major role. The movies that inspired Price were not the movies of Robert Mulligan. Though Mulligan may seem to have the right background (he's the son of a New York police officer and once studied for the priesthood), Price acknowledges "Mean Streets" as the specific influence on the novel. Mulligan is the man who gave us "To Kill a Mockingbird" and "Summer of '42."

Trying for something crude, powerful, volatile, Mulligan has made a film that opens like an ABC Movie of the Week. It has Sears, Roebuck imagery—you order it from the catalogue. And he and the writer (probably with the encouragement of the producer, Stephen Friedman) have turned the book completely around. Price's story is about a blocked rite of passage; it's about how the eighteen-year-old Stony De Coco is bound to his father and uncle (both electricians, who work on construction sites) by ties of love and gratitude, and, because of that love, never breaks free to develop the possibilities in himself. It's about why Stony will turn out to be a frustrated, boozing, skirt-chasing, braggart hardhat just like them. The movie, however, is an ethnic variant of all those the-summer-the-adolescent-became-a-man pictures. The sensitive, imaginative Stony (Richard Gere) breaks free of his generous father (Tony Lo Bianco) and his doting, childless uncle (Paul Sorvino) and goes off to save himself, and his little brother (Michael Hershewe) as well. Stony is John-Boy Walton, but from a family that talks dirty and doesn't understand him.

There are exploitation messagey movies that are badly made but succeed at the box office because they have some hook—the idea behind the movie, publicity about a new star, whatever.



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"Looking for Mr. Goodbar" was one. "Bloodbrothers" (which showed at the New York Film Festival on September 25th and 26th and opens in theatres on the 27th) could conceivably be another. The characters tell anecdotes that are really their life stories, and Annette (Marilu Henner), the girl Stony turns to for understanding, gives us a fat hint of what the moviemakers want us to carry away with us when she says, "Life can hurt. It's made me feel close to all those doin' the hurtin' dance." The movie has got this heartfelt hurting glop going for it, plus an Elmer Bernstein score emoting like mad, swooping in with beery passion for the deep scenes and making sure you never miss the pity of it all, and performers pouring on Mediterranean sensuality and playing at their highest pitch. People laugh with hysterical heartiness in this movie. The book's obscenities are no longer funny, though: what's supposed to account for them and redeem them kills them. "I may be the town pump," Annette tells Stony, "but at least I'm not afraid to face the truth." And she isn't meant to be obnoxious; she's supposed to be a model of courage for the still indecisive hero. When Stony worries about what will happen in his family if he leaves, Annette is ready with metaphorical wisdom: "Worry about your own ass. Theirs is out of reach."

The actors are working on different levels, and Mulligan brings their performances up when they should be taken down. There's only one performer who seems to know how to get inside his role—Kenneth McMillan, in the minor part of Banion, the crippled barkeeper. McMillan (he was Sergeant Rooney in the New York production of "Streamers") listens to other actors without overreacting, and his calm, expressive style here allows us to see into Banion's distrustful nature and read his rapid, angry shifts of feeling. McMillan's quiet saves him in a cast in which everybody else seems to have been goosed just as they got within camera range. Tony Lo Bianco is reaching so frenziedly for patriarchal, hot-tempered, large-scale emotions that he seems three feet off the ground, and Paul Sorvino must equate hardhat with wide-eyed simpleton—he's playing Lennie in a tank-town "Of Mice and Men." Lo Bianco and Sorvino don't look or act like brothers; they just laugh together a lot.

The film's chances at the box office probably depend almost completely on the public response to Richard Gere. He is one of those performers—Susan

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Sarandon is another—who seem to achieve total inauthenticity in every role. This doesn't necessarily destroy their careers: Susan Sarandon has physical attributes to offset her blank-faced hyper-eager, tongue-twister line readings. Pure plastic is not without its appeal. And people notice Richard Gere. His imitative style made him stick out in "Looking for Mr. Goodbar," and it does in "Days of Heaven," and here, too. Gere might be competent in smaller roles, but when he has an important part he doesn't seem to have enough resources of his own to draw upon, and so he dips into the performances of actors he admires—De Niro and Brando, mostly. "Days of Heaven," which is set in the period before America entered the First World War, is all visual bombast; it has no center and is full of dissociated silent-movie emotions. Gere, with his post-fifties acting style and the overtones it carries of Brando and Dean and Clift and all the others who shrugged and scowled and acted with their shoulders, is totally anachronistic in it. And the one basic emotion he needs to show—sexual avidity for his former companion, now another man's wife—seems quite beyond him. In "Bloodbrothers," he's better off, because the adolescent Stony is within the range of hurt-boy emotions that the post-fifties actors established, and Gere has models for everything he does. But his performance is all mannerisms—defenseless, sunshiny grins and juvenile torment. Stony is trying to find himself, all right—Gere is ransacking "On the Waterfront," "Rebel Without a Cause," "East of Eden," and "Mean Streets," and trying to come up with a self. The eyes squinch dutifully while the camera closeups keep alerting us, "Look how lovably he suffers—our new prince." But the intensity that we're told to feast on isn't there. Gere is to De Niro and Brando what the singers in "Beatlemania" are to the Beatles.

—PAULINE KAEL

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This is a religious male festival with over 400 years of history held at Kannon-in of Saidaiji Temple in Okayama City. From the tourist standpoint the festival is popularly known as the "naked festival." Thousands of naked young men wearing white loincloths struggle with one another for sacred trees about 20 centimeters long. As they crash into one another with a gallant shout, the area is filled with steam. This is quite an attractive scene.—*Radio Japan News.*

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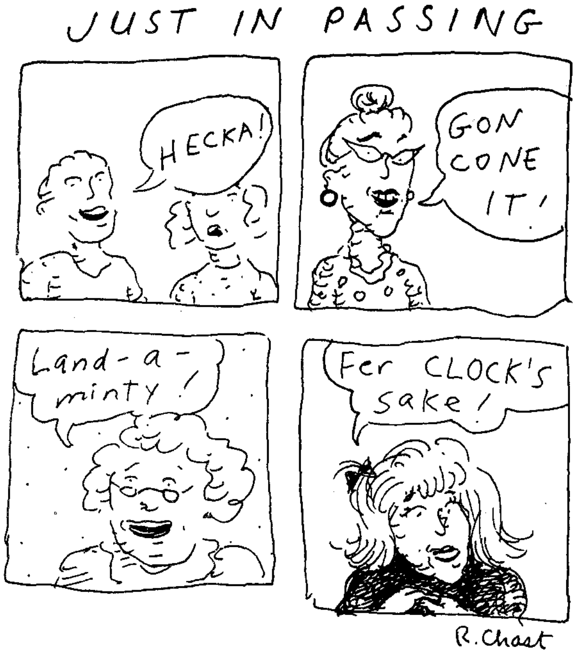
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *Landmarks*

IN London this summer, I saw, night after night, faces familiar from the Lincoln Center foyers. It was not surprising, for there was much to attract any eager operagoer. Although on any day of July only one of the two major companies was playing (the Royal Opera ended its 1977-78 season on July 27th; the next day, the English National Opera opened its 1978-79 season), in and around the capital some thirty different operas could be heard during the month, and they included Monteverdi's "Orfeo" and "Ulisse" (done by the Kent Opera), Rameau's "Hippolyte et Aricie" at Covent Garden, Handel's "Orlando," Verdi's unrevised "Macbeth," four of Mozart's operas, two of Stravinsky's, and three of Britten's. Also "Lucrezia Borgia," "Parsifal," and Nicolai's "Merry Wives." Over the air, the BBC offered about a dozen more operas, among them Luigi Ricci's "La Serva e l'Ussero" and Debussy's "La Chute de la Maison Usher," in a longer version than we have heard in America. August was scarcely less busy; some of the rarities were Marc-Antoine Charpentier's "Médée" and Chabrier's "Gwendoline" in radio performances, and Schoenberg's "Die Glückliche Hand" and Rameau's "Les Boréades" at the Proms. Janet Baker sang Gluck's Orpheus. The English National staged Weill's "Seven Deadly Sins." At the Edinburgh Festival, crossing into September, there were "Carmen" (a revival of the Berganza-Abbado performance I reviewed last year), "Pelléas," Monteverdi's three operas (done by the Zurich Opera), "Kát'a Kabanová," Luigi Nono's "Al Gran Sole Carico d'Amore," and Peter Maxwell Davies' "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame." The Welsh National Opera began the new season with Janáček's "The Makropulos Affair," and the Royal Opera with "The Ring."

AT Glyndebourne, the new productions were both of Mozart. "Così Fan Tutte" completed a Mozart-Da Ponte trio directed by Peter Hall. (His "Figaro" first appeared five years ago. Last year, there was "Don Giovanni;" it was revived this year, and Brent Ellis was admired in the title role.) Lilli Lehmann in her autobiography regrets that every single movement of the Leporello, Andrés de Segurola, in her Salzburg production of "Don Giovanni," in 1910, was not filmed, to preserve for posterity a performance not stock or clowned but based upon "observation of human character." Happily, Hall's "Figaro," "Giovanni," and "Così" *have* been preserved (the first two by Southern Television, "Così" by the BBC)—music and movement together, as was not possible in 1910. Music and movement are as one in these three productions, which have made manifest more freshly, more precisely than any others I have seen what is so often written about Mozart's miraculous insight into the workings of the human heart. In "Così," all the stale, standard jokes—Alfonso's "Morti [pause for reaction and laughter] non sono," a Despina who brandishes an outsize magnet, a Ferrando who yells coloratura in the first finale and has to be shushed—are banished. The easy adventitious laughs are forgone. Everyone behaves like a real person; the suitors' and Despina's disguises are believable; "observation of human character" determines each movement and each inflection. Exceptional in an age of directorial vanity and foolishness, Hall asks not "What can I do to be new, different, and surprising?" but "What did Mozart do?" The orchestra, he says, dictates his direction, and the London Philharmonic under Bernard Haitink, in superb form, gave no false instructions. Hall has an extraordinary way of reconciling realism and convention; he makes it seem the most natural thing in the world for someone to embark on an aria. The listener feels the harmonic tensions of the score as emotional tensions, and in the finale holds his breath through the whirl of keys and dramatic crises until C major returns. There was firm, simple, and very attractive scenery by John Bury. Bozena Betley sang Fiordiligi with exquisite phrasing and line. Maria Ewing, making her British début, was an irresistibly impulsive, credible Dorabella. Max-René Cosotti was a lively Ferrando, and Håkan Hagegård a bonny Guglielmo. (In Act I, Guglielmo sang the extended display aria "Rivolgete" in place of "Non siate ritrosi"—not recommended for general use, but very enjoyable to hear on occasion. In the finale, measures 67-124, usually omitted, were reinstated. In fact, this was the fullest "Così" I have ever encountered in a theatre.) Nan Christie was a lively Despina, and Stafford Dean a wise, witty Don Alfonso. There have been fuller-voiced Fiordiligis, more mellifluous Ferrandos, neater Despinas in our time—but never, I'll wager, a whole "Così" so honest, sensitive, direct, stylish, and truthfully "Mozartian" in all its details.

Glyndebourne's new "Zauberflöte" was less wonderful. David Hockney's designs, which received much advance publicity, were distinguished and pretty, but as scenery they proved undramatic. Their effect was slight—merely decorative—and the strength of the opera was lost. John Cox's direction was similarly lightweight: at the start of Act II, to Mozart's solemn music, the Priests assembled informally and squatted down as if for a Glyndebourne picnic. One does not want the "Flute" to be heavy; the English National version (a 1975 production, directed by Anthony Besch, designed by John Stoddart, and revived to open the new season) showed how it should combine entertaining spectacle, simple jollity, and mysterious grandeur. At Glyndebourne, Haitink's conducting showed that, too (there is pageantry in the score), and showed up the staging as insubstantial. I heard a well-nigh ideal Pamina, Felicity Lott, and a brave, forthright Tamino, Leo Goeke. Lott, Goeke, and Samuel Ramey led the cast of a "Rake's Progress" revival—a produc-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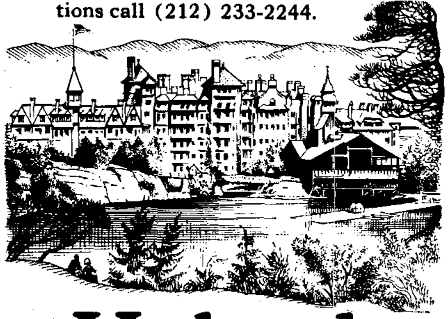

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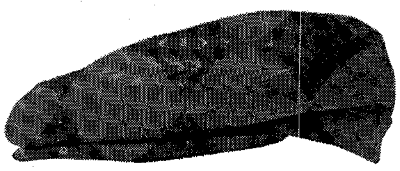

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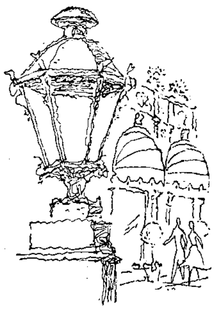
tion in which Hockney's elegantly inventive designs, Cox's clever production, and Haitink's alert, lucid conducting *are* in perfect balance. "La Bohème" introduced two young American sopranos to Europe, but neither of them—Linda Zoghby as Mimì, Ashley Putnam as Musetta—made much impression. The honors of the evening went to an Italian débutant, Alberto Cupido, a Rodolfo whose fresh flow of bright, lyrical tone and forward, limpid words recalled Pavarotti's British début in the role, fifteen years ago. Cox's direction was weak in characterization, fussy in detail, and sometimes absurd: the toyseller Parpignol became a Messenger of Death, crying his wares in an eerie green spotlight on a suddenly darkened stage. But the director, the artists, and the conductor, Nicola Rescigno, get high marks for having insured, by timing and inflection, that the sequence of "Che gelida manina . . . Mi chiamano Mimì . . . O soave fanciulla" would flow uninterrupted by applause.

"HIPPOLYTE," Rameau's first grand opera, was the final presentation of Lina Lalandi's glorious English Bach Festival, which does not limit its activities to England and to Bach but also visits Versailles and this year did Handel's "Rinaldo," a divertissement from Rameau's "La Princesse de Navarre," and the first modern revivals of Handel's "Terpsicore" (1734) and Vivaldi's "Griselda" (1735). In recent years, Miss Lalandi has been building a Baroque operatic troupe in which players of authentic instruments are matched by singers, directed by the American scholar Dene Barnett, who seek to pose and gesture as Rameau's singers did, and by dancers, directed by Belinda Quirey and Michael Holmes, who seek to move as Rameau's dancers did. The designs for her resplendent wardrobe are by René-Louis Boquet, who worked for Louis XV. She cannot yet run to Baroque stage machinery: in Versailles the royal theatre has a permanent eighteenth-century setting, and in London the Royal Opera's "Ballo in Maschera" ballroom was used for "Hippolyte." Covent Garden, built in 1858 to house nineteenth-century opera, proved slightly too large for the presentation. "Hippolyte" seems to have made more of an effect in Versailles, where singers, players, and audience are all in one unified acoustical space and projection is easier. The French hailed the show as a revelation. In London, it was enthralling to watch the quick, disciplined passions of Rameau's music incisively defined by the

The legend continues.



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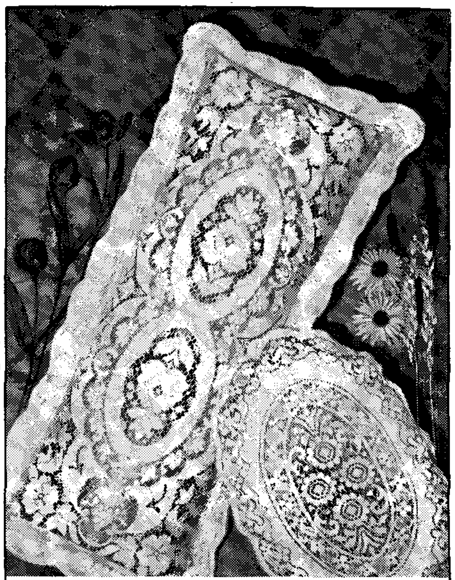

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actors, and to see the rhythms and patterns of his dances take form in space. Miss Lalandi needs a stronger musical director than Jean-Claude Malgoire, who led some coarse, out-of-tune instrumental playing. Some of her singers have still to master both telling French declamation and confidence in the striking of extravagant attitudes. This "authentic" "Hippolyte" complemented rather than eclipsed the "unauthentic" modern production, with Janet Baker as Phaedra, that provided my introduction to the great opera thirteen years ago. But it was a landmark in our age's excited discovery of Baroque opera—the first production of its kind, and a splendid one.

Another landmark has been the discovery of "Les Boréades," Rameau's last opera. He died, in 1764, while it was in rehearsal at the Opéra. The work was abandoned and remained unknown for two centuries—unedited until in 1972 M. Térey-Smith submitted a critical score for a University of Rochester doctorate, and unheard until in 1975 John Eliot Gardiner, with his Monteverdi Choir and Orchestra, brought it to performance, in his own edition. (The Choir, formed in Cambridge in 1965, has few rivals in the vivid performance of large-scale seventeenth- and eighteenth-century scores. Its account of Handel's "Dixit" and Purcell's "Welcome, welcome glorious morn" during the City of London Festival was another musical high point of London's summer.) Rameau, like Mozart, tempts his listeners to declare that the most recently heard of his operas is the greatest of all. "Hippolyte," the first of his *tragédies*, is perhaps the grandest, "Castor" the most affecting, and "Dardanus" the most fanciful. (I have never heard "Zoroastre." I wish the Juilliard would do the piece: it has the theatre, the musicians, the dancers, and in Albert Fuller and Wendy Hilton two enthusiasts to direct and inspire their work.) "Les Boréades," composed when Rameau was eighty-one, seems to comprehend all their merits, and, in addition, a vein of high spirits and fecund invention is explored with new mastery. One listens with mounting astonishment and rapture. There are numbers as sensuously beautiful as any Rameau wrote. And there is a Gluckian feeling for drama-in-music ("Orfeo" was published, in Paris, in the year of "Les Boréades"), for continuity, contrast, and cumulative form, which makes "Les Boréades," so to speak, Rameau's "Otello" and "Falstaff" in one. Instrumentally, Gardiner celebrates a practical marriage between musical competence and musical au-

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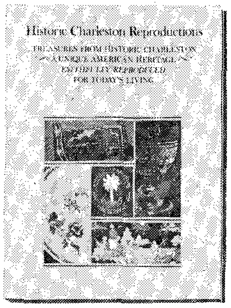

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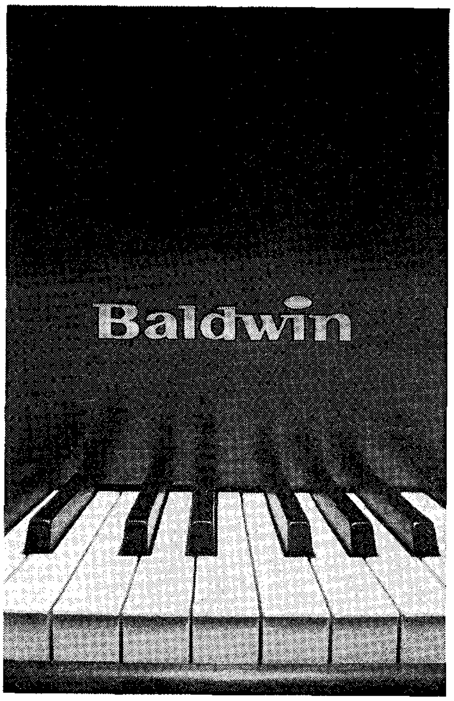
thenticity. Modern fiddles are played on by eighteenth-century bows, with eighteenth-century bowing; conical-bore flutes and boxwood C-clarinets are used when they are available. The stars of the Prom performance were the tenor Paul Elliott, a bright, elegant, and affecting Abaris, and the French soprano Anne-Marie Rodde, as Sémire. (Miss Rodde also shone in "Hippolyte," and as a lieder singer in one of the BBC's almost daily recitals.) Eiddwen Harrhy, Jennifer Smith, Marilyn Hill Smith, Carolyn Watkinson, Ian Caley, Ian Caddy, and Stephen Varcoe are other names to note in the corps of young British singers schooled and increasingly experienced in the execution of eighteenth-century music.

THE last new production of the Royal Opera's 1977-78 season was of Verdi's "Luisa Miller," unheard at Covent Garden since 1874, when Patti sang it. It was directed and designed plainly, rather dully, by Filippo Sanjust. The Miller home was acceptable; the castle scenes were in stark monochrome. Katia Ricciarelli was sensitive and touching in the title role, but she cannot open out on a big, swelling phrase. (Rosa Ponselle, who certainly could, reëstablished the opera in our century.) Pavarotti sang the first Rodolfos; I heard José Carreras. His Verdi heroes—Jacopo Foscari, Corrado, Alfredo, Riccardo, Don Carlos—all come out much the same, cast in a mold of generalized ardor, in a way that is, however, always a pleasure. Lorin Maazel conducted with crude, bright emphasis. Then "Pelléas" and "Norma" were revived. The former had a subtle, arresting Mélisande in Anne Howells, a magnificent Pelléas in Thomas Allen, a vigorous Golaud in Thomas Stewart, and strong, beautiful orchestral playing under Colin Davis. Two prima donnas quarrelled over "Norma." Montserrat Caballé arrived wanting to sing her big duet with Adalgisa down a tone (the common transposition; on a blank staff of Bellini's autograph there is already sketched a way of effecting it). Grace Bumbry, the Adalgisa, wanted to sing it in the original keys. A compromise was reached by which Caballé got her way for five of the eight performances and then ceded the title role to Bumbry for the last three. Josephine Veasey stepped in as Adalgisa for the last two Caballé performances—while Bumbry prepared for her elevation—and continued in the part, competently but unremarkably, to the end of the run. Bumbry, as Norma, also chose the low keys for the duet—but now, of



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course, she had the upper line in it. (Both ladies sang "Casta Diva" down in F.) With Caballé in the title role, the best seats cost seventeen pounds fifty (thirty-five dollars); with Bumbry, only fifteen pounds. But Bumbry was the better Norma. Caballé on her opening night was often strident, uneven, and perfunctory. Of both Adalgisa and Norma, Bumbry gave serious, carefully studied interpretations. Coloratura—as Hanslick remarked in his account of Lilli Lehmann's Norma—"was never a coquettish intrusion but remained noble, serious, subordinate to the situation." But her timbre was not unfailingly pure and beautiful. There was a rough, coarse Pollione, Pedro Lavirgen; a threadbare Oroveso, David Ward; and a routine conductor, Jesús López-Cobos.

The first month of the Royal Opera's new season was devoted solely to three cycles of "The Ring." The show should have been carefully rehearsed. Yet at the first "Rheingold" and "Walküre"—all I caught of it—the scene changes made a racket and the sceneshifters were visible. That *might* just have been the deliberate intention of the director, Götz Friedrich—to reinforce his assertion that the settings of the "Ring" action are not mythical landscapes, not nineteenth-century factories and boardrooms, not any places of today or tomorrow, but precisely the boards of the theatre on which the cycle is being performed. But what it suggested was that Sieglinde had a butler and footmen to lay her supper table. The Covent Garden "Ring," designed by Josef Svoboda, is a stunning piece of stage engineering. An enormous square platform supported on a single piston fills the stage. It can revolve, sway, heave, slant in any direction to create vertiginous aeries. Its louvred upper surface can suddenly flip open, completely or in selected strips, to create a giant staircase, leading toward Valhalla. Its mirrored underside reflects the Rhine bed and the deep pits of Nibelheim. During preludes and symphonic interludes, it is put through its paces to divert us. It serves in spectacular fashion to illustrate Friedrich's tendentious commentary on how "The Ring" might be performed, but it does not serve Wagner's work well. The cast was largely that of Bayreuth: Gwyneth Jones (Brünnhilde), Donald McIntyre (Wotan), Jean Cox (Siegfried), Peter Hofmann (Siegmund), etc. But the singers appeared at a disadvantage. Friedrich's personal dislike of the Gods—his Froh is a mincing queen, his Donner a seedy dodderer, his Loge a cheeky houseboy—inhibits

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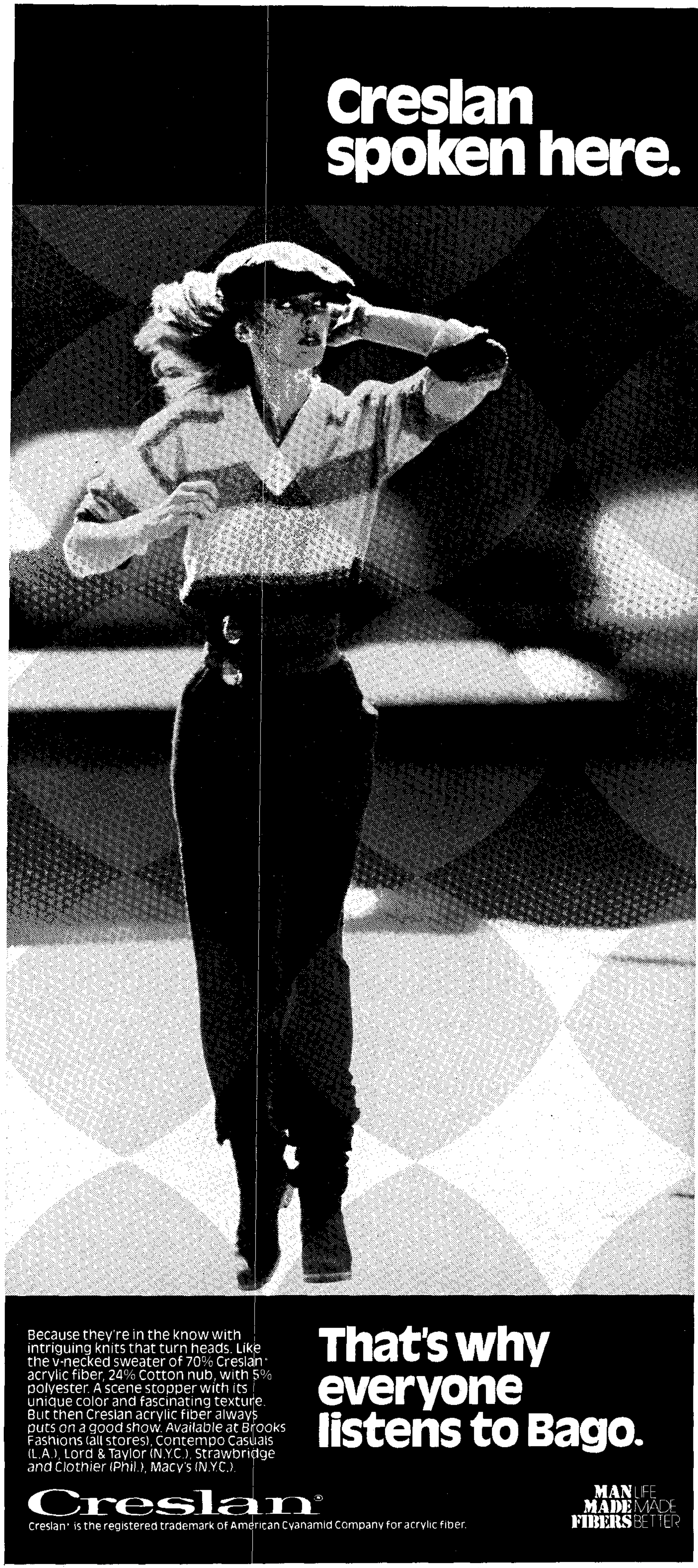

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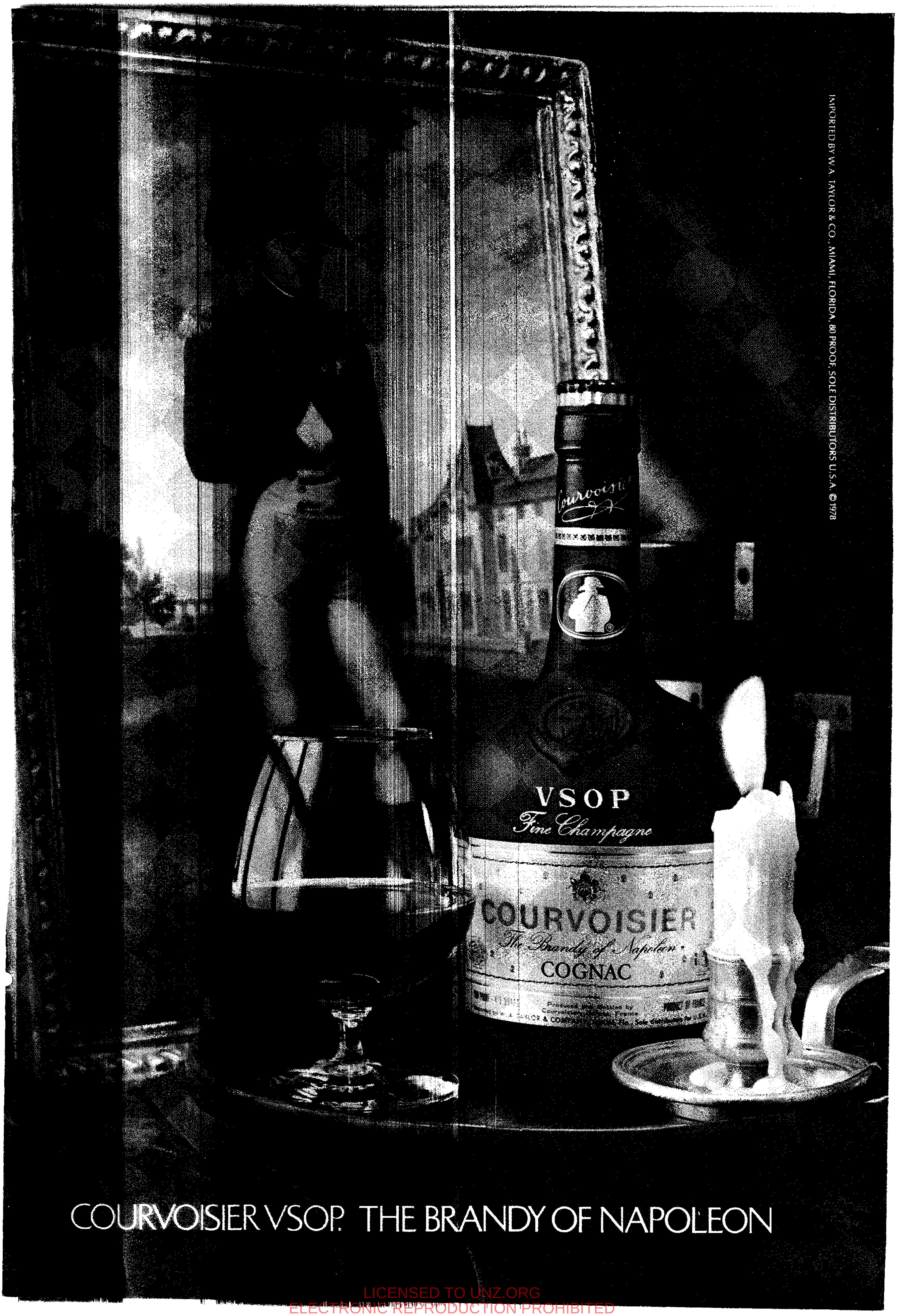
them from expressing much. The Wotan of "Das Rheingold" is concealed behind a half mask; the Wotan of "Die Walküre" is a *Gauleiter*, and the Brünnhilde a metallic robot. Only Hunding, hailed in Friedrich's program note as "the first 'real' man," seems to win his approval, and in the person and voice of Aage Haugland—the first "real," majestically commanding Wagnerian voice to be heard in the cycle—Hunding was certainly the hero of the show. Colin Davis's conducting had lost some of the confidence and conviction it had two years ago.

IN our age of directorial vanity and foolishness, from which Wagner has been the chief sufferer, the Metropolitan "Tannhäuser," directed by Otto Schenk and designed by Günther Schneider-Siemssen, shines out as a beacon of good sense, romance, beauty, expressiveness, and concern for the composer's intentions. It was revived last week to open the 1978-79 season. The orchestral playing, under James Levine, was richer than any I heard in Europe's theatres this summer. There were a new Elisabeth, Venus, Tannhäuser, and Hermann. Teresa Zylis-Gara's heroine was impetuous yet dignified, admirably conceived. Her German was not quite sharp cut, and since the voice was sometimes slow to "sound," sustained notes tended to become swells, and the Prayer lost impetus. But her tone was fresh and full, and the performance as a whole was very pleasing. Tatiana Troyanos's Venus was roundly voiced, not quite incisively enough declaimed. There are few Tannhäusers around today, and when James McCracken fell out the Met was lucky to get Richard Cassilly. Although his tones sometimes develop an ugly snarl, his intellectual and dramatic command of the role is complete. Kurt Moll, in a Met début, as Hermann, sang with authority and grandeur. Bernd Weikl's Wolfram, apart from a few mispitched notes, was as nobly ardent as before, and Kathleen Battle's Shepherd was even more sweetly and truly sung. The choral sound was big and bold, if not quite as smooth and rich in tone as it has been. All in all, I doubt whether one could today hear Wagner's opera better sung and played than it was here. And I'm sure one could not see it better staged.

On the second night of the season, Britten's "Billy Budd," directed by John Dexter, designed by William Dudley, and conducted by Raymond Leppard, joined the Metropolitan repertory. There is also a new production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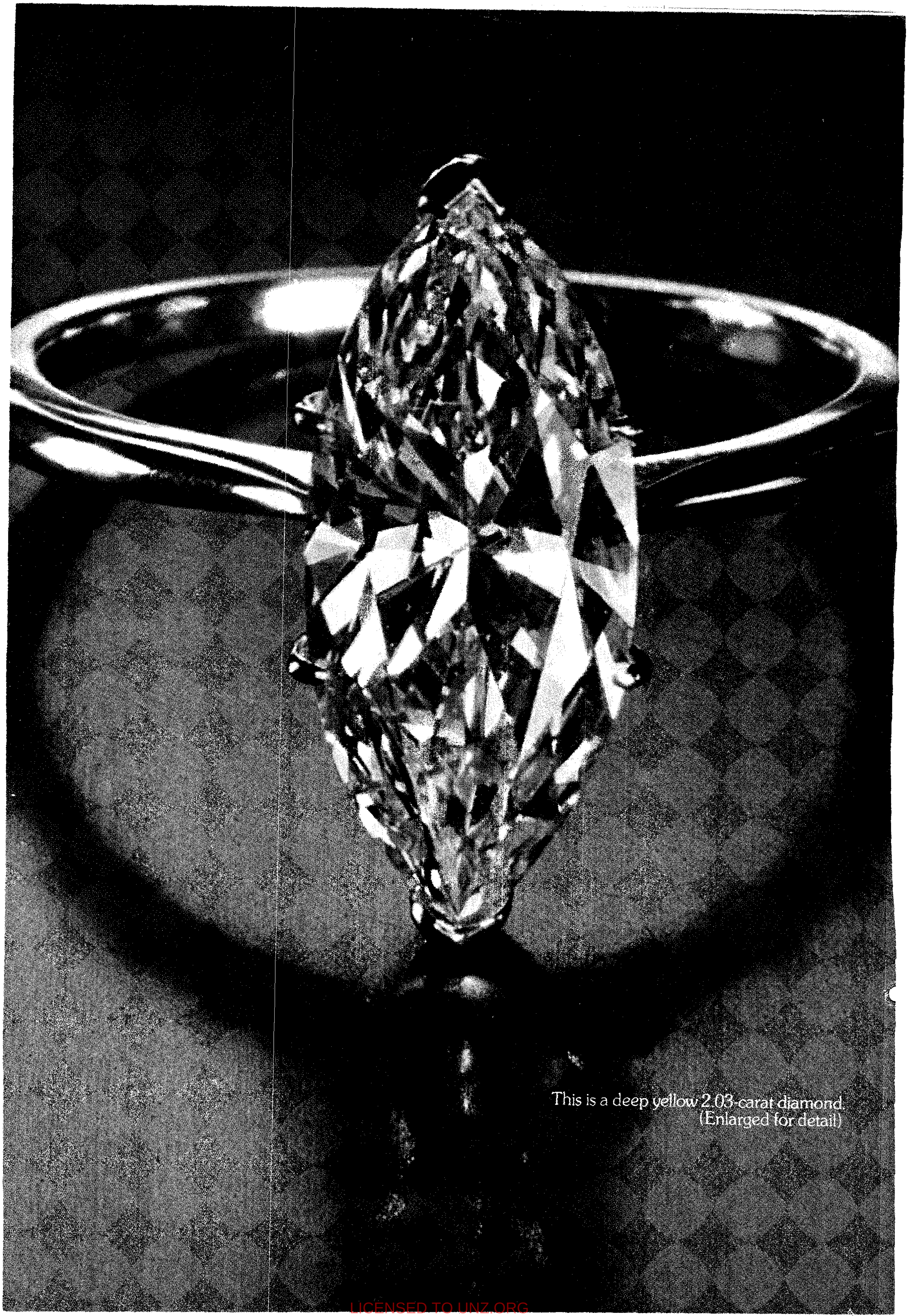

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of the piece in San Francisco; I hope to see it, to see the Met version again, and then write about this important, arresting, and in some ways puzzling opera. In brief, the Met performance is at once a spectacular show and a highly intelligent, cogent presentation of the dramatic conflicts—a successful and striking achievement, not to be missed. Peter Pears reassumes the role, Captain Vere, that he created twenty-seven years ago, and brings even greater subtlety to its portrayal than he did then. James Morris's extraordinary Claggart makes full sense of the part for the first time. On the opening night, Richard Stilwell had not yet quite got the measure of Billy. Leppard's conducting was eloquent.

THE City Opera season opened with a run of Victor Herbert's operetta "Naughty Marietta." The first new opera production of the season was of Giordano's "Andrea Chénier." Formally, harmonically, emotionally, and in its political thinking, the work is all over the place—a sprawl of the ingredients that four years later Puccini tidied into "Tosca." Full-blooded, committed singing of its principal numbers has kept it alive. The City Opera version, with Marilyn Zschau, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks in the principal roles and Emerson Buckley as conductor, is a decent, straightforward account of the piece but contains little to stir the pulses. Nathaniel Merrill's direction and Robert O'Hearn's décor are plain, even bleak, in a way that might suit a serious French Revolution opera; "Chénier," which treats the great issues as local color, needs rather more help than they give it.

—ANDREW PORTER

• •

## ANOTHER YEAR HAS ROLLED AROUND IN HANOVER

[*From the 1977 annual report of Hanover, New Hampshire*]

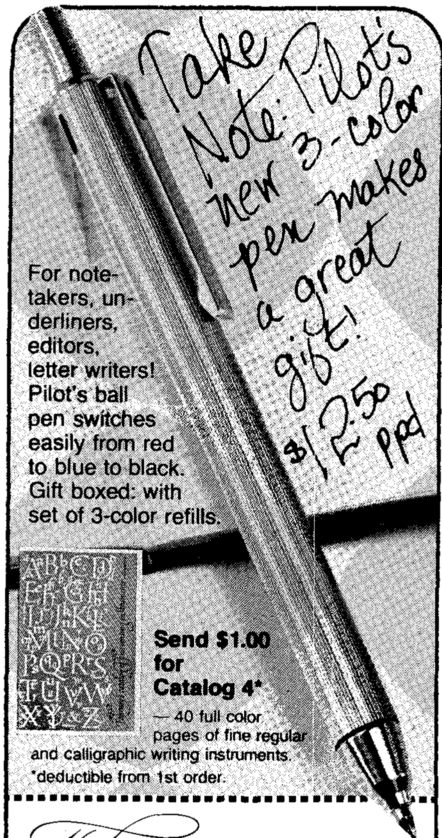
ANIMAL CONTROL

| | 1976 | 1977 |
|---|---|---|
| Total Number of Complaints: | 961 | 986 |
| Dogs Handled: | 472 | 479 |
| In Sewer District: | 401 | 403 |
| Outside Sewer District: | 71 | 76 |
| Dogs Licensed: | 672 | 556 (6 Kennel Lic's.) |
| Dog Bite Cases: | 5 | 10 |
| Lost Dogs Found & Returned to Owners: | 28 | 33 |
| Dogs hit by cars: | 9 | 4 |
| Dogs Destroyed: | 6 | 7 (3 running deer) |
| Dogs taken to Shelter: | 2 | 26 |
| Unclaimed dogs: | 7 | 17 |
| Dogs placed in new homes: | 4 | 17 |
| Other animals handled: | 171 | 227 |
| Cats: | 44 | 46 |
| Cats placed in new homes: | 8 | 24 |
| Cats taken to Shelter: | 0 | 2 |
| Cats destroyed: | 8 | 15 |
| Raccoons handled: | 9 | 29 |
| Skunks: | 78 | 87 |
| Woodchucks: | 14 | 25 |
| Fox: | — | 2 (w/Mange) |
| Horses & ponies: | — | 3 |
| Pigs: | — | 5 |

Miscellaneous animal control assignments:
- 7 bat complaints
- 8 complaints about dogs running deer
- 5 bird complaints
- 1 snake complaint

Rendered assistance to Lebanon Police on 4 occasions:
- 2 Dog complaints
- 1 300-lb Pig that turned into a 600-lb Boar
- 1 Deer that jumped through a window at the High School

Removed a mother raccoon & babies from child's toy box on Haskins Road. Raised babies then let go to nature. Raised two baby raccoon found on Chief Lee's front lawn and let go to nature. Went into storm drain on Claflin Circle and freed dog caught there. Called out at 1 a.m. to render assistance to Ambulance Crew at Housing for the Elderly; dog wouldn't let crew near owner. Took 3 skunks out of people's homes; 1 in bedroom and 2 in kitchens. Burned out White Hornets nest on Chase Road. I received one bite from a dog this year.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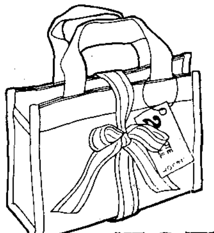

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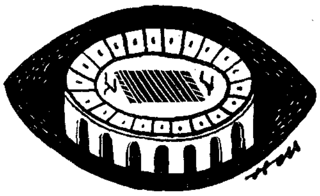
# FOOTBALL

## *Winds of Change*

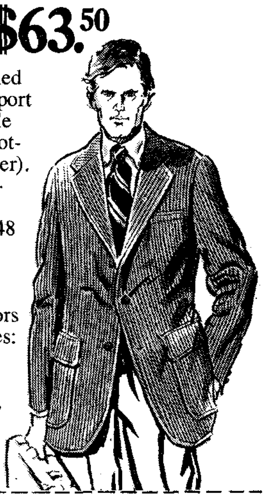


THERE was a time when the capital cities of the world of football were Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, and when the championship of that world was automatically awarded to the most talented (or lucky) inhabitant of that Big Three. Harvard would meet Princeton one weekend in November, would rest up by toying with Brown the following Saturday while Yale and Princeton entered upon their perennial colloquy, and would then confront Yale in the final match of the season—The Game. But the championship of that world is no longer the private property of the Three; it isn't even their conceded perquisite within the modest confines of the Ivy League, of which they were Founding Fathers. And Brown is no longer a downy lounge chair in which Harvard reposes between "big" games. A reseeding of the League may be in order: last fall, the winner of its Blue Ribbon was determined the first Saturday of the season, when Yale stood off Brown, at 10–9, in New Haven; the winner of the ribbon this time may well have been determined last Saturday, when Yale more firmly pinned down Brown, at 21–0, in Providence. It is a reasonable guess, buttressed by a deal of circumstantial evidence amassed that afternoon, that Yale *should* not drop a match this year and that Brown *should* not drop another. So much for deciding the championship.

Brown has been built around Whipple, its quarterback, and a dandy idea that is. For Whipple, a tall, cool, deft character, puts the ball, on handoff or on pass, precisely where he wants it to go, or carries it himself with notable success when he sees no accomplice within reach. Brown was loose-leaf first off: Yale went fifty-nine yards for its beginning touchdown and seventy-seven for the next before it had collected a single first down, but thereafter Brown got itself together into the coördinate team it will probably be the rest of its term of duty. About Yale, it should be noted that all its Grade A operators are revenants from last year, and that two of them (O'Brien, at quarterback, and Austin, as up-the-middle battering ram) were in 1977 performers of remarkable obscurity. And Crowley, Nondorf, and Skrovan, those interfering busybodies of the Yale defensive backfield, were in the very best of form. It was a dazzler of an afternoon: never a dull moment, as someone must have said; even ABC, whose camera eye is on most Saturdays devoted to a more commercial brand of college football, paid this match heed, though at the cost of extending it by half an hour for a series of "messages" that often seemed to diffuse the momentum of the activity on the field. Is there a way of penalizing television for what the rule book calls "delay of game"?

HARVARD is short of viable linemen this fall, and Columbia, which dropped by on Saturday, ran up almost two hundred and forty yards on the ground against it. And, knowing that this shortage would hamper Harvard's running game, Columbia lay back to await the throwing of passes by Brown, instead of plunges by Harvard backs. That tactic, plus the work of Moffie (son of a Harvard football notable of quite a few years ago) at quarter and the work of a pair of good runners, put Columbia on top, at 21–19, but barely: if a Harvard run for a two-pointer after one of its touchdowns had worked out, Columbia would have gone home with no more than a tie. (Princeton, visiting Cornell, managed to come from behind in the second half to equal the score at 14–all. So much, too, for the once mighty Three.) Columbia's veer offense, and its option pitchout, went so well that Moffie threw only seven forward passes; the stunting of the Harvard defensive line made Columbia's attack all the easier: Moffie simply sent his runners through the spots vacated by the stunters. Harvard did not in any way resemble a Restic-coached squad: none of that carefree flooding of a zone by a triplet of split ends, for example. And the one Restic touch on display was an end-around maneuver that wound up as a forward pass—a neat enough notion, except in its execution. Ciulla and Fitzpatrick ran the ball doughtily for Columbia, and so did Connors for Harvard. There is no more to be said.

ARMY, which may never find another quarterback like Hall, could not quite deal with Virginia—a Virginia that had not scored a single point during its first two matches this fall—



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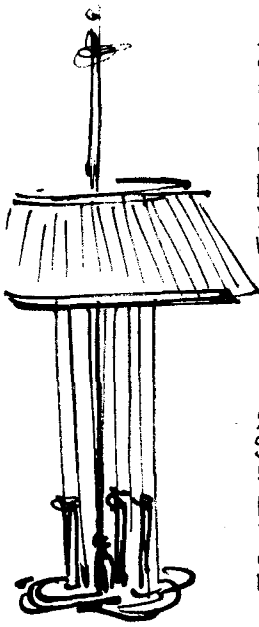

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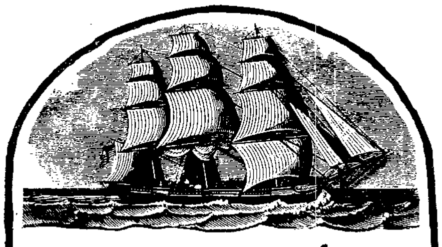

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and though Army picked up two quick touchdowns in the opening quarter on opportunities generously ceded by Virginia, it sloped off after that. Even when it had a first down on the Virginia one-yard line, all it could assemble was a fourth-down field goal. Merriken and Dwyer, useful hands in its backfield a year ago, were not available Saturday, and in the second half there were dropped passes and fumbles. Thus, Virginia 21, Army 17. Washington State arrives at the Point this weekend, and it is perhaps best not even to contemplate that event. Virginia put forth a fullback, Vigorito, who, while he weighs only one hundred and eighty-seven pounds, can run the ball: in twenty-seven tries, he moved it a hundred and eighty yards. Just as well: of Virginia's nine passes, only two fell in Virginia hands and three fell in Army hands. Marchibroda, one of the Virginia ends, is the son of Ted Marchibroda, who is in charge of the highly professional Baltimore Colts. It is reported by an authoritative source that young Marchibroda has, off-season, done a little practice, as receiver, with Bert Jones, who—when he is not on the list of injured players—is among the most expert passers in the really Big Leagues. There was no Jones at quarterback for Virginia on Saturday.

DARTMOUTH, operating under a new coach, Yukica, from a much more case-hardened league, gave him a triumph, at 31–21, over Pennsylvania at Hanover last Saturday. It is another reasonable guess that both these battalions will be lively runners-up in this season's Ivy League session.

—J. W. L.

•

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[*Ruth Danckert in the Springfield (Mass.) Morning Union*]

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—*City News.*

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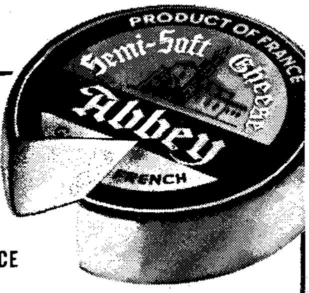

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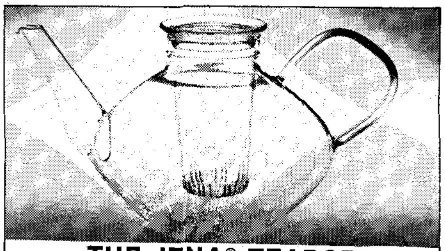

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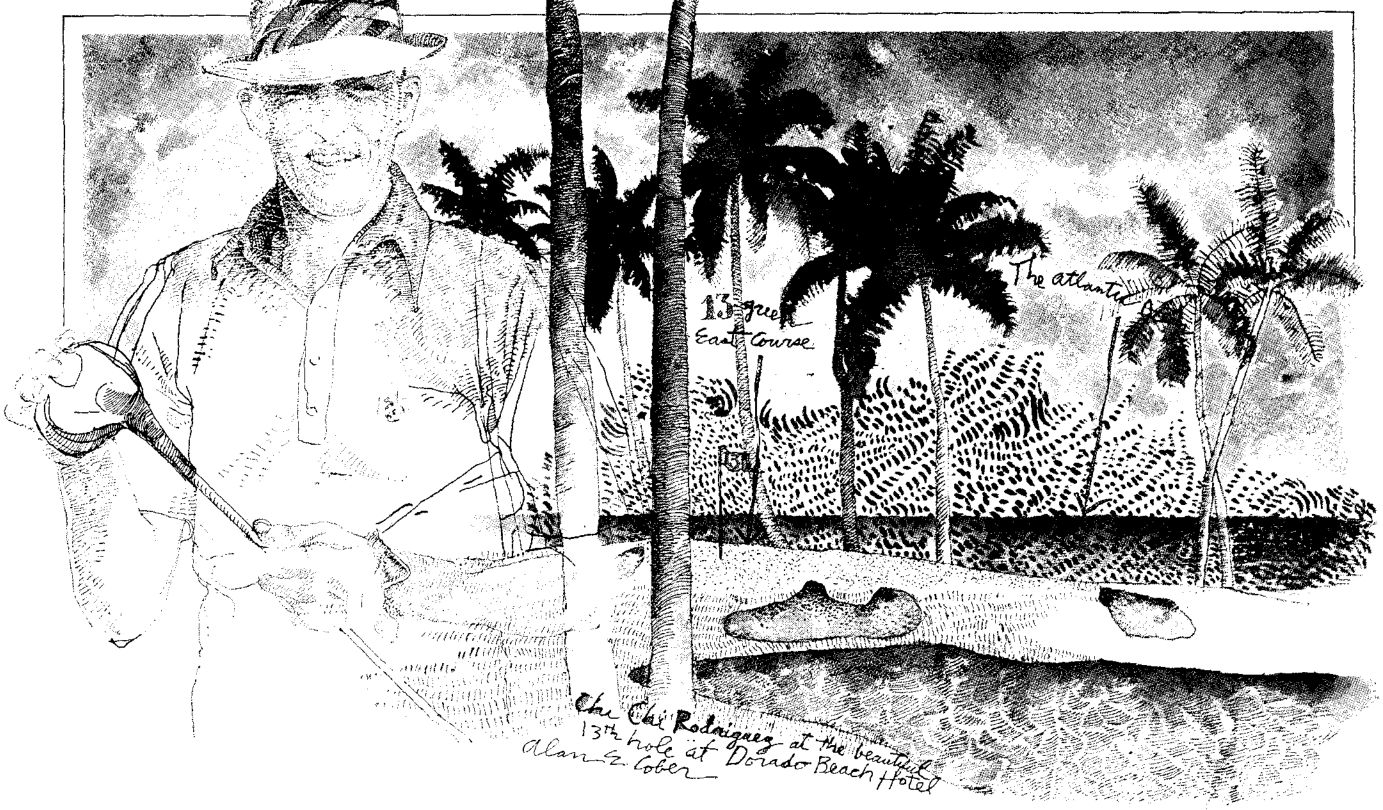
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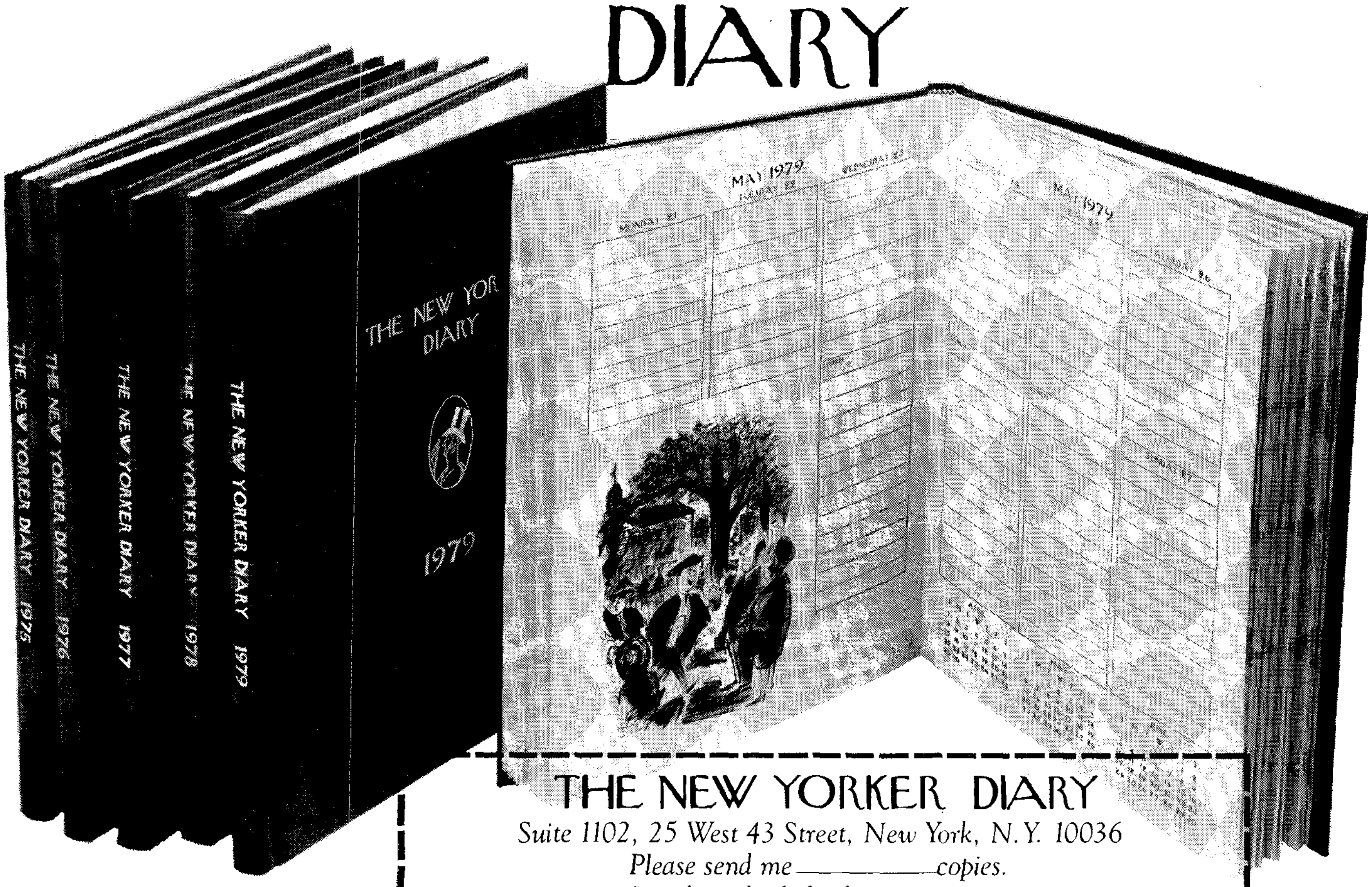

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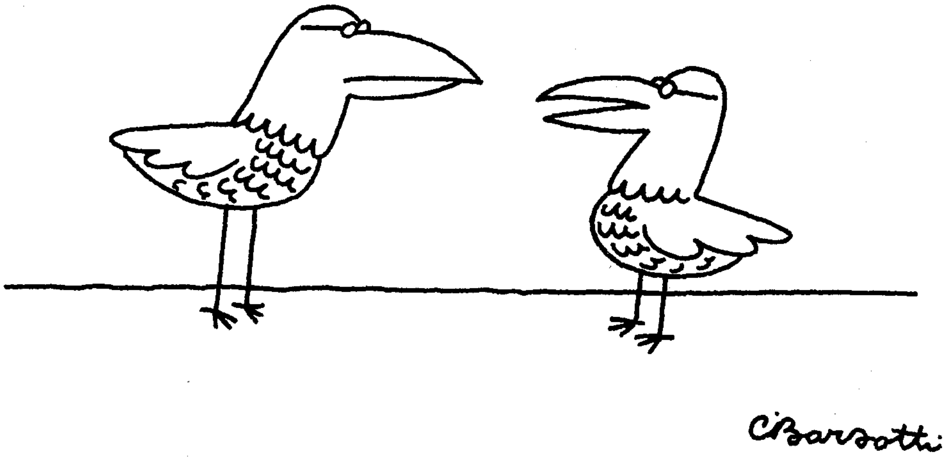
# AFFAIRS OF STATE

SEPTEMBER 24

IN his recently published "Leadership," a study of the nature and uses of political power, the biographer and historian James MacGregor Burns distinguishes between "transforming" and "transactional" leaders. The transforming leaders are those who by precept and/or example influence events by changing minds or by stirring people to action and a new sense of purpose. In their different ways, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, on both of whom Burns has written extensively, fall into this category. The transactional leaders effect change, or parlay it, by putting together winning combinations of people and interests. They assemble coalitions and trade in the soft currency of compromise and accommodation. In his career in the Senate and in his first years as President, Lyndon Johnson was almost a perfect model of the type, and the style was also Richard Nixon's. Until he got to the White House, it seemed to be Jimmy Carter's, too. But once in office he seemed more a product of luck and fortuitous timing. He certainly wasn't, and isn't, a transforming leader; it is doubtful if anyone has ever been heard to say that he found Carter's reasoning so compelling that it forced him to change his mind, or his appeals so moving that they overcame indifference. And Carter certainly seemed maladroit in political transaction. The coalition he assembled, or that assembled behind him, two years ago, began to collapse in his first months in office.

But in the aftermath of the tripartite meetings at Camp David it appears that Carter has performed a remarkable feat of transactional leadership. "Such leadership occurs," Burns says, "when one person takes the initiative in making contact with others for the purpose of an exchange of valued things." Carter took the initiative and made contact with others, the Prime Minister of Israel and the President of Egypt, for an exchange of valued things—of which the most highly valued were security for Israel and the repossession by Egypt of territories lost in 1967. It is entirely possible—many think it likely—that some of the agreements reached by Menachem Begin and Anwar al-Sadat will before long be dead letters. It is clear that the two men have, or now profess to have, different understandings of some of the language in the documents they agreed to before leaving the wooded hilltop in Maryland and signed in Carter's presence before television cameras in the White House. Begin says that no matter what political institutions are established on the West Bank of the Jordan there will be Israeli troops there as long as Israel feels they are needed. "The Bible is our mandate," he said in Washington. "I believe with all my heart that the Jewish people have a right to sovereignty over Judea, Samaria, and the Gaza Strip." (Since the modern concept of sovereignty seems applicable only in the age of nation-states, it is not clear how any "people" could have established a "right" to it millennia ago.) The whole question of the future of the Israeli civilian enclaves in the occupied—or, as the Israelis prefer to say, "administered"—territories was finessed and may not soon be resolved. Begin may not want it resolved. In any event, Carter's achievement is as large as it was unexpected. Before the conference, he was being advised that he was courting disaster—diplomatic, political, personal—by taking the initiative, by making the contacts, by involving himself in the exchange. There was, he was told, mutual distrust and dislike between Begin and Sadat; each thought the other a racist. They hadn't been able to communicate even through intermediaries. Sadat couldn't make a separate peace, because the Saudi Arabians wouldn't stand for it. Begin would never yield on the West Bank. If nothing came of the meetings, Carter would hit bottom in the opinion polls. His relations with Congress would worsen. He would confirm the widespread view that he was incompetent. What was left of his energy and tax programs would be as dead as any hope for a settlement. In November, the Democrats would pay a fat price for the September fiasco.

Moreover, Carter's plans for Camp David violated all the rules of modern summitry. The first of these is that heads of state and government do not come together until they have been assured by ambassadors and other negotiators that firm, enforceable agreements have been concluded and wait only their seals and signatures. The meetings are pro forma, ceremonial, celebratory. When Theodore Roosevelt summoned Russian and Japanese spokesmen to a peace conference in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, in 1905, he knew that the belligerents were tired of fighting, eager to call it quits, ready for his services as a mediator. Carter knew that Begin and Sadat were battle-weary men, and that, while Sadat might accept American arbitration if it could be suitably camouflaged, Begin was in principle opposed to mediation, holding that peace could be arranged only when Israel could negotiate directly with the confronting states, one at a time. And Carter would set no time limits for his mediating efforts. Even when summit meetings are little more than rituals of ratification, it is imperative that the business at hand be done quickly. Familiarity may not necessarily breed contempt among national leaders, but it is likely to stiffen what animosity and stubbornness already exist, and in a meeting of Israelis and Egyptians there would be plenty of both. When sessions last for more than a few days—and Carter expected these would last for a minimum of a week—the world will assume, and generally with reason, that the summiteers can't agree on much of anything. And since summit meetings are conceived mostly as media events, there is not much point in staging them when the press and television are to be kept at a distance. Press conferences and briefings are almost institutionalized features of modern diplomacy,



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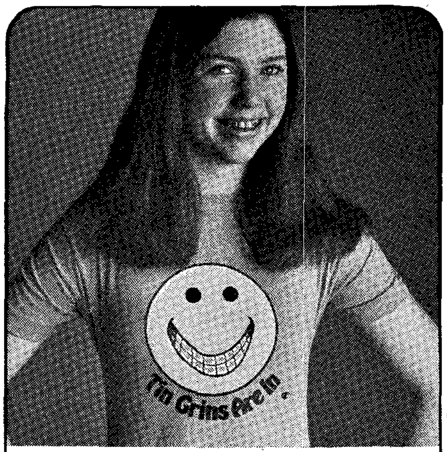

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and are never more valuable than on those occasions when not everything has been wrapped up in advance. Sometimes concessions that cannot be obtained at the green-baize negotiating tables (there were none of these traditional fixtures at Camp David) may be won by taking the case to the world through the press. At some meetings, there has been spirited competition to draw reporters to one side or another by holding briefings in the most attractive settings—with drink, food, entertainment, etc.—and retaining the most plausible and engaging briefing officers.

It was clear almost from the outset that the tripartite meetings planned by Carter were not going to be tripartite in any literal sense. Begin, Sadat, and their attentive, patient host were sequestered in a well-appointed but essentially barracks-like encampment in the Catoctin Mountains (where, nearly twenty years ago, Nikita Khrushchev and Dwight Eisenhower, having quickly reached an agreement that coexistence was the only alternative to nonexistence, announced the end of the Cold War), but after the first two days, when the President and his eminent guests had met for a total of seven hours, Carter found himself engaged in a mini-mini-mini-version of Henry Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy—one house in the compound being Tel Aviv, another Cairo, and a third, the largest, Washington. Aside from the fact that the traffic was mostly pedestrian, the principal difference was that the power centers were surrounded by barbed wire and patrolled by armed guards, thus reducing the press, billeted several miles away in makeshift headquarters, to studying official photographs to calculate the warmth of embraces and speculating on the significance of smiles, which were suspiciously abundant in the pictures that were released. As the meetings threatened to rival the Congress of Vienna in duration, though hardly in splendor, some correspondents "covering" the portentous gathering, officially described as an effort to construct a "framework for peace," were called in briefly—not to satisfy their curiosity and the world's but to observe some martial choreography by a crack drill team from the Marine Corps. This seemed less than a good omen, and, until the very end, those who had all along regarded the whole enterprise as misbegotten had no reason to think otherwise. Carter seemed headed for a failure of his own contrivance, one that in personal and political terms might prove more costly to him than to his guests.

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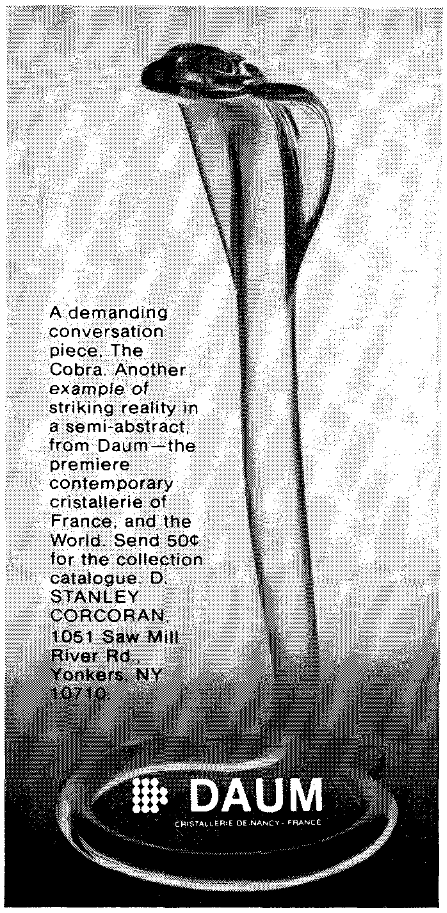

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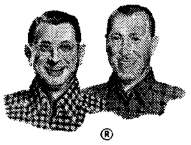

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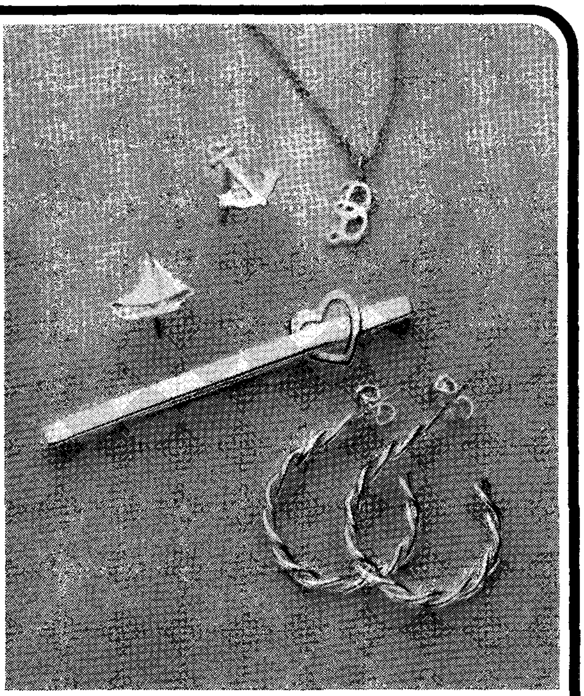
coming months, he can be credited with a smashing success in transactional leadership. His accomplishment will only in small part be diminished if the "framework" proves structurally unsound. Through his mediation, Israel and Egypt are no longer stalled at what Sadat, on his arrival in this country, called a "crucial crossroads." Though the two nations cannot describe it as such, they have concluded a separate peace. It is separate in two senses—in that it is a peace between Israel and only one of the several countries it has warred against over the last thirty years, and in that the agreement is not contingent on progress being made toward settlement with the other belligerents. If implementation should prove impossible—and this seems unlikely as long as Sadat is as secure in Egypt as he seems to be—the responsibility will be that of the former adversaries, not Carter's. He brought them together; if they can't stay together, no one can blame him. If implementation proves merely difficult, rather than impossible, Carter or his Secretary of State can again offer American mediation and do so in an atmosphere made more hopeful by his original success at Camp David. Begin may go on arguing from theology and anguished memories of the Holocaust, but he has agreed to self-governance for the Palestinian Arabs. Sadat once said that he felt honor-bound to act only in concert with Israel's other neighbors; one doubts that he ever really *felt* that way, but he had a need—economic, political, moral—to maintain a sense of solidarity. Now, under pressure from Carter, he has agreed to deal separately with Israel, while continuing to exert his own pressure on Israel to gain autonomy for those on the West Bank and the withdrawal of Israeli settlements. Perhaps these things might have been accomplished by others, but while there have been many tries—most recently in Britain, in July—it was Carter who promoted the transactions, who twisted arms and knocked heads together until the deals were made. He could not, of course, have done it except against the background of American power. The sale of the latest in combat aircraft to Egypt and Saudi Arabia was a great sweetener. But it was one of the few recent uses of American power that seems altogether honorable.

It was also dictated by self-interest—his own and the country's. Before Camp David, there was a good deal of loose talk about whether the President should serve as a "full partner"—the role Sadat obviously pre-



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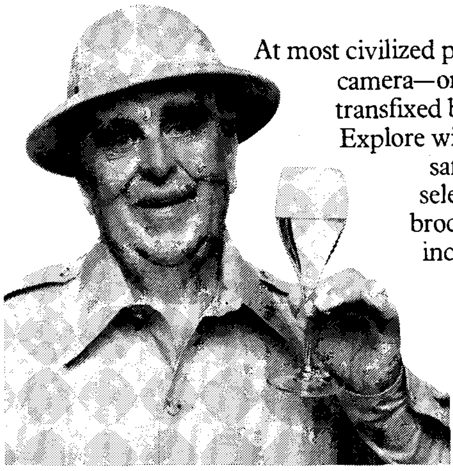

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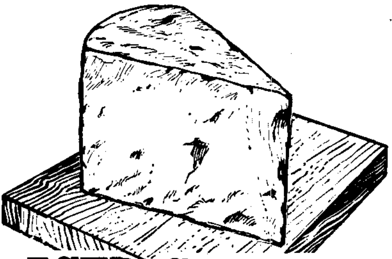
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ferred—or as an "honest broker," which is what Begin wanted him to be, since Begin feared, quite rightly, that at this stage more would be asked of him than of Sadat. These Wall Street terms were inappropriate and inapplicable. Carter was, willy-nilly, a partner of both his guests, though he could easily have avoided at least the appearance of assuming a partner's responsibility. As a mediator, he could be honest, but he could not be disinterested. The American subsidy to Israel comes to about five hundred dollars a year for every man, woman, and child in the country—more than the per-capita income in much of the world. We do not give much direct aid to the other Middle East nations, but we have helped arm some of them, and our oil purchases are used by some of the richer ones to support the poorer ones; part of what Americans pay for gas at the pump is a tax for the support of welfare programs in Egypt and elsewhere. No one in Washington today can formulate Middle East policy without factoring in a number of domestic concerns: the plight of the dollar, our need for oil, the political power of the Israeli lobby, the dangers and costs of helping to maintain armed camps in the region. It may be that these considerations foster a species of objectivity—that our obligations are in some kind of balance and cancel each other out. But ever since Begin came to power, and particularly since Sadat showed up in Jerusalem last November, this country has pressed more heavily on Israel than on the countries around it. However the Israelis conceived their national interest, our interest, it was felt, required an early settlement, and the Administration view was that Sadat had laid the necessary groundwork by agreeing to recognize Israel, by acknowledging its right to security, and by being ready to negotiate such matters as border adjustments and the future of the West Bank. These were the concessions that all Begin's predecessors had asked and that the United States had supported them in asking. From then on, it was up to Begin, and at Camp David he yielded, with undisguised reluctance, nearly all of what Washington has been urging him to yield.

If there had been failure at the summit, Washington would have had to come up with a new policy—or a new strategy for advancing established policy. But what we now think of as established policy has undergone a good deal of revision and amendment over the last thirty years. Our national interest as perceived by Carter, and before him by Presidents Nixon and

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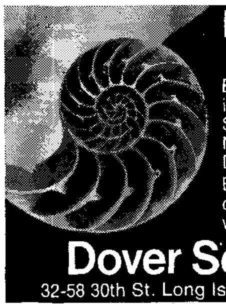
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Ford, is different from what it was in the mid-sixties, and in the preceding decade it was still different. Under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower, the Middle East was simply one more theatre of operations in the Cold War. Our aim then was to kindle and quicken anti-Communist sentiment in the Arab and Moslem states and to beef up militarily those that seemed likely targets of Soviet aggression or good potential allies in the global struggle. Along with Britain and France, we were committed to the territorial integrity of the Israel that then existed—to this, Moscow had no objections—but our larger commitment, and the one for which enthusiasm ran highest, was to the containment of Soviet power behind the series of undulating borders that ran, roughly west to east, from Turkey to French Indo-China. (It was assumed that Chinese power was an instrument or an extension of Soviet power.) A decade later, we were less concerned about invasions mounted by the Red Army. It was clear that Moscow didn't intend to play the game that way. What we thought of as its expansionist designs were to be executed by surrogates like the North Koreans, and our defeat of them encouraged us to believe that we had found a way to deal with that strategy, as, in a way, we had. In the sixties, our fears were of infiltration and subversion and of the possibility that Arab troops, fired with Moslem or Marxist zeal and equipped with Soviet weapons would overrun Israel. Then, as earlier, little thought was given to the Palestinian Arabs. They were an inconvenient, unwelcome people, feared by the Jews on the west and by the Bedouins and Hashemites on the east. Until 1967, they were wards of Jordan, and those of their grievances that might be legitimate and redressable could be studied and dealt with—perhaps by the United Nations, through which at least some of their physical needs were being met—once the threats posed by the Soviets had been countered. Today, those threats do not seem very large. Sadat sent his Russian advisers and technicians packing six years ago and now relies on superior ordnance from the West. The big oil suppliers, chiefly Iran and Saudi Arabia, are as anti-Communist as Ronald Reagan and Barry Goldwater, and as ruthless as the Bolsheviks in dealing with dissent of any kind. All this, of course, could change, possibly in a matter of weeks or months. The Shah could be overthrown, and so could Sadat, and his successor could invite the Russians back in. But after Camp David this seems

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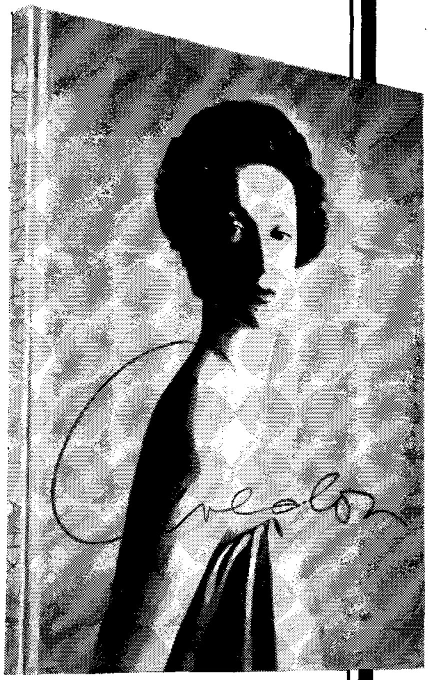

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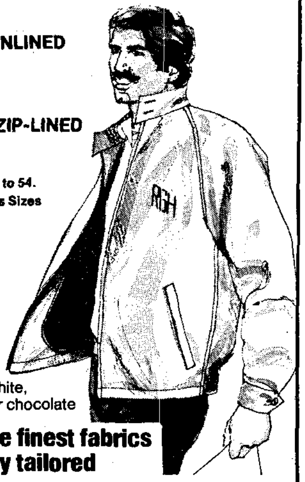

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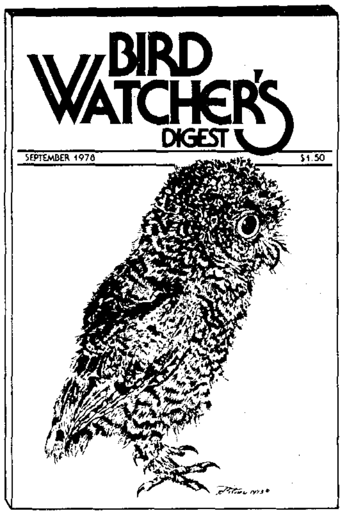
unlikely, at least in the year or two that anyone can describe with confidence as the forseeable future. What the Soviets had to offer was little more than arms for another war or terrorist incursions; what the Egyptians, the Syrians, and all but the most extremist factions in the Palestine Liberation Organization wanted was not so much military hardware (though there will always be a clamor for that) as the kind of pressure on Israel that would lead to the agreements Carter sought and, for the most part, got. The Soviet Union was the last country on earth that could have helped them gain those ends. What Carter found so difficult, no one would have asked Leonid Brezhnev to attempt.

Success at Camp David has brought a sharp rise in Carter's standing in the opinion polls, and this has its dangers. Like producers of commercial entertainment, he and his euphoric advisers may be thinking in terms of sequels and spinoffs. Robert Strauss, his economic trouble-shooter, has proposed a Camp David summit on inflation, with leaders of big labor and big business shooting pool, riding bicycles, and talking *wage-price formulas behind the* barbed wire. (Someone has suggested that the Begin-Sadat meeting might not have worked if Eisenhower had not changed the camp's name to David, after his grandson, from Shangri-la, the snowy nirvana in James Hilton's "Lost Horizon," a utopian romance published the year Roosevelt took office. If Carter had had to say to Begin and Sadat, "Come with me to Shangri-la and we'll straighten up this mess," the enterprise might have struck them as being touched with daftness as well as being bold and risky.) Tangled domestic problems do not often lend themselves to this kind of negotiation. Sadat and Begin arrived in the Catoctins with a clear understanding of the interests they represented. The details for settlements—the "valued things" to be exchanged—could be described in quantitative, almost arithmetical terms: weeks, months, years, kilometres, sites on maps, balances of force, and so on. Inflation involves a congeries of interests beyond the reach of integral and differential calculus, and no handful of people can speak for them as Sadat and Begin spoke for Egypt and Israel. And it may be that Carter and his aides can be of little help in the transactions yet to be made in the Middle East. The Secretary of State has gone there to seek support for the accords from Saudi Arabia, Jordan, and Syria. The Saudis, as expected, said little more than that they would not wreck the



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deal; Sadat must have had that assurance a year ago. Hussein said he would take it under advisement; he has had it there for some time. The Syrians asked Vance to stay away until the end of the summit of hard-liners (Libya, Algeria, Southern Yemen, Syria, and the P.L.O.), who were meeting in Damascus and planning to raise a kitty of a billion dollars for Sadat's overthrow. It could be that Carter should decline to become any further involved, avoid seeking an American solution in a situation foreign to American experience. In his Jeffersonian, Wilsonian mind, the issue probably has a number of clear answers. It is not with the consent of the governed that Israel is governing the West Bank Palestinians. The occupation should be terminated and the Arabs left free to make their own political arrangements, develop their own institutions, and take their place in the world community. The responsibilities that come with sovereignty and the removal of causes for hatred and violence would probably give rise to moderate leaders, and in any event Israel would be secure—perhaps more so when the defense perimeters are contracted and Israeli troops no longer posted in hostile territories that serve the country only by providing locations for forward and logistically difficult bases. But these are American answers to the problems of others, and almost certainly simplistic ones. Sovereignty may or may not encourage moderation, though apparently even the prospect of it has led Yasir Arafat, the chairman of the P.L.O., to confer with King Hussein, who once expelled him and his followers from Jordan. Among the most belligerent of powers have been many whose sovereignty has never been disputed. It is undoubtedly hard and more costly to defend long borders than short ones. But the Israel of 1967 was more vulnerable to attack than the Israel of today, and weaponry now is far more advanced than it was then. Sadat sees five years as a reasonable period in which to provide for withdrawal from the West Bank, which means that he sees no quick and easy fix arranged in the Maryland woods by an American President.

—RICHARD ROVERE

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[*From Heartbeat, a journal of the Duke University Medical Center*]

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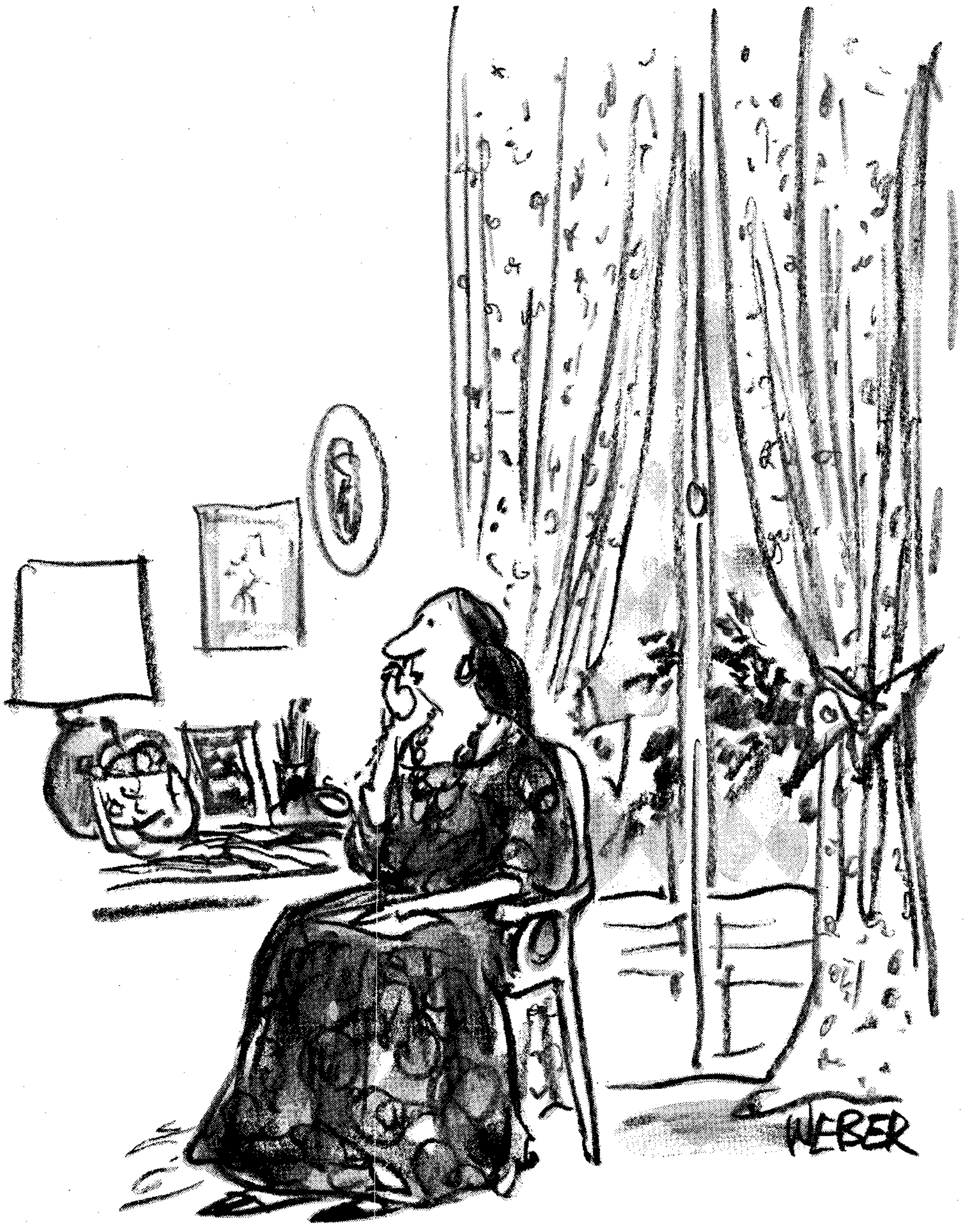
# BOOKS

## *Manners Maketh Man*

THE last volume of the late R. H. S. Crossman's "The Diaries of a Cabinet Minister"—"Secretary of State for Social Services, 1968-1970" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $22.95)—finds the diarist running a new super-department, which combines Great Britain's National Health Service with several other public-assistance agencies. In two earlier volumes, Crossman recounted his experiences as Minister of Housing and Local Government (1964-66) and as Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons (1966-68). The Prime Minister during these six years was Harold Wilson, at the head of a Labour Government. Crossman's diaries, and his career in the Cabinet, conclude with the Conservative victory of June, 1970.

Crossman, who died in 1974, knew that his diaries were unique. No other British Cabinet minister had kept—let alone published—so frank and copious a record. The only comparable work I can think of is American: "The Secret Diary" of Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior from 1933 to 1946, which appeared in the nineteen-fifties. These two personal narratives of political power share a disquieting quality: the deformation of the author's character and judgment as a result of his dependence upon the President or Prime Minister. The diarists have common traits—ability, intelligence, dedication, honesty, and a tactlessness so ingrained that they cannot recognize tact when they are its beneficiaries—but the fabric of their worlds is utterly different. Franklin Roosevelt and Harold Wilson are different, as are the forms of government of the two countries and the problems they face; the men and women who figure in the diaries are members of different generations, with different pasts and different expectations. Yet both diarists, as Cabinet members, are insecure in the same way. Each of them worries about who is invited to the White House or Chequers when he is not, and competes with every other Cabinet member or government adviser whether or not there is anything substantial to compete about. Each creates fusses to win his chief's attention, and, having won it, becomes more charitable in his views—Harry Hopkins, say, or James Callaghan appears lovable or devious depending upon the diarist's relations with his leader. Does power inevitably set up systems of eccentric, moody satellites wobbling about a boss? At all events, these Cabinets read sometimes like opera companies, sometimes like neurotic families. The diarists' anxieties are the more surprising because in neither case would political failure entail serious peril, such as beheading, imprisonment, exile, or confiscation. The assortment of sinecures for eminent failures makes English and American political life seem like a child's birthday party, where every guest takes home a prize. Even so, most of the politicians in the two diaries might say, with Sartre's Garcin, that "Hell is other people." But it is consoling that the people feared most are the voters. Everyone in both books is terrified of the verdict of public-opinion polls—so our two countries pass one test of freedom: our rulers are more afraid of us than we are of them.

In some respects, Crossman's Great Britain more closely resembles the United States today than does Ickes' America. The New Deal fundamentally changed our government and society; in its long-range effects, it has not been, as some historians maintain, a mere patchup job. And the Roosevelt Administrations of the thirties, despite great national distress, had a feeling of opportunity and optimism that we lack nowadays. We face nothing like the Great Depression, yet both the British and the American government are



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daunted by problems of modern dependency—not only by unemployment (and what we have been taught to call structural unemployment) but by the very large number of aged, retarded, and insane people who could have been cared for safely at home in a village society but in a modern society are helpless outside institutions. The most defenseless are often the most abused; both countries find enormous difficulty in recruiting—not merely paying—the right kind of people to care for them. The character of the personnel is the hard part, not how the institution is financed. Another similarity between Crossman's Britain and contemporary America is the embittered relationship between the press and the executive. Publishers were rarely friendly to the New Deal, but reporters were; Harold Wilson, however, worries about leaks as obsessively as Richard Nixon. There seem to be secrets all over the British government. In this volume, for instance, Crossman discovers that some medical specialists are paid more than others but that their names are kept secret. Such secrecy could perhaps be justified as a means of forestalling envy; Crossman finds that it leads to inequity.

Crossman's assessments of his peers are not reliable, but his self-portrait is. What he says, writes, thinks—who he is—embodies some of the problems of the modern welfare state or of Socialism: for example, the tendency of Socialism to become a kind of National Socialism, on the logic that the fewer the diners, the bigger the portions. Crossman enthusiastically supports limiting Commonwealth (i.e., dark-skinned) immigration, and when the troubles start in Northern Ireland his solution is to "stimulate the emigration of Catholics." He rationalizes his exclusionary prejudices: "I believe that the differences which divide mankind are as strong as the universal principles which unite us"—a generalization too iffy to serve as a policy guide, since the importance of any particular difference changes. If the characters in Scott's "Ivanhoe" visited Crossman's ministry, they would be astonished that Saxon and Norman, Gentile and Jew work side by side. Rowena, Rebecca, and old Ulrica would be amazed that the women travel to and from work without guards. The safety of unprotected women is a very recent historical phenomenon, and the professional coöperation between the sexes which characterizes modern enterprises is still unthinkable in some parts of the world. Yet surely the greatest difference between

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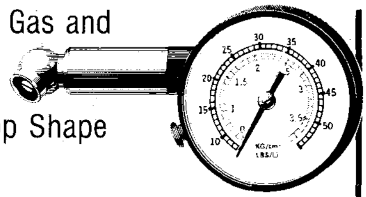
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human beings is not race or culture, as Crossman thinks, but sex. The "Little England" National Socialism that Crossman envisages is neither aggressive nor brutal, but it is narrow and ungenerous.

Crossman lives in luxury, mainly as a result of his father-in-law's generosity, and works in style, adorning his offices with paintings and objects from museum collections. He revels in a Cabinet minister's perquisites, such as the full-time use of a car and driver. But he is not content to enjoy his luck without scorning other Englishmen who do not live elegantly because they cannot. He looks down on engineers who spend their money in "utterly petit-bourgeois ways," and deplores trade-union members who prefer a pay raise—discretionary income—to increased social services. He reads like a member of the "new class" that Milovan Djilas found in Yugoslavia—the kind of exploitive, remote, and uppity ruler whose possible reappearance in China troubled Mao Tse-tung. It may be that populations dislike any new class merely because it is new, as Romans of all classes resented successful freedmen. Yet for the public there is not much gain in exchanging a smart-aleck Socialist for an arrogant aristocrat. Crossman's wide-ranging contempts are displeasing even if you share his tastes. (He once rejected Mrs. Wilson's offer of instant coffee so brusquely that he left her in terror of ever again inviting him to a meal at her home.) His manners are terrible. Since it is always reassuring to find that life can arrange itself as a moral fable, readers will be delighted to discover that the only human being in these three volumes who regularly baffles the diarist is the Queen, because she is so unfailingly polite. Her habitual courtesy disarms and confounds Crossman's habitual contentiousness and rudeness.

Do manners matter in politics? I think they do. Formal etiquette is learned, and varies with place, so that errors of ceremony are forgivable. But everyday interchanges express, consciously or not, deeply felt attitudes. While Crossman's intellect espouses egalitarianism and democratic participation, his manners encourage neither, and, reading his diaries, one recognizes that his manners accurately express his lack of respect for other human beings. Crossman was brilliant. He was a witty writer, and these diaries are entertaining reading. Many of his policies were practical and sensible. And he was intermittently aware of his failings. But, despite his braininess, he never did

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## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

EMMA BLUE, by Beverly Lowry (Doubleday; $7.95). When Emma Blue was six years old, her mother dropped her off—permanently, as it turned out—with her own mother and grandmother, living in a trailer camp in the South. Emma, now a senior in high school, has heard more than enough about her dimly remembered parent, once the baton-twirling belle of the high school and now a local myth. Secretive and proud, she would rather walk five miles to school than be indebted to someone for a ride, and she is happiest alone in the public library, researching the archeology of the now blighted town. Because of a chance encounter with a dying ninety-four-year-old woman, she begins to love—and need the love of—other people. This is an elegant novel, and the narrator moves nimbly to reveal cautious characters taking one another, and themselves, by surprise.

POOR MILLIE, by Thomas Baird (Harper & Row; $9.95). Poor Millie, indeed! She is young, rich, willful (as only the product of inherited wealth can be), and recently married (at her insistence) to a handsome drifter of whom she is insanely jealous. The trouble is that she is deathly afraid of heights and open spaces, and her beloved Rob is an experienced and enthusiastic mountain climber. When he is invited by his oldest friend and the friend's wife to join them on a ten-day backpack trip in the Wyoming wilderness, poor Millie, though terrified, insists on going along. The trip is in every sense a disaster—fatal to love, fatal to friendship, fatally revealing of character. Mr. Baird is a strong writer (and growing stronger with every new novel) who is thoroughly and eerily at home in the wild.

### GENERAL

ON HUMAN NATURE, by Edward O. Wilson (Harvard; $12.50). Dr. Wilson's classic "The Insect Societies" detailed the sociobiology of the social insects, such as bees and ants. In this book, the noted Harvard entomologist is after much bigger game—man himself. Wilson believes that enough is now known of biology

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and genetics to begin to use these disciplines to create a calculus of human behavior. In particular, he sees an ineluctable genetic determinant in our attitudes toward sex, religion, and altruism. In cruder hands, this point of view can lend itself to all sorts of abuse—to arguments for the genetic inferiority (or superiority) of a given race or sex. But Wilson is a sophisticated and marvellously humane writer. His vision is a liberating one, and a reader of this splendid book comes away with a sense of the kinship that exists among the people, animals, and insects which share the planet.

TAKE NINE SPIES, by Fitzroy Maclean (Atheneum; $11.95). An account of the lives and exploits of nine of the most celebrated twentieth-century spies. Although these careers have been recounted before—in some cases, many times, and in some cases by the spies themselves—the author's approach to the subject and his peculiar qualifications to treat it set the book apart. Sir Fitzroy, as Brigadier Maclean, was Winston Churchill's personal representative to Tito's Partisans during the Second World War, and as a veteran Foreign Office trouble-shooter he has known numerous spies and spy masters, including some in this gallery. His purpose is to cut away accumulated myth and nonsense and try to determine what each spy actually accomplished and why. He begins with Mata Hari, the least effective spy on the list—who would probably not be remembered if she had not had the misfortune to be handy at a time when the French needed a scapegoat—and then moves into the upper echelons: to Alfred Redl, the exalted Austrian staff officer who sold all his country's top military secrets to the Russians before the First World War; to Yevno Azef, the Russian master of the double, triple, and multiple cross, of roughly the same era; and down the years to Kim Philby and his scapegrace friends Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean. Sir Fitzroy does not, of course, come up with any definitive answer to the question of motivation, but he does show that the easy explanations—money, vanity, ideology, revenge—are never quite enough, and suggests that spying is, to some practitioners, a kind of art, which can be pursued for its own sake. Photographs.

TECHNOSPIES, by Ford Rowan (Putnam; $10.95). A report on the

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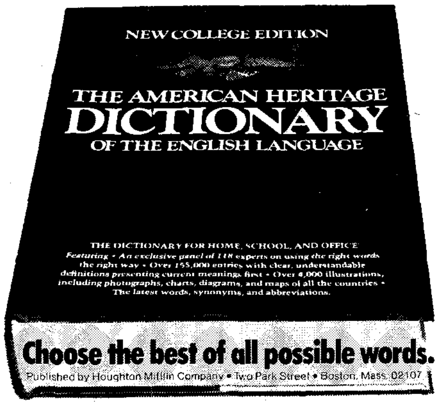

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technology of surveillance in this country, and on its astounding growth and refinement over the past few years. The author, who is a lawyer, centers on the gigantic computer networks belonging to various agencies of the government, which can store up information on what every one of us is doing every day of our lives. He describes such invaders of privacy as hidden video cameras, sensors, devices that can pluck telephone messages out of the air, and satellite eyes that can pick up the hairs on the back of a hand. Looking into the future (but not very far, he believes), he predicts that it will soon be possible to implant a miniature device in the human brain which will report to a monitor when a person is planning a crime (or thinking a dissident thought). Mr. Rowan's purpose is not to scare us (although he succeeds mightily) but to alert us to the scope of the danger of the misuse of surveillance and political manipulation.

**FAREWELL THE TRUMPETS: AN IMPERIAL RETREAT**, by James Morris (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95). An account of the decline and fall of the British Empire between 1897 and 1965, accompanied by quantities of history and firsthand reporting, and by masses of well-drawn individuals. Mr. Morris writes speedy, clean prose, and he has a knack for summing things up. Throughout the book he scatters anecdotes, popular songs, verses, and jokes that expressed the changing attitudes of Englishmen to their empire and of the empire's people to their British overlords. The envoi is an intelligent, sensitive assessment of the effect of Great Britain's imperial venture upon world history.

**THE WHIMSICAL CHRISTIAN: EIGHTEEN ESSAYS**, by Dorothy L. Sayers (Macmillan; $8.95). This selection of essays by the creator of that peerless peer's son the nonchalant detective Lord Peter Wimsey was first published nearly a decade ago as "Christian Letters to a Post-Christian World." Miss Sayers' apologetics are not invariably successful—her summonses to believe may convince only the convinced. But she always triumphs when her Christianity combines with her literary criticism. For example, in the essay "Oedipus Simplex" she reminds us that the legend is one of many folktales whose theme is "man's vain attempt to cheat the oracle," and then,

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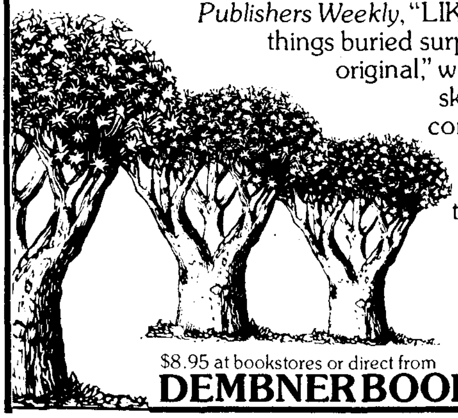

"A strong, lovely first novel," continues BARBARA A. BANNON in *Publishers Weekly*, "LIKE FATHER reaches into the heart of things buried surprisingly, beautifully, wisely." "Wholly original," writes ANTHONY BURGESS, "full of skill, humor and humanity." "It's a rich, complex fascinating book," adds ANNE TYLER; "I ached for all the characters and was sorry to say goodbye to them at the end." JAMES BALDWIN says: "I have never read anything quite like LIKE FATHER...[it] is written with painful and beautiful understatement."

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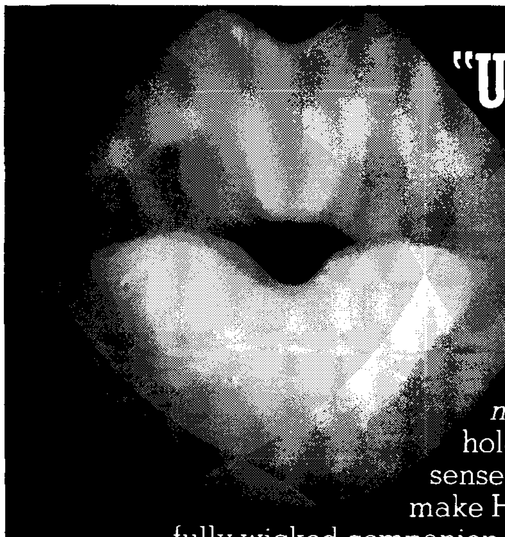

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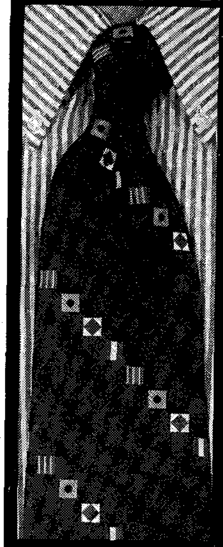

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EUGENIE AND NAPOLEON III, by David Duff (Morrow; $12.95). Napoleon's nephew, elected President of the Second Republic in 1848, seized supreme power, by force, in 1851, and reigned until he was deposed for losing the Franco-Prussian War. His wife was the stunningly beautiful daughter of a Spanish grandee who had fought in the armies of the first Napoleon. The couple were the heirs and victims of the Napoleonic legend—too weak to live up to the glory bequeathed them. Mr. Duff makes the pair wholly engrossing as examples of people driven beyond their capacities: in power, he went soft and she turned shrill. The curse of grandeur fell upon the next generation, too: their only son was convinced that war alone would make him worthy of his great-uncle, and he was killed, at twenty-three, while with the British Horse Guards in a skirmish in Zululand.

ROSA LEWIS: AN EXCEPTIONAL EDWARDIAN, by Anthony Masters (St. Martin's; $8.95). Rosa Lewis (1867-1952) is well known in England as the eccentric grande dame of the Cavendish Hotel, in London, and to readers everywhere as Lottie Crump in Evelyn Waugh's "Vile Bodies." She first established her fame in the eighteen-nineties, as a cook and a caterer and also as an aide to the amatory affairs of royal and merely wealthy Edwardians. The First World War was her heyday. The Cavendish (which she had acquired in 1902) was a haven for officers on leave; Mrs. Lewis made certain that champagne flowed, that room assignments matched her boarders' romantic inclinations, and that wealthy guests picked up the bills of the down-and-out. In later years, however, Mrs. Lewis, always playing the "Cockney sparrow," was indiscriminately offensive; all post-Edwardians—even the "Bright Young Things" of the twenties—were a letdown, and so she retreated, insults flying, to her gilded memories. This is a thoughtful and unsentimental biography, and Anthony Masters' comparison of Victorian and Edwardian ideals, accomplishments, and failings suggests that Rosa Lewis's industrious but exclu-

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sive generosity comprised the best and the worst of the two eras.

THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON, by James Woodforde, edited and abridged by John Beresford (Oxford; $7.50). The diary of an obscure Church of England clergyman who had the cure of souls in the parish of Weston Longeville, Norfolk, from 1776 until his death, in 1803. It was first published, in five volumes, between 1924 and 1931; subsequently, the diary's editor, Mr. Beresford, made this selection, which appeared in 1935. Now Oxford returns it in paperback. It is a book for all times and places and every reader. Nothing happens and everything happens. Mr. Woodforde performs his clerical duties—christens, marries, buries—and farms. He entertains and is entertained. Meanwhile, today's student of meteorology has leisure to note that English weather is terrible. Today's nutritionist and physician, reading of the daily trenchering, appreciate the reasons for the prevalence of gout in the eighteenth century. Historians will observe how little the American Revolution affected Mr. Woodforde's backwater and, by contrast, how markedly the French Revolution upset the even tenor of Norfolk ways. The clergyman will note the total lack of religious intensity in Woodforde's genuine, benevolent, but wholly matter-of-fact piety. On the other hand, the introduction calls attention to the "relative absence of that snobbishness which was the least attractive aspect of the following century," and indeed we do see everybody in the village sharing sports, feasts, festivals, and whatever other little excitements are afoot.

NOTE: "Alice, Let's Eat," a collection of pieces by Calvin Trillin, subtitled "Further Adventures of a Happy Eater," has been published by Random House ($7.95). Some of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker.*

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## LETTERS THE JUNIOR SENATOR FROM NEW YORK NEVER FINISHED READING

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SEPTEMBER 1, 1978

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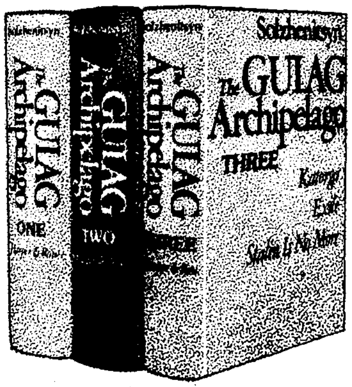

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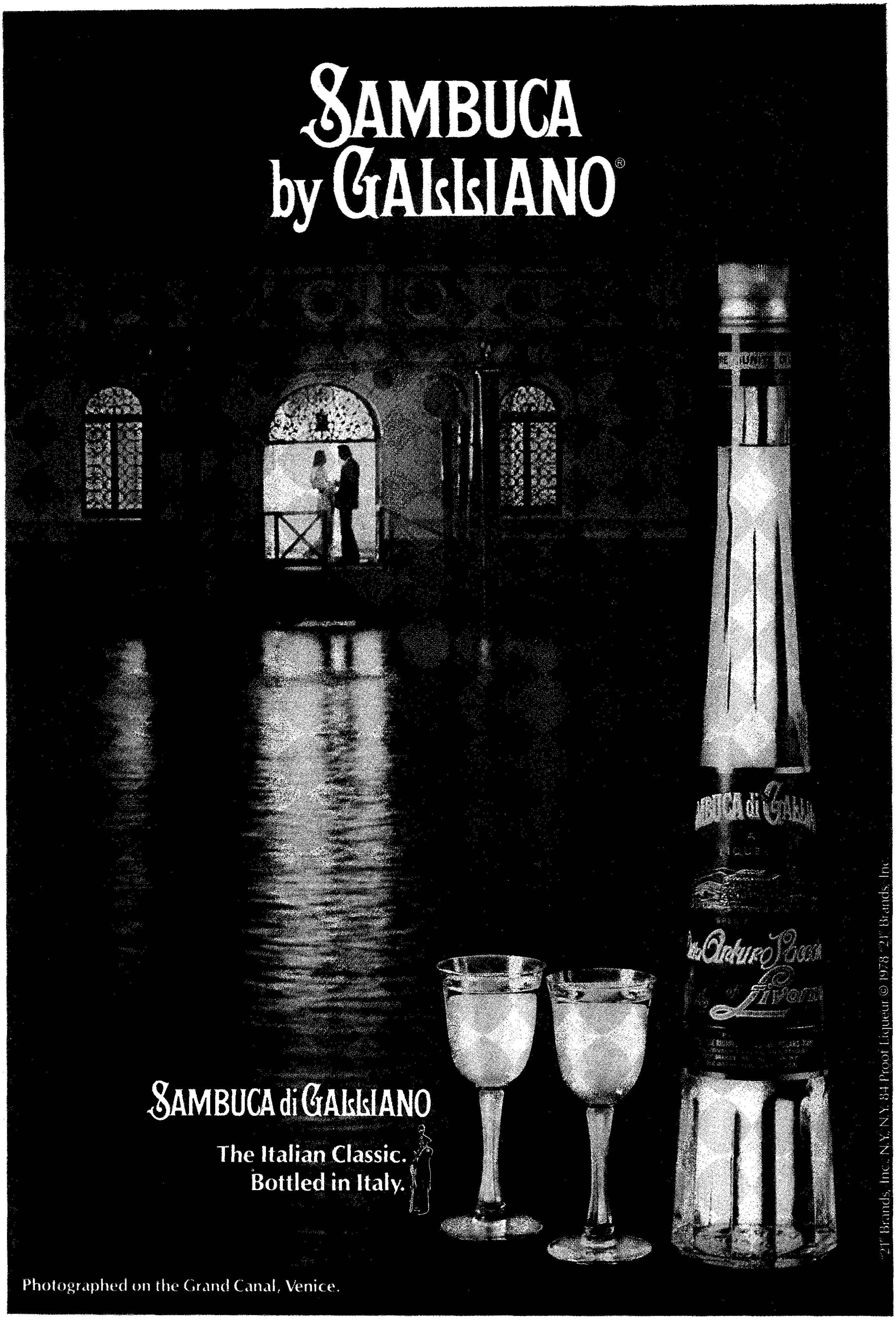
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